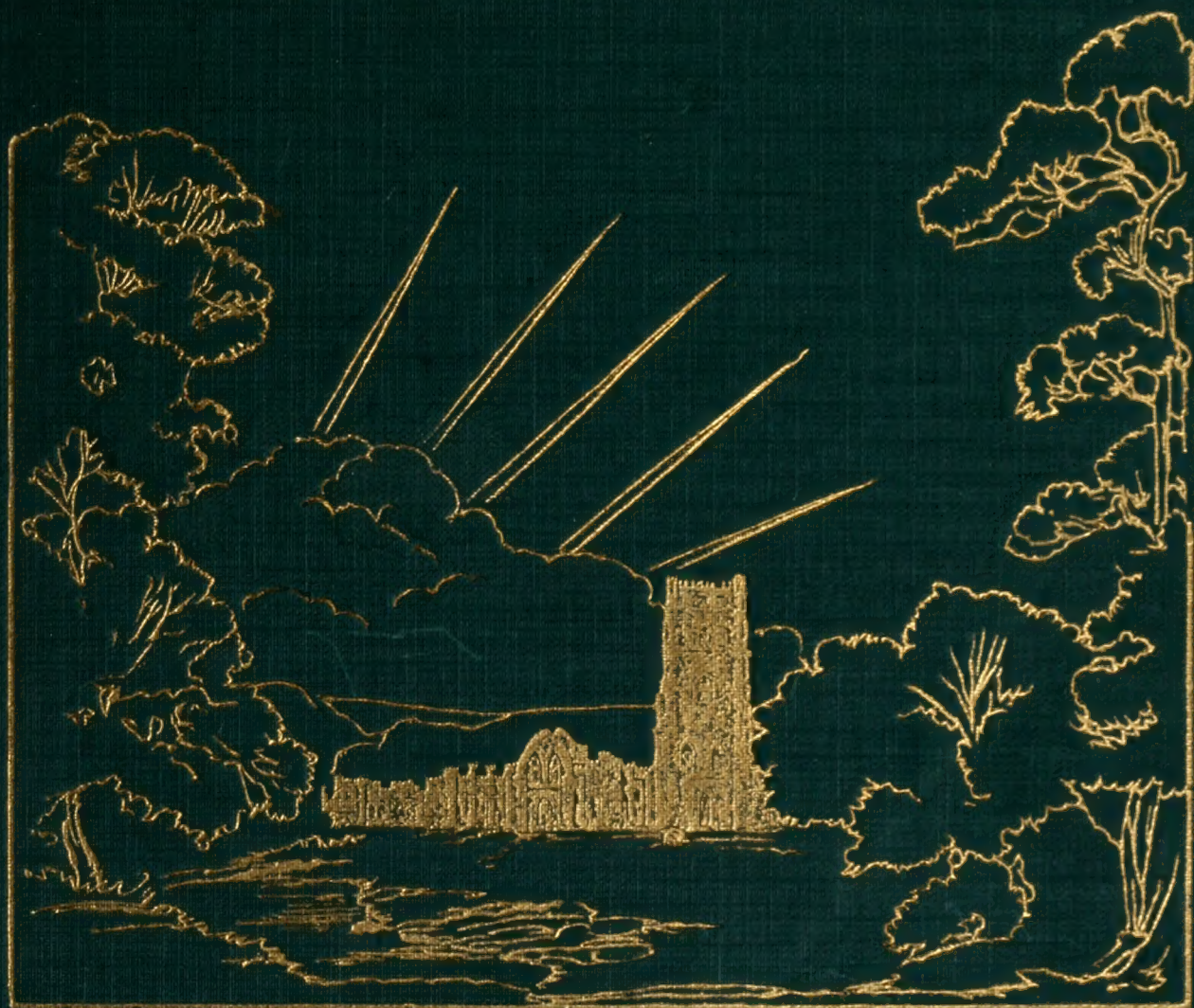


HUTCHINSON'S BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL

EDITED BY
WALTER HUTCHINSON M.A.F.R.GS.



25

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Fainted specially for "Britain Beautiful."

SYMOND'S YAT, WYE VALLEY.

[by F. C. Varley.]

Some of the finest river scenery in the kingdom is to be found in this part of the Wye Valley, between Ross and Chepstow. The Wye follows a meandering course, forming several great loops, and from Symond's Yat (740 feet) a superb view is obtained. High and steep rocks and great banks of splendid trees here enclose the stream, while a succession of heavily wooded hills form a fitting background to the picture. Many writers have told of the charms of the valley. Gray aptly said: "Its banks are a succession of nameless beauties."

HUTCHINSON'S BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL

EDITED BY
WALTER HUTCHINSON
M.A., F.R.G.S., BARRISTER-AT-LAW

A POPULAR AND ILLUSTRATED ACCOUNT OF THE
MAGNIFICENT HISTORICAL, ARCHITECTURAL, AND
PICTURESQUE WONDERS OF THE COUNTIES OF
ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, WALES, AND IRELAND

ABOUT
2,000
BEAUTIFUL
ILLUSTRATIONS
MAINLY
IN 2 COLOURS



NUMEROUS
MAGNIFICENT
COLOURED
PLATES
AND
MAPS

VOL. I

EXQUISITE SCENERY · MAGNIFICENT RUINS · GRAND OLD CASTLES
HISTORIC PLACES · BEAUTIFUL CATHEDRALS · ROMANTIC LANDMARKS
LITERARY HAUNTS · RUGGED COASTS · ANCIENT MONUMENTS, ETC.

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Photo by]

FOUNTAINS ABBEY, YORKSHIRE.

[A. H. Robinson.

Founded on a small scale in 1132 for the Cistercians, the Abbey was damaged by fire a few years later, and was refounded on a much more elaborate scale in 1203 by John of York, the eighth Abbot. It became one of the most prosperous monastic institutions in the land, and was sold by Henry VIII to Sir Richard Gresham after dissolution. Ten acres of ground were occupied by the Abbey and its subsidiary buildings when in their original state, and attached to them were some 60,000 acres of the adjoining countryside. The church itself measured nearly 400 feet long, and the tower was 168 feet high.

INTRODUCTION

IN presenting BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL to the public, the Publishers hope to achieve a double purpose. In the first place the book sets out to be a pictorial record of the physical glories of the British Isles, an effort to harness the latest and finest achievements of the photographic art to the service of producing something which is itself, first and foremost, a work of art. "Of the making of books there is no end," it is said, and to a large extent this is equally true of books on the topography and physical attractions of the British Isles. During a century and more, illustrated descriptions of their scenery and other beauties have appeared at intervals, and BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL is the last of a line of works most of which justified their existence by the obvious fact that, mechanically speaking, they were great improvements on their predecessors. Since the appearance of the *Beauties of England and Wales* a hundred years ago, book illustration has been revolutionised. Wood blocks and steel engravings have become prehistoric, and the Publishers feel that the transformation of photography as a science into photography as an art deserves



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EASTNOR CASTLE, LEDBURY.

[G. W. Railway.

The castle stands about two miles from Ledbury, Herefordshire, and although comparatively modern it is built on the lines of ancient baronial mansions. It contains fine wood-carvings and many excellent paintings. Eastnor Castle is surrounded by a splendid park, and the view from the terrace and battlements is highly picturesque.

commemoration by the appearance of a work that shall make every Briton feel that not only has he a lovely and gracious land to dwell in, but that the memory of its beauty has been preserved in a really worthy form.

But the Publishers also hope that this work may prove to appeal to the mind as well as to the

eye. Their aim has been more ambitious than to assemble a collection of beautiful photographs. In an age when the motor-car, the char-a-banc, and the aeroplane are abolishing distance and making the old "week-end" an interval of infinite possibilities, a public is growing up which demands more than the exiguous satisfaction to be derived from the picture post card. We want to know something of the real character of British beauty spots and something of their literary, historical, and romantic associations. The letterpress is designed to meet that want and also the natural craving of those (and they are many) who like their geography served up with a dash of sentiment, those to whom the magic words "Lover's Leap" conjure up more than two giddy pinnacles with a yawning chasm between, and who take no interest in the most hairpin of hairpin bends unless it is called "the Devil's Elbow." The letterpress of this book will endeavour to serve as a fitting framework to its pictorial side. If, in so doing, the reader's horizon is enlarged, his curiosity awakened, his interest stimulated in the



[Photo by]

[Judges', Ltd.]

COCKINGTON, NEAR TORQUAY.

This picturesque little parish in Devon is two miles inland from Torquay. It is noted for its Perpendicular church and its quaint thatched houses which give it a particular charm. Cockington is generally considered to be one of the prettiest villages in England.

manifold splendours of his native land, and there results a general desire for more immediate and personal acquaintance with sights and scenes of which even the best of photographs can give but a dim vision, the Publishers' second object will have been amply attained.

Throughout this work the word "beauty" has been interpreted and treated in no narrow



Photo by]

[Chas. E. Brown.

WILTON, WILTSHIRE : GOING TO THE FAIR.

Wilton Sheep Fair is one of the largest in the country. Formerly as many as 80,000 sheep have changed hands there in a single day, but, like other cattle fairs, this has dwindled in importance owing to the holding of frequent markets. Wilton is about three miles from Salisbury.



Photo by

[W. A. Mansell & Co.]

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL: THE CHOIR.

The present Cathedral of Canterbury dates from 1070 and ranks ninth amongst English cathedrals as regards the area on which it stands, while in point of length it comes fourth. The choir is one of the longest in the country and is the work of William of Sens, a French master-mason, who undertook the rebuilding of this portion of the cathedral in 1175. It will be noticed that the choir, which is Transition, is contracted at the eastern end; this the architect did in order to allow for the two Norman chapels on either side. The choir is 180 feet long, 40 feet wide, and 71 feet high. Among the modern features in it are the altar, the reredos, and archbishop's throne, while the stalls of the dean and chapter are attributed to Grinling Gibbons.

sense. If its scope had been confined to natural beauties only, it is obvious that there would have been great danger of this book degenerating into a mere illustrated geography, without that human touch in the absence of which dead things cannot live. So many scenes that capture the imagination and please the eye owe much of their charm to natural beauty as modified by the hand of Man and then again by the hand of Time. For all the natural attractions of its site, what would Conway be without that mighty stronghold which is one of the most eloquent monuments to the power and majesty of Edward I? and what would Edward I's great castle be if Time had not converted it from a bare, frowning fortress into an ivy-clad ruin, its jagged walls and battered towers presenting the sky-line with the finest of silhouettes? Clovelly, as a wooded ravine rising precipitously from the water's edge, would no doubt be a picturesque spot. But Clovelly, with its quaint staircase of a street and its crooked houses, has for generations been a Mecca for lovers of the beautiful and roman-



ROMAN BURYING-GROUND, HEYSHAM.

[L. M. & S. Railway.

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These well-preserved traces of an ancient burial-ground, probably Roman, are hewn out of the solid rock. The district is rich in relics of antiquity, several pre-Norman crosses having been found here, while the ruins of an ancient oratory stand on a hill near the church.



ORATORY OF ST. GALLERUS, DINGLE, CO. KERRY.

[Lawrence, Dublin.

Photo by]

Situated near the romantic coast of Dingle Bay, this strange relic of antiquity dates from the seventh century, or even earlier. It is constructed of dry rubble masonry and is an excellent specimen of this crude form of architecture. Within, the faces of the stones are all cut to shape. There is an east window, above which are three pegs, probably once used for holding lamps or satchels containing books.

tic. And who can think of Glastonbury without its abbey or St Michael's Mount with no castle to crown it?

The beauty of Britain is also to be found in innumerable smaller and less ambitious expressions of the activities of man, in hundreds of fine country houses and churches with their furnishings and accessories, in picturesque assemblages of cottages, in many a village cross, and in that glory and emblem of country



Photo by]

BLARNEY CASTLE, CO. CORK.

(W. Lawrence, Dublin

Blarney Castle was built in the fifteenth century by Cormac McCarthy, being the third building erected on this site. The great donjon tower is 120 feet in height, and the famous "Blarney Stone" is set about 8 feet from the top of the tower at the north-east corner. The castle was besieged and taken by Cromwell's forces during his subjugation of Ireland in the seventeenth century, when the famous stone was displaced by a cannon ball during the siege. In the Rockclose adjoining the castle, a Druidical altar still stands, and in the castle grounds are a very fine cromlech and a quantity of pillar stones inscribed with ancient Ogham text.

life, the garden. This work could not possibly hope to be complete, or even genuinely representative, if it confined itself to the handiwork of Nature and disregarded the artistic achievements of her conqueror and rival, Man. In the case of the British Isles such a disregard would be particularly culpable because the man-made beauties of this realm are the product of the genius of at least four separate and distinct nations, each with its own artistic outlook and psychology, its own volume of artistic achievement.

An even more impelling reason for including these things in a survey of BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL is that in these days of change and turmoil no one can say how long they will be with us. Though the national

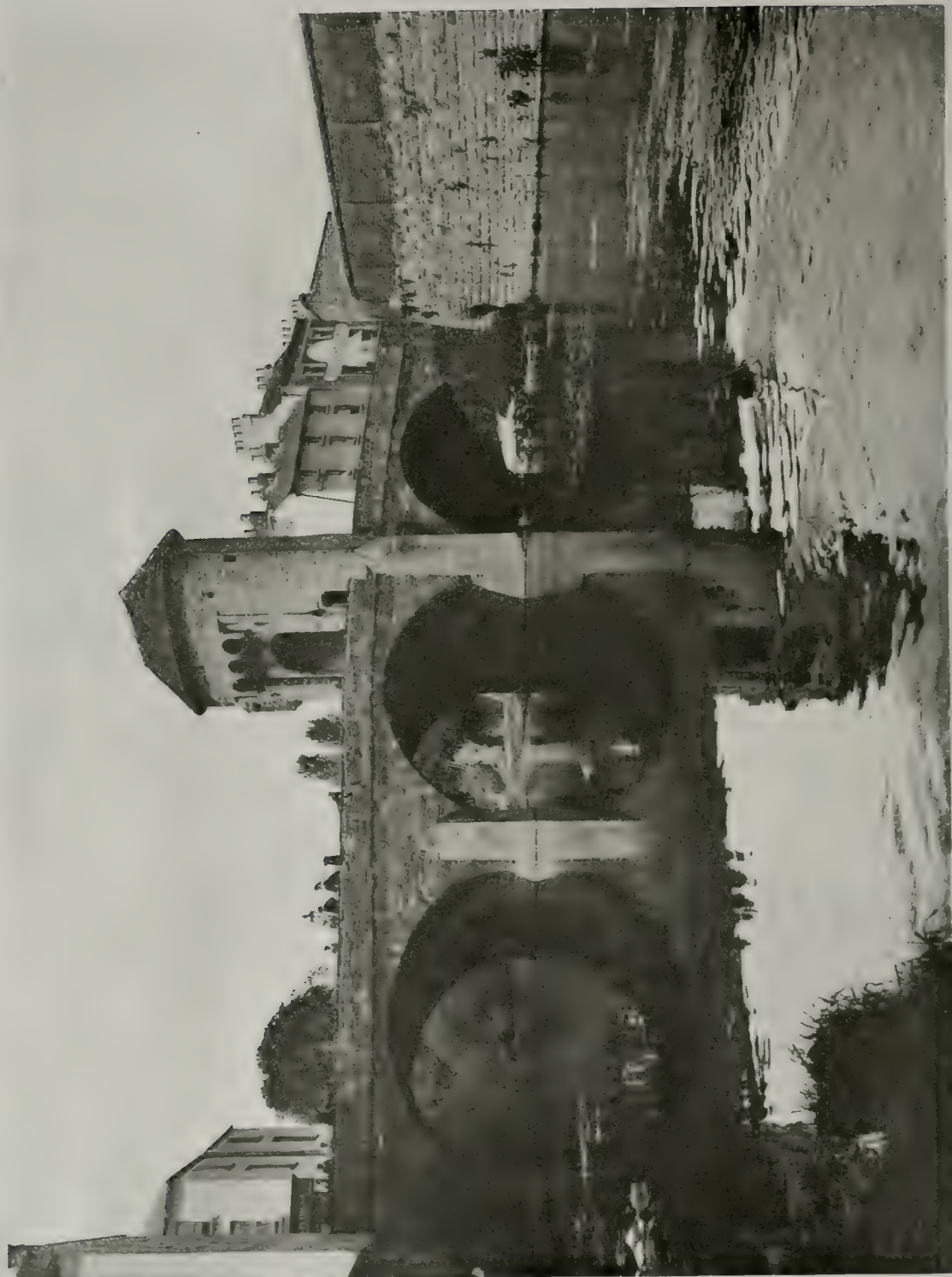


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ASHNESS BRIDGE AND SKIDDAW.

Situated in the middle of Cumberland, three and a half miles north of Keswick, Skiddaw rises to an altitude of 3,054 feet. It spreads into an oblong mountain mass eight miles by seven, and is composed mainly of clay-slate and partly of granite. It commands extensive views and much rich and gorgeous scenery. Skiddaw has been celebrated by many poets, among whom are Lamb, Keats, and Wordsworth. Ashness is on the east side of Derwentwater, three miles south of Keswick; the Ashness Bridge crosses the Barrow Beck.

[The L. M. & S. Railway.



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MONNOW BRIDGE, MONMOUTH.

Built in 1272, this quaint, stolid bridge carries the road to Raglan over the River Monnow. The tall gatehouse, known as the Welsh Gate, was a strong defensive feature of Monmouth in bygone days and is a unique specimen, in this country, of such a gateway erected actually on a bridge. In addition to the main arch there are two side passages.

[The G. W. Railway,

conscience has slowly been roused to civilisation's threat to "national monuments," the fact remains that the industrialisation of Britain has involved, and must necessarily involve, the destruction of a large part of our artistic inheritance. Georgian London is rapidly vanishing before the peremptory claims of Neo-Georgian London. The break-up of old estates, which has been such a striking feature of post-war economics, has meant the conversion of many a charming manor-house into an hotel or golf club, or its surrender to the clutches of the jerry-builder. In many a pretty little town the gasworks stands where the old tithe-barn once stood, and Hodge's craze for the cinema has meant the death of some picturesque feature. The thatched cottage, a key to all that is charming and unforgettable in

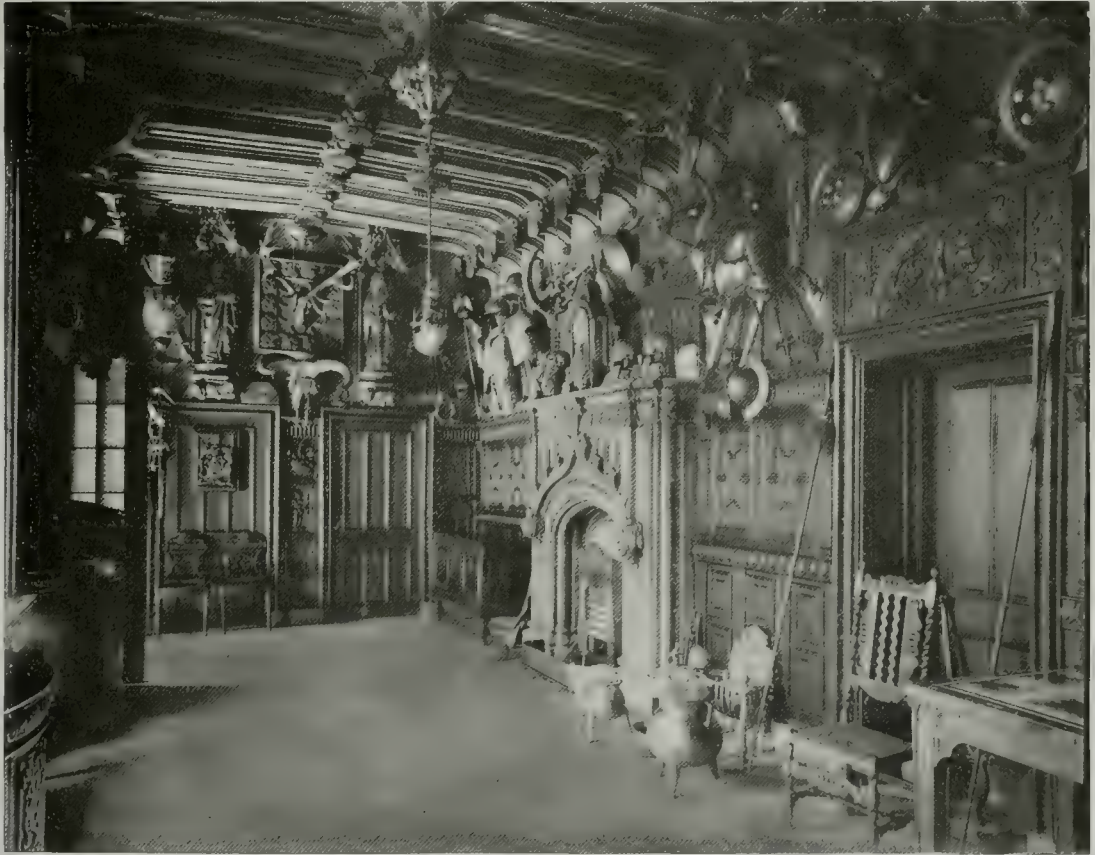


Photo by]

ABBOTSFORD: THE HALL.

[*W. A. Mansell & Co.*

Abbotsford Hall, which was erected and for a long time occupied by Sir Walter Scott, is situated on the right bank of the Tweed near Melrose, and commands a splendid view of the Tweed Valley. The hall is panelled and roofed with carved oak, and the row of coats armorial seen round the cornice are those of the chief old Border families. On the walls are hung specimens of old military weapons and armour.

rural Britain, attracts the eagle eye of the sanitary inspector and is condemned as "unsanitary." The ancient bridge, which has preserved myriads of artists from the dangers of idleness for generations, is found no fitting highway for the ubiquitous motor-lorry, and must give place to some stout but hideous iron structure. Even the natural beauties of Britain are not entirely immune from the ruthless hand of civilisation and vandalism. More than one delightful English lake has lost its charm on conversion into a reservoir for some large town. In the cause of progress and slate-quarries, Penmaenmawr Mountain, the finest headland in the four kingdoms, has been scarred and hewn until it has become one of the great eyesores in the land. Even Snowdon has its mountain railway. As the Russian

Grand-Duchess remarked in *Count Philip* when someone vaunted the beauties of Switzerland, "Why, you have turnstiles at the foot of all your peaks!" And when we think of the terrible fate that has overtaken some of the fairest districts in France and Belgium during the recent war we may reflect that nothing is, or can be, immune from the destructive influence of man's desires and passions.



Photo by,

GLENCOE FALL, LARNE, IRELAND.

[W. Lawrence, Dublin.]

Glenoe, a hamlet near Larne in Co. Antrim, claims to attract the visitor principally for two reasons—its waterfall and fine sea view. The fall, though comparatively small, is situated in a pretty glen which greatly enhances its charm.

For those who fear these remorseless developments, **BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL** will preserve the memory of the natural attractions of these Islands as they exist to-day. Nature has endowed these Islands so richly with natural attractions of every kind (save the attraction of mere size) that it is quite impossible to give more than a representative but comprehensive view of their beauty. Selection has been essential, but it can at least be claimed that the selection has been dictated by a desire to illustrate the variety and the inherent characteristics of the beauties of our land.

Some time ago three young men were admiring a wonderful Scottish view. One of them remarked: "It's like Molde, and yet it's not." Another said: "It's not like New Zealand, and yet it is." There was a pause and then the third said: "You're both right and both wrong: it's

just like Scotland." And no sooner were the words out of his mouth than his friends recognised their absolute and literal truth. There is hardly one spot in the British Isles of which the same could not be said. When one considers the extraordinary variety of British scenery and the wealth of contrast it affords, this is a very remarkable fact.

To take one example. The Norfolk Broads, the Fen Country, Sherwood Forest, and the limestone heights of Derbyshire all lie within an area which can easily be traversed by a car in the course of a summer afternoon. Each of these regions has a striking, highly individual character and forms



By permission of

CORFE CASTLE, DORSET.

This famous castle dates from Saxon times and for many centuries was one of the strongest fortresses in the kingdom. It belonged to the Crown at one time. Edward the Martyr was murdered here by his stepmother, and Peter the Hermit was imprisoned in the castle. Lady Bankes in 1643 put up a gallant defence for six weeks against Parliamentary troops who besieged it, but in 1646 the castle was seized and shattered by gunpowder. Even in its present reduced state the ruins present a massive, picturesque appearance, and its architecture represents almost every date from Edgar's time till that of Henry VII.

[The Southern Railway.]



Photo by

R. C. De Morgan.

GLEN NEVIS.

The entrance to this romantic glen is about a mile from Fort William. It is one of the grandest glens in Scotland and is composed of Silurian crystalline schist. From Nevis Bridge a road winds along the side of the stream for about six miles and is pleasantly shaded by some fine timber. Farther on, near Achriach, the scenery is wild and grand in the extreme.

a notable contrast to each of the others. Yet all of them are essentially English; so much so that nothing quite like them is to be found anywhere else. Or, to take another test, is it not almost invariably a simple matter to identify a product of the English school of landscape by its subject? Who would mistake the scenery of Constable, Crome, or Wilson for any but British scenery? No doubt the explanation is to be found in fundamental reasons of geology, vegetation, and climate. But whatever the cause, the fact remains that there is an atmosphere about British scenery which perhaps defies ultimate analysis, but obviously gives it a character all its own, and in some obscure, indefinable way is in harmony with the character and aptitudes of the races of these Islands.

As a work of this kind must necessarily proceed on some definite plan, if confusion and overlapping is to be avoided, the scheme has been adopted of dealing with the beauties of our country by counties, the county being a convenient if arbitrary division. But the necessary preliminary to such treatment of the subject is a summary but comprehensive survey of the natural features of the British Isles, with a view to providing an outline which shall be filled in subsequently. To that end we will create an imaginary traveller intent on making a circular tour of Great Britain and seeing everything worth seeing. He shall be a Londoner; he shall start from London and to London he shall return. But first our traveller shall take a look at the map. Any of the excellent physical maps now available will enable him to take in the broad natural features of the British Isles at a glance. Scotland appears as a wild mountainous tangle save on the extreme east coast and in the valleys of a few rivers. The Welshman, too, can never set foot on level ground unless he has the luck, or ill-luck, to dwell in Anglesey or on the immediate confines of the Bristol Channel. But the Englishman—or, at any rate, the Englishman south of the Trent and east of the Exe—if he wants elevation, has to go a long way to find it. With ruthless and remorseless realism the map reveals to our Londoner the humiliating fact that nothing worthy of the name of mountain is to be found within considerably over a hundred miles of the capital. The gradual rise from east to west is as plain as the delicate gradations of greens and browns can make it.

With this broad outline clearly fixed in his mind, our traveller strikes south-west, eager to see what England can show him between the lower valley of the Thames and Land's End. Though the complex



Photo by]

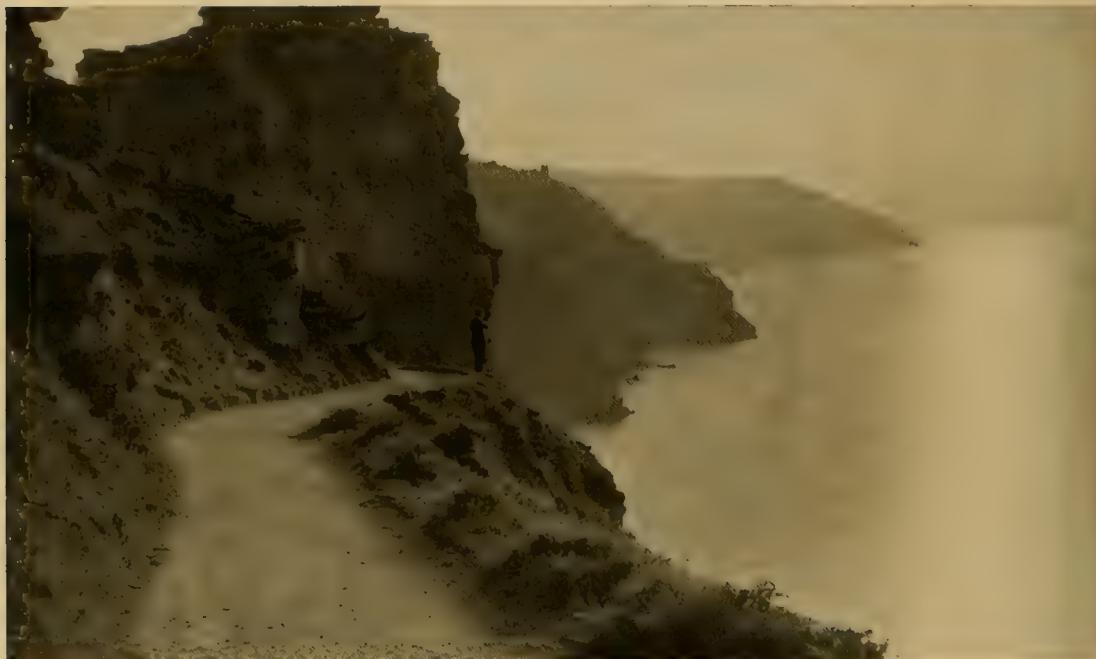
[W. A. Mansell & Co.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: THE CROSS.

The cross which surmounts the ball and dome of St. Paul's Cathedral is 365 feet above the ground, and is therefore higher than the spire of any other English cathedral except Salisbury (404 feet). The cross itself is 15 feet high and weighs 3,360 pounds.

of rolling hills Chilterns, Marlborough Downs, Cotswolds, and Mendips—that separate eastern England from the "West Country," may lack the attraction of height and mass, they have a peculiar, essentially English charm of their own. As our traveller threads the Vale of Kennet he has on his right Salisbury Plain, which conjures up something more than the spectacle of "Red" and "Blue" armies fighting mock battles in the August heat. Here are Stonehenge and thousands of other memorials of primitive Britain. Just beyond lies Old Sarum, the most challenging and romantic of all "rotten boroughs," Salisbury Cathedral, a dream in stone, and farther south again the New Forest, with Lyndhurst and Brockenhurst, and memories of Red William and his evil end. Hard by is the Vale of Dorset, the romantic and historic region which Mr. Thomas Hardy has made immortal.

As our traveller drops down the western ridge of the Mendips, he has before him one of the



[Photo by]

[Judges' Ltd.]

NORTH WALK, LYNTON, N. DEVON.

Some of the finest cliff scenery of the Devon coastline is to be found in the stretch between Lynton and Ilfracombe. Castle Rock, in the foreground, is one of the dominating features of the famous Valley of Rocks to which reference is made in Blackmore's "*Lorna Doone*." Rising precipitously from the rock-strewn beach below and covered with many-coloured moss-like growths, it presents an imposing sight. Beyond, the features of the coastline include Duty Point, and Woody Bay in the distance.

loveliest scenes in Britain, the Plain of Somerset, a wedge of level sward where the towers of Wells and Glastonbury Tor rise above the mists. On to Devonshire. The very word conjures up visions of rich red soil, leafy lanes, and eternal spring, the Devonshire of Drake, of *Westward Ho!* and *Lorna Doone*. Exmoor Forest overlooks the fine cliff scenery between Ilfracombe and Minehead. Dartmoor rises cold and sullen above sub-tropical Torquay, the verdant reaches of the silvery Dart, and the curious and characteristic indentation of Plymouth Sound, with its memories of Drake and his "merry men."

And after Devonshire comes Cornwall, that fragment of a crude and ancient world, first cousin to picturesque Brittany across the waters of the Channel. Here is a land of hoary relics of bygone ages, rich with traces of successive civilisations, a land of legend and tradition which Time has embroidered in its own fantastic way. Strange names and words meet our traveller's ear at every turn—Marazion, Polperro, Uny Lelant, Landewednack, uncouth sounds to one familiar with the urbanity and obviousness of the common English place-name. The scenery is fierce and rugged, as befits the battleground of a mighty land and a mighty ocean, for Cornwall meets the fury of the Atlantic with giant cliffs and a fringe of fantastic rocks—as fine a vision of nature in all her savagery as the eye could wish to behold.



Photo by]

ST. CLEMENT DANES CHURCH, STRAND, LONDON.

[G. F. Prior.

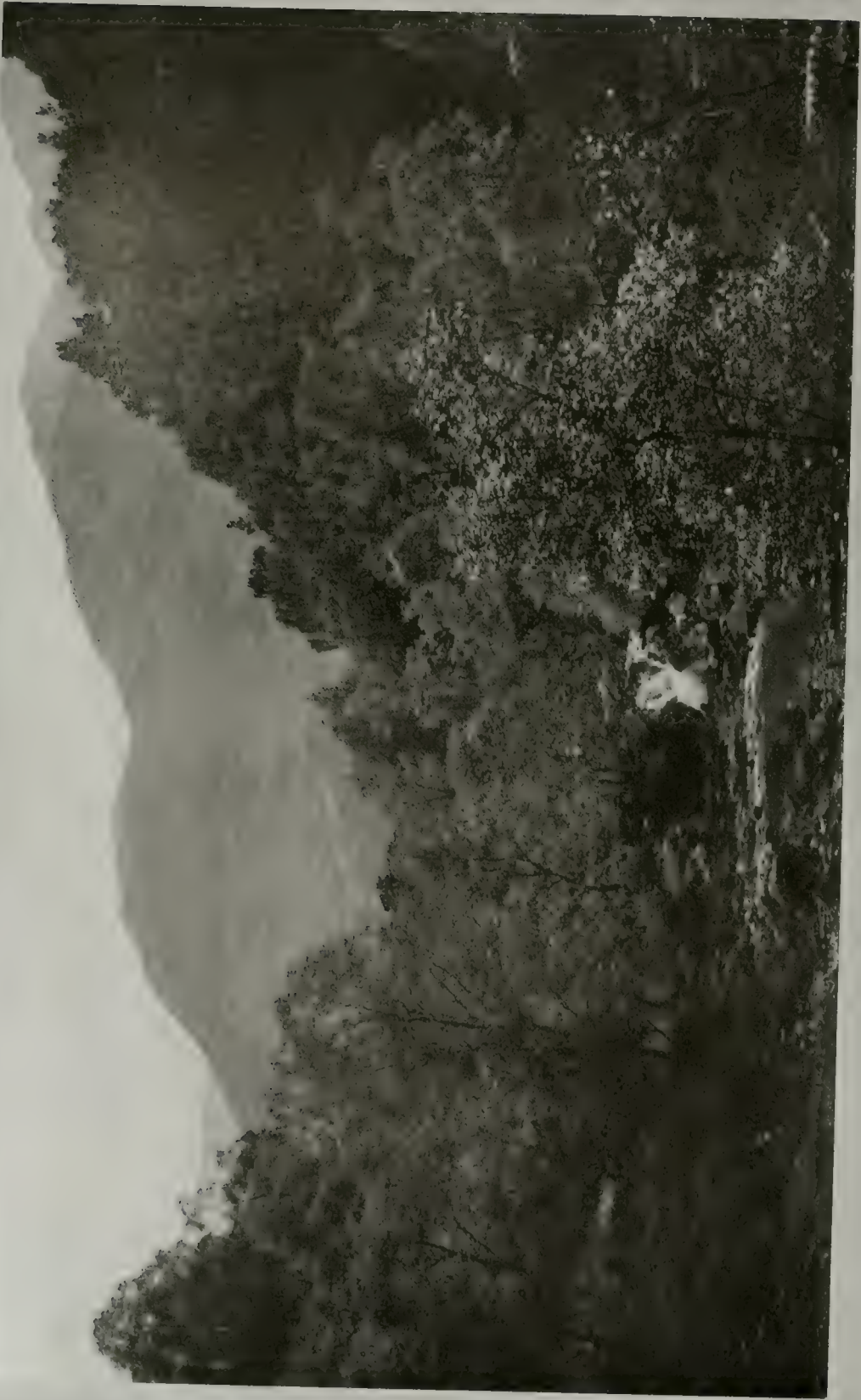
Of Sir Christopher Wren's many London churches, St. Clement Danes—standing as it does in the middle of the Strand—is one of the most familiar. It was erected in 1681 on the site of an earlier building reputed to have been the burial-place of members of a Danish colony headed by Harold Harefoot, which made its home here in Saxon days. The tower was added to the church in 1719, to the design of Gibbs, and its famous old peal of bells formed the origin of the rhyme, "Oranges and lemons, the bells of St. Clement's." Dr. Johnson regularly attended service here and is commemorated by a statue at the east end of the churchyard and also by a brass plate in his pew and a memorial window. There is also a window to the memory of Queen Victoria.

Photo by]

THE TROSSACHS, PERTHSHIRE.

The Trossachs is the name given to a beautiful wooded defile lying between Loch Katrine and Loch Achray. The name signifies "bristled territory" and the pass is overlooked by several fine mountain peaks, including Ben Venue (2,393 ft.) and Ben A'an (1,750 ft.). The Trossachs will always be associated with Scott's "Lady of the Lake," as the place where Fitz-James' steed, in pursuit of the stag, "stumbles exhausted in the rugged dell." The defile abounds in picturesque rocks and mounds, covered with luxuriant vegetation, so that the tortuous road by which it is traversed affords some of the most superb scenery in Scotland.

W. A. Munsel & Co.



But now our traveller has reached Land's End, "the world's end," and there is nothing for it but to retrace his steps. This time he shall follow the southern shores of the Bristol Channel until the Welsh coast comes into view and the long, narrow tideway transforms itself into the estuary of the Severn.

The valleys of the Severn and the Dee (which are only twenty miles or so apart in the neighbourhood of Shrewsbury) form a deep trench or trough, traversing a district of the highest historical and pictorial interest and separating the southern foothills of the Pennine Chain from the great Welsh mountain mass which reaches its culminating point in the Snowdon range. As might be expected of a region which is the "Welsh marches," the scene of ages of bitter feud and conflict, it is rich

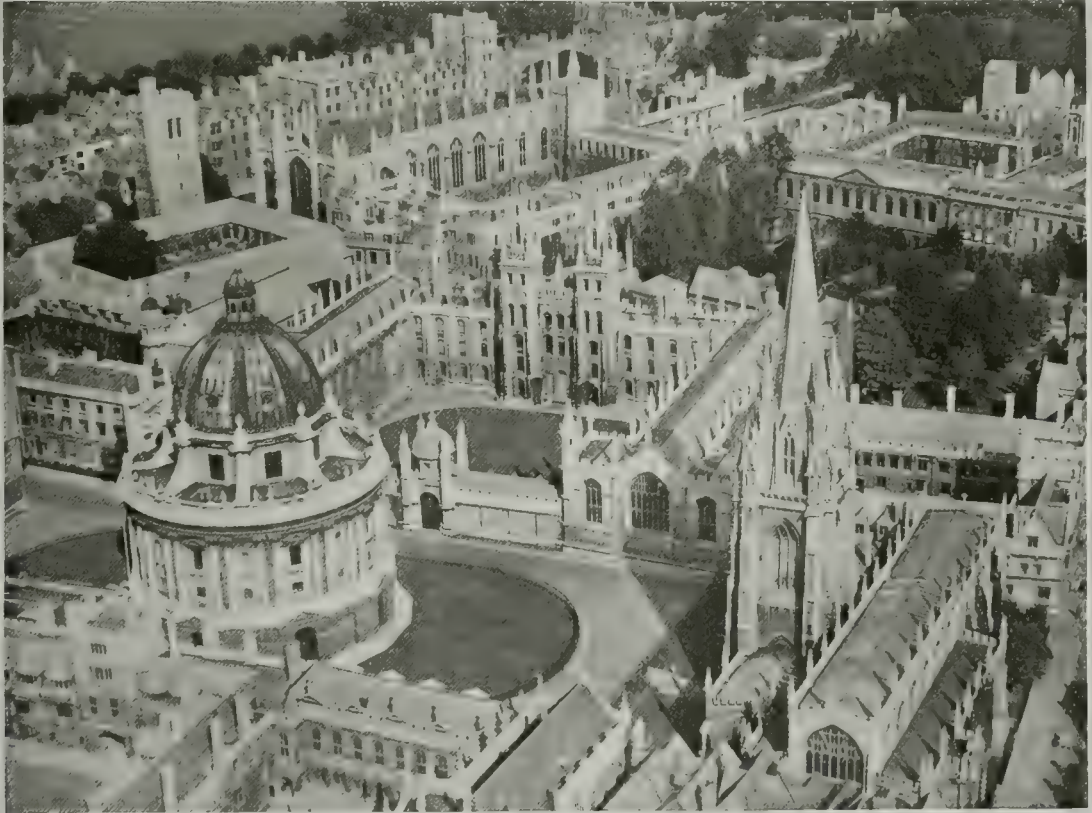


Photo 13,

[Aero Aerials, Ltd.]

AERIAL VIEW OF OXFORD.

The circular dome in the foreground is that of the Radcliffe Library; fronting it are the twin towers of All Souls College, founded by Archbishop Chichele in 1437. Gothic architecture found its fullest expression in Oxford, and Oriel, Wadham, and especially Magdalen College, built by William de Waynflete in 1458, form magnificent examples of this style. The spire of St. Mary's Church shows to the right of the Radcliffe Library, and the Bodleian Library and Brasenose College are close by. Wren, Inigo Jones, and other great architects have contributed to make Oxford a city of beauty, adding to the great educational foundations which date from the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

in picturesque memorials of a sterner and more exciting past. Many of the castles with which all this part of the country was studded have now disappeared or have left but a beautiful ruin to perpetuate their memory. Our tourist will look in vain for the great mediæval fortresses that were once the castles of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester; and perhaps Carnarvon and Warwick alone will give him any idea of the influence these great structures exercised in preserving law and order, or terrorising the countryside, according to one's point of view. But if his archæological cravings are somewhat disappointed, his feeling for beauty will be more than satisfied by the number and variety of lovely ruins which lie within a day's journey on either side of him. Beyond Warwick,

in the pretty Vale of Avon, is Kenilworth, where one-half the world meets the other half some time or other and memories of Simon de Montfort, John of Gaunt, Queen Elizabeth, Leicester, and Cromwell seem a link between many centuries of English history. On the western side a tour of the Welsh coast gives a succession of romantic and highly interesting ruins, the castles of Chepstow, Pembroke, Harlech, Criccieth, Carnarvon, Beaumaris, and Conway, and inland Raglan, Montgomery, Chirk, and Beeston are a delight to any eye. Among the ecclesiastical ruins, the palm must be awarded to beautiful Tintern Abbey. But fortunately the architectural beauties of this part of Britain have in the main escaped the ravages of the past. The great cathedrals of Gloucester, Hereford, Worcester, Lichfield, and Chester, the abbey church of Shrewsbury, the wonderful church



By permission of

THE DEVIL'S HOLE, JERSEY.

[The Southern Railway.]

This is a view above the Devil's Hole, which is a crater-like basin about 300 feet deep and 100 feet across. Access to the bottom is obtained by the wooden staircase. The descent is quite safe, and a particularly fine view is obtained of the tide rushing through a tunnelled entrance leading from the sea, over large boulders which strew the foot of the Devil's Hole.

of St. Mary Redcliffe at Bristol, and St. Michael's Church at Coventry, to name but a few, remain as eternal witnesses of the love of beauty which inspired the architects and stone-masons of the Middle Ages. And there are many other memorials of those times which appeal as perhaps more picturesque, though less imposing. Conway is a delightful and all too rare example of a mediæval walled town. Chester with its arcaded streets, the "Rows," is almost unique in Britain. Shrewsbury and many more of these border towns have ancient streets and houses which give them that old-world look so prized by the traveller, and the country houses and mansions with which the region abounds afford many a striking example of the high level to which domestic architecture attained after ecclesiastical architecture was on the wane.



Photo by]

STOKESAY CASTLE, SHROPSHIRE.

[R. C. De. Morgan.

Stokesay Castle stands to day a quaint and beautiful ruin. No particular historical event marks it out among other ancient ruins of England, but it is the oldest and probably the finest example in the country of a moated and fortified manor house. Parts of the castle date from the thirteenth century.



[The Photogram Co.]

FOUNTAINS ABBEY : THE CLOISTERS.

The cloistral buildings of Fountains Abbey in their present form date back to the twelfth century (circa 1147-79). They include a remarkable "Dormitory of the Lay Brothers," vaulted from a central row of eighteen pillars, and formerly divided by the pillars into separate cells, but now open from end to end. The actual cloister is a nave of twenty bays and two aisles, 300 feet in length, while the cloister garth is 128 feet square. The style of architecture is Transition Norman almost throughout, but the refectory is Early English in style. The roof of the cloister is an exceptionally fine example of Transition-Norman style.

Photo by,



Photo by]

TRINITY COLLEGE GREAT COURT, CAMBRIDGE.

[1 H. Robinson.

The Great Gate of Trinity College was built in 1518-35, commemorative of Edward III and his six sons. The statue of Henry VIII between the windows was added in 1615. Sir Isaac Newton had an observatory on top of the tower; the fountain in the Great Court was built by Neville in 1602 and restored in 1716. The library of the College is the work of Sir Christopher Wren (1676). The "New Court" of Trinity was built by Wilkins in the first half of the nineteenth century.

Yet the natural attractions of this region of Wales and the western midlands of England can in every way hold their own with the others. The scenery is highly diversified and much of it is as beautiful as is to be found anywhere in the world. The Cotswold Hills are redolent of all that is peaceful, pastoral, and unchanging in life. The valley of the Wye, with the river winding between tree-clad banks and hills, is far-famed for its typically British loveliness. The mountainous region which covers south, central, and north Wales (with its foothills in Shropshire, Herefordshire, and Monmouth) gives magnificent view-points and attractive scenery in all directions, while the valleys of the rivers which take their rise within it are in every way a fitting complement to the rugged beauties of the heights above.

When our traveller emerges from the upper valley of the Dee the scene swiftly changes. The plain of Cheshire and Lancashire, imprisoned between the mountains of Wales, the Pennine Chain,



Photo by]

KENILWORTH CASTLE.

[H. N. King.

The remains of the castle are on an eminence to the west of the town. It was given by Henry III to Simon de Montfort, but it reverted to the King after Simon's rebellion and his surrender to the King in 1266. In the hands of John of Gaunt the castle underwent extensive renovation and was greatly enlarged. It was visited by Queen Elizabeth on three occasions. Sir Walter Scott has a vivid description in "Kenilworth" of the magnificent tournament which took place there over seventeen days in honour of Elizabeth.

and the Irish Sea, is the second of the two extensive tracts of flat country to be found in the western half of England and Wales. Its mineral resources, with the attendant industrialisation of large areas, and the doubtful distinction of possessing one of the highest densities of population in the world, have cost it much of its natural attraction. But if this plain is uninteresting, and in places repulsive, to the eye, both Cheshire and southern Lancashire have their compensations, the former mainly in the number of its ancient half-timbered houses, of which Moreton Old Hall and Gawsworth Old Hall are particularly beautiful examples.

Just beyond the point where the Irish Sea thrusts its nose into the land in Morecambe Bay, northern Lancashire meets Westmoreland and Cumberland in the heart of the far-famed "Lake District." What need is there to sing the praises of this romantic and picturesque region, which inspired so many of the happiest efforts of the poets of the "Lake School"? The works of Wordsworth alone contain an almost complete catalogue of its beauties, but even Wordsworth fails to do



Photo by]

THIRLMERE, CUMBERLAND.

[Judges', Ltd.

Originally about two and a half miles long and under half a mile across, Thirlmere has been artificially enlarged and deepened, in order to act as a reservoir for the Manchester Water Supply. Before this scheme was undertaken the lake was almost cut into two sections by projecting points of land, the narrow channel being spanned by an attractive bridge. Thirlmere is surrounded by several mountain peaks, the chief one being Helvellyn (3,118 feet).

justice to the amazing variety of its scenery and the diversity of its appeal. To the lover of gloomy grandeur, Wastwater, with the gaunt "Scree," and Great Gable and the Scawfells towering above, is all that the heart could desire. To those who desire a gem on the bosom of mother earth, Grasmere or Derwentwater is the apt reply. Windermere may not bathe the feet of a giant of the hills, as Ullswater bathes the feet of Place Fell, but who that has seen it will ever forget the view of sinuous Windermere from Orrest Head, with the white sails of yachts twinkling among the islands opposite Bowness, and the wooded banks on the farther side standing in the front rank of a series of heights which ultimately end on a sky-line between two and three thousand feet above sea-level and includes such monarchs of the region as the Langdale Pikes, Bowfell, Scafell Pike and Scafell, Wetherlam, and Conistone Old Man? Buttermere may be a glorified pond, but who can forget his first sight of it from the top of the wild and solitary Honister Hause? Thirlmere may be a picturesque reservoir, but does it not nestle in the shadow of mighty Helvellyn? And what is to be said of the multitude of minor beauties? Valleys such as Borrowdale and Eskdale, mountain tarns such as Grisedale Tarn



Photo by]

HENRY VII'S CHAPEL, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

[H. N. King.

Of all the chapels in Westminster Abbey, Henry VII's is the most magnificent and was erected at the beginning of the sixteenth century. As a piece of architecture it is also one of the finest Perpendicular buildings in England. It consists of a nave and two aisles, with little chapels round the apse. Its superb fan-vaulting is famed all over the world. The banners are those of the Knights of the Bath. The tombs of Henry VII and his wife, Elizabeth of York, are in the middle of the Chapel, and many of England's sovereigns, from the time of the first Tudor king, have been buried here.



[The Photochrom Co.]

Photo by]

WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL: THE REREDOS.

This exquisite piece of carving, begun according to some records by Cardinal Beaufort, who died in 1447, constitutes a fitting background to one of the finest sanctuaries in England. The reredos suffered considerable damage at the Reformation, but was carefully restored between thirty and forty years ago, when modern statues were introduced.

and Stickle Tarn, waterfalls like Lodore or Aira Force, need fear no competition from anything of their kind.

On emerging from this beautiful region our traveller finds himself in the low-lying district at the head of Solway Firth of which Carlisle is the centre ; here he takes his last look at a plain, for until the course of his wandering brings him to Caithness, in the extreme north of Scotland, he will meet nothing else extensive enough to deserve that name. Solway Plain and the Cheviot Hills form the



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WIMBORNE MINSTER : THE CHAINED LIBRARY.

[The Southern Railway.

The ancient town of Wimborne has grown up about its noble minster, or collegiate church, of which the most interesting features are the Italian glass of the east window, the lunar orrery, the chained library, and the monument to the Duke of Somerset and his wife. This last is an alabaster tomb of great beauty. At the height of its glory the minster had ten altars, and was entirely covered with frescoes. It dates back to Saxon times, and still contains a brass of King Ethelred.

boundary between England and Scotland, but both physically and otherwise this frontier forms a marked contrast to the "Welsh Marches." Like the latter it has been the scene of centuries of border warfare, but the fierce and primitive character of the combatants seems to have stamped itself, as it were, on the countryside. It is a region of bare rolling uplands where one may walk for miles without seeing any sign of human habitation and civilisation seems to have stopped, or concentrated in the towns of Carlisle, Hexham, Alnwick, and Berwick-on-Tweed. Perhaps the most interesting feature of all this region is the Roman Wall, and that interest is antiquarian rather than scenic.



By permission of]

OLD-WORLD COTTAGES, LYNDHURST, HANTS.

[The Southern Railway

The old-fashioned thatched cottages of Hampshire, like those of most other counties, are gradually disappearing, much to the regret of those whose love of the artistic is stronger than their views on modern housing. The Hampshire cottages of the type shown above are constructed either completely of "daub" (a mixture of chalk and clay) or else are half-timbered with a roof of thatch.

If our traveller now follows the line of the westernmost railway from Carlisle to Glasgow he will soon find himself on the ridge of the Southern Uplands and in the heart of the Burns country. Indeed, his memories of Burns will begin even sooner, for the town of Dumfries, twenty miles across the border, contains the house in which he died and his burial-place. But it is the district immediately around the old seaport of Ayr which the poet has immortalised in his verse.



By permission of.

DRUIDS' CASTLE AND SADDLEBACK, NEAR KESWICK.

[The L. M. & S. Railway.

The circle, which consists of about forty large granite stones, some almost 8 feet high, is possibly the remains of a Druidical place of worship. It is situated on a hill commanding a fine view and was often frequented by Southey, the poet. The Saddleback or Blencathra (2,847 feet), seen in the distance, is a mountain ridge well known to climbers who visit the Keswick district.



Photo by]

EDINBURGH CASTLE, BANQUETING HALL.

[A. H. Robinson,

Edinburgh Castle goes back to legendary times; the castle rock was certainly fortified by the Ottadini before the Roman Occupation of the north, and in 617 A.D. Edwin gave his name to the city and constructed the original castle from which the present building has developed. In 1174 William the Lion surrendered it to Henry II of England, regaining it in 1186. In 1291 the castle was surrendered to Edward I, and in 1313 was recaptured by the Earl of Moray. Robert Bruce stripped it of its fortifications, and it was surrendered to Edward III in 1334 by Robert Balliol. Taken and retaken time and again by different factions from then onward, it became the stronghold of James V and his mother in 1524, and in 1566 James VI of Scotland and I of England was born there. From 1707 to 1818 the Scottish regalia were concealed in the castle, when they were discovered and placed on view. The banqueting hall is one of the few surviving magnificent apartments of which the great mass of buildings of mediæval times was composed.



[The L. M. & S. Railway.

LLEWELLYN'S COFFIN, LLANRWST.

[By permission of]

This stone coffin lies in the old Welsh Church of St. Grwst, at Llanrwst in Denbighshire, and is reputed to have contained the body of Llewellyn the Great, who died in 1240. His remains were brought by the monks to Maenan Abbey, near by, from Conway Abbey, which Llewellyn founded in 1185 and which was destroyed by Henry III. The coffin and other historical relics lie in the Gwydir Chapel, built in 1634, supposedly to the designs of Inigo Jones. The intricate wooden roof and panelling may be noted, and the chapel also contains a fine carved doorway and screens.

From all this region of poetry and romance it is a far cry, though a short distance, to the smoke, noise, and bustle of busy Glasgow, a city which at first sight would seem made to be shunned both by our traveller and *BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL*. But Glasgow as the home of the "wild men" and a murky manufacturer of ships, iron, steel, cotton, and woollen goods, is one thing. Glasgow, as the centre for some of the loveliest and most diversified scenery in the world, deserves very special consideration. Within a few miles of the city the Glasgovan may discover the beautiful ruins of Cadzow Castle and Bothwell Castle, two appealing memorials of an unindustrialised past. The River



By permission of,

BIRTH CHAMBER OF THE FIRST PRINCE OF WALES.

[L. M. & S. Railway.

This chamber, in the Great Eagle Tower of Carnarvon Castle, is the small room reputed to be the birthplace of Edward II, in 1284. It is certain, at any rate, that he was born in the castle. There is a story of his presentation as an infant to the conquered Welsh as "a Prince of Wales who could speak no English"

Clyde, all unconscious of the base material uses to which it is ultimately to be put, behaves like any mountain stream as it pours over the famous "Falls of Clyde." Even downstream from Glasgow the river recovers its character as one of Nature's treasures and empties itself into its firth under the shadow of the beautiful island of Arran. But it is immediately north and north-east of the commercial capital of Scotland that some of the finest scenery in the world is to be found. Here, in a very modest area, lie several exquisite lakes, including Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine, the romantic valley of the Trossachs, connecting Lochs Katrine and Vennachar, and a complex of splendid mountains culminating in Ben Lomond. The multitude of wooded islands in Loch Lomond add greatly to its picturesqueness, and no reader of Scott will forget "Ellen's Isle" in Loch Katrine.

North and north-east of this area lie the Highlands proper, a mountainous tangle containing the highest summits in the British Isles; at many points on the west it drops almost sheer into the Atlantic, and the whole of this west coast is cut into long and narrow lochs which resemble the fjords of Norway and are in many ways even more picturesque. Even the most exhaustive summary could not enumerate all the beauties of this coast with its double rampart of islands the Outer Hebrides and the Inner Hebrides. The praises of Jura, Oban, and the Firth of Lorne, Fort William, Glen More, Iona, Staffa, the Kyles of Lochalsh, and Skye have been trumpeted to the four winds of heaven, and



By permission of]

HONISTER CRAG, NEAR BUTTERMERE.

[The L. M. & S. Railway.

Lying beyond the head of Buttermere, Honister Crag rises 1,750 feet above the rather bleak and lonely valley at its foot. Impressive when viewed from a distance, the crag has been rather marred by slate quarries. The slate was formerly carried down on hurdles by men, but is now brought away on railway trucks which run down the narrow and tortuous paths shown in the illustration.

none can say that they are exaggerated. But some of the finest points lie off the beaten track and are not to be found without patience and effort. No true lover of beauty would miss Glen Affric or the Falls of Glomach, though a great number of visitors to Scotland have never yet discovered their existence.

Generally speaking, our traveller will find the east coast of Scotland a marked contrast to the west and the central *massif*. Except in the case of Dornoch Firth and Cromarty Firth, the sea does not pierce into the heart of the mountain region. The coastline is low. On the other hand, the valleys of the Rivers Spey, Don, Dee, and Tay are charmingly wooded and picturesque, and there are a number of towns of high historic interest, though the whole region is deprived of that romantic flavour which is lent to the west by its associations with Prince Charlie and the '45. The ruins of St. Andrew's Cathedral, Arbroath Abbey, and Dunnottar Castle, and the castles of Balmoral, Glamis, Stirling, and



Photo by]

WARWICK CASTLE: GUY'S TOWER.

[H. N. King,

The castle stands on a rock, contiguous to the Avon at the south-east side of the town. It occupies an area of some three acres, rising to about 100 feet above the level of the Avon. It consists of towers, turrets, battlemented walls, and other structures, Guy's Tower having been built in 1394. Sir Walter Scott describes it as the "fairest monument of ancient and chivalrous splendour which yet remains unimpaired by time." The castle underwent repair in 1312 by Earl Guy, who brought Piers Gaveston here and beheaded him on Blacklow Hill. It has been restored and added to in different reigns, and in 1759 it became the property of the Earls of Warwick. The exterior is a noble example of the fortifications of the fourteenth century.



(W. A. Mansell & Co.

Photo by

STONEHENGE, WILTS.

One of the most noteworthy relics of antiquity in the kingdom, Stonehenge and its origin have always been the subject of discussion and contention. It is variously described as Phœnician, quasi-Phœnician, Celtic, or Druidical construction. When complete, Stonehenge seems to have consisted principally of two concentric circles and two ellipses of upright stones, surmounted by lintel stones, the whole girded by a rampart of earth, 300 feet in diameter. This is approached by an avenue known as the "via sacra," in which is an isolated stone called the Friar's Heel. An idea of the height of the stones may be gauged in the photograph by a comparison with the seated figures at their base.



Photo by]

[Judges', Ltd.

SHELLEY'S COTTAGE, LYNMOUTH, N. DEVON.

Lynmouth, with its twin town of Lynton, is one of the quaintest of English seaside resorts, and is famous for the exquisite scenery along the Lyn Valley. Shelley spent some time in the "myrtle-twined" cottage in 1812 after his marriage to Harriet Westbrook.

gems such as Richmond in Swaledale; Ripon Cathedral, the cathedral and city of York and, above all, Fountains Abbey, the finest ruin in England, would alone make Yorkshire a Mecca to lovers of the beautiful. The same may be said of almost all the counties of north-eastern and eastern England. Sherwood Forest and the Dukeries give Nottinghamshire a romance and charm all its own. In Lincoln Cathedral, Lincolnshire possesses one of the finest monuments of mediæval ecclesiastical architecture on a site unexcelled save by that of Durham. The "Fen Country," which covers portions of several counties, is dubbed "unattractive" by a certain well-known guidebook. But it is "unattractive" only to the unseeing eye, an eye to which mere size, splendour, and awe are the only elements of the beautiful. To those who know, this district has something peculiarly peaceful and English about its sluggish willow-lined streams and the ancient and picturesque villages which cluster round the higher and drier spots.

Edinburgh, are equal to anything of their kind south of the Tweed, and Edinburgh itself fully deserves its reputation as "the most beautiful capital in Europe." The old part of the city, with its curious ancient streets and houses, furnishes the background for an excellent picture of mediæval life, while the later portion has helped to give Edinburgh its title of the "Athens of the North."

As our traveller passes the ancient and historic town of Berwick-on-Tweed and turns homewards down the east coast of England he will find the same contrast between east and west as has been remarked in the case of Scotland. With the exception of a sector where the so-called North York Moors plunge boldly into the sea between Whitby and Flamborough Head, the coastline is everywhere more or less low. But here again, as in Scotland, the lack of elevation does not mean lack of physical attraction, and even where the natural scenery is perhaps uninteresting the "artificial" attractions are many and of a high order. The Plain of York may itself be monotonous, but the upper valleys of its rivers contain



Photo by]

[W. A. Mansell & Co.

MONKS' LAVATORY, GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.

Gloucester Cathedral was, until the Dissolution of A.D. 1540, the Church of the Benedictine Abbey of St. Peter; its construction was begun in 1089 by Abbot Serlo, to whom is due the massive "Norman core" round which the beautiful Perpendicular style building of to-day has accreted. The Lavatory, with its beautiful carved roof, is on the north side of the cloisters, erected 1351-1412.

Norfolk has its " Broads " (where a man can live like a prince and a bargee at the same time), some beautiful parish churches, a fine coast, ancient King's Lynn and Yarmouth, and Norwich itself, with many interesting examples of the domestic architecture of bygone ages and a cathedral which is one of the finest in England. Cambridgeshire has Ely and Cambridge, which no good Cambridge man will admit to be inferior to its rival on the Thames. Suffolk has many fine country houses of varying periods and a historic and ancient little town in Bury St. Edmunds. Just across the southern border lies Colchester with Roman walls and other relics of almost every period in English history.



Photo by

H. N. King.

IN THE GROUNDS, BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

It seems hardly credible that the view depicted above exists within a mile of Piccadilly Circus. The photograph was taken from the Chalet, or summer-house, in the Palace grounds and shows the fine boating-lake with its well-wooded and picturesque banks. Buckingham Palace was begun in the reign of George IV and it became the London residence of the Royal Family in 1837.

And so, through a region of quiet villages which the centuries have left almost untouched and which still lie beyond the grasp of rapacious London, our traveller returns to his starting-point.

Our summary survey of the main features of the beauty of Great Britain would be quite incomplete without Ireland, if only because Ireland in some essential features presents a marked contrast to her sister countries. The customary schoolbook description of Ireland as a great saucer is by no means inapt, for, broadly speaking, the Irish mountains lie round the coast and the central portion is a large low-lying plain, intersected by rivers in all directions and studded with lakes. The effect on the character of the scenery is very much what one would expect. Ireland has coast and cliff scenery which rivals the best of the kind to be found in Scotland, Wales, or England. In Donegal, Mayo, Connemara and Kerry the mountains rise sheer from the sea, and the coastline is indented by deep



Photo h1

CONWAY CASTLE, CARNARVONSHIRE.

Began about 1285 for Edward I, Conway Castle, which is built on a precipitous rock above the river, was the centre nine years later of a Welsh rising in which the King was besieged and almost forced to capitulate. Richard II stayed here on his way from Ireland, and the castle figured prominently in the Civil Wars of the seventeenth century. It was held for Charles I by Archbishop Williams of York, and was captured in 1646 by General Mytton. The Earl of Conway, to whom the castle was given by Charles II, wantonly dismantled it for the sake of the metal and other saleable materials it contained. The curtain walls are 15 feet thick, and are commanded by massive towers, some of which are seen in the illustration.

[G. F. Prior.



Photo by]

HASTINGS: A ROUGH SEA.

[Judges, Ltd.

As a watering-place, Hastings holds high rank. Its climate varies greatly in different parts according to situation and altitude, and so as a health resort it is suitable for different classes of invalids. Hastings was one of the Cinque Ports, or five south-eastern ports which were established by William the Conqueror and, in return for certain privileges, were bound to furnish when required a number of ships for the royal fleets. Its harbour has now almost disappeared before encroachments of the sea.



Photo by]

ST. FINBARR'S CELL, GOUGANE-BARRA, CORK.

[W. Lawrence, Dublin.

Legend ascribes these ruins to St. Finbarr; they overlook the wild scenery of Lough Gougane-Barra. All that is certain is that the saint, who flourished in the seventh century, founded an institution which drew flocks of disciples to where Cork now stands, and thus formed the nucleus of the present city.

ruined churches, round tower, and other memorials of the earliest days of monasticism in the British Isles? Is there anyone without a soft spot for Rathdrum, Aughrim, or Delgarry, to mention but a few of the charming villages or small towns with which this romantic region abounds?

The Central Plain, on the other hand, has few points of similarity with any scenery in England, Wales, or Scotland, largely owing to the great tracts of bog which give this region its peculiar character. The Shannon, which winds its way to the sea through three picturesque lakes lying in the heart of the plain, has a charm of its own, but, generally speaking, the scenery of this region is neither striking nor inspiring.

Of course the pictorial interest of Ireland is by no means exhausted by its natural beauties. Irishmen alone may fully realise the wistful appeal of its many monuments of a dim and distant past, when Ireland held high the torch of Christianity in a very dark world. But even the hard-headed Saxon can appreciate the Irishman's enthusiasm for spots so sanctified by legend and history as the rock of Cashel, Clonmacnoise, and Kells, and even the most sentimental tourist can see the beauty of Londonderry and many other Irish towns.

fjord-like channels with a close resemblance to those of the west coast of Scotland. Nature in her grandest and sternest mood can be studied to perfection in the gaunt cliffs of Donegal or Achill, whereas in the south the gauntness is tempered by a profusion of woodland, and the beauties of Killarney have earned a renown as well-merited as that of Derwentwater or Loch Katrine. The mountains of Wicklow also can show scenery worthy of compare with anything of their kind across the Irish Sea. On the one side they plunge boldly into the Irish Sea in fine cliffs or headlands such as Wicklow Head. On the other they present a picture of wild moorland solitudes broken up by deep valleys or glens, such as the far-famed Vale of Avoca, in which beautiful lakes nestle. Who can ever forget the sight of the loughs of Glendalough with its



Photo by]

ENTRANCE TO THE BLOODY TOWER, TOWER OF LONDON.

[H. N. King

It was in this part of the Tower of London that the two young Princes, the sons of Edward IV, are reputed to have been murdered at the instance of Richard III, though another supposed origin of the title is the suicide here of Henry, eighth Duke of Northumberland, in 1585. The Yeoman of the Guard, depicted at the entrance, is one of the famous corps instituted in the reign of Edward VI.

This necessarily brief catalogue of some of the more striking or famous beauties of Britain in no sense claims to be either comprehensive or exhaustive. Such a task would be completely beyond the scope of an introduction to this work, and the very natural complaints of those who would have the Mendip Hills, or Cheddar Gorge, or the Channel Islands, or half a hundred other places included in any list, must be left to the comment that this preface, at any rate, does not pretend to summarise the book. Opinions as to pride of place differ, and always will differ, so much do personal preferences and national and local predilections come into play. Besides, one of the chief charms of Britain is that climate and weather conditions have an extraordinary power of transforming scenes which are



Photo by,

BURNHAM BEECHES.

[H. N. King.

Within easy reach of London, this famed sylvan retreat, which contains the finest beeches in England, has been secured as a public resort by the Corporation of the City of London. Not far away is Stoke Poges Churchyard, the scene of Gray's "Elegy," and the poet himself is buried there.

in themselves devoid of interest or attraction into things of beauty. Everyone knows how the grey smoke-laden wilderness of London streets takes on a strange and eerie fascination in certain conditions of light and under certain skies. Indeed, in these Islands nature and the atmosphere often seem engaged in a conspiracy to nullify the architectural misdeeds of man. If one sought for any explanation of the peculiar characteristics of British landscape and scenery, climate would undoubtedly have to be accepted as a very important factor. Another factor, which is to a large extent dependent upon climate, is colouring. Nowhere else in the world is the spring so green and the autumn so russet and golden as in these Islands, of whose "grey and weeping skies" a well-known author speaks with mingled pity and contempt. Without the rain which is our "curse," Kent in early May and Arundel Park in early October could be easily rivalled and perhaps surpassed by many a scene in less favoured lands.



Photo by]

[H. N. King,

CARDIFF CASTLE: THE CHAUCER ROOM.

Cardiff Castle dates from A.D. 1090, when Robert Fitzhamon began the erection of the present building on the site of the ancient Roman fortified camp. Robert, Earl of Gloucester, is credited with having erected the keep, to which a "gate tower" was added in the fifteenth century. The banqueting hall is magnificently decorated with historical paintings and stained glass windows representing the Lords of Cardiff, while the Chaucer Room, situated in the Octagon Tower, contains windows and paintings depicting scenes from "The Canterbury Tales," and has a fine tiled floor. The mural decorations of this room, too, are justly famed for their tasteful beauty.



DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

Photo by,

W. A. Mansell & Co

The interest of Durham the city is merged in that of its magnificent cathedral, which is situated on a rock overlooking the River Wear. Much of it was built by Bishop William of Calais, who laid the foundations in William II's time, and it was extended and decorated by various bishops from 1099 to 1437 until in 1480 the great central tower (218 feet high) was complete. Though in the main a Norman building, the cathedral contains examples of many different styles of architecture and embodies the genius of many architects.



By permission of

OLD BRIDGE OF DEE, INVERCAULD.

[The L. M. & S. Railway.

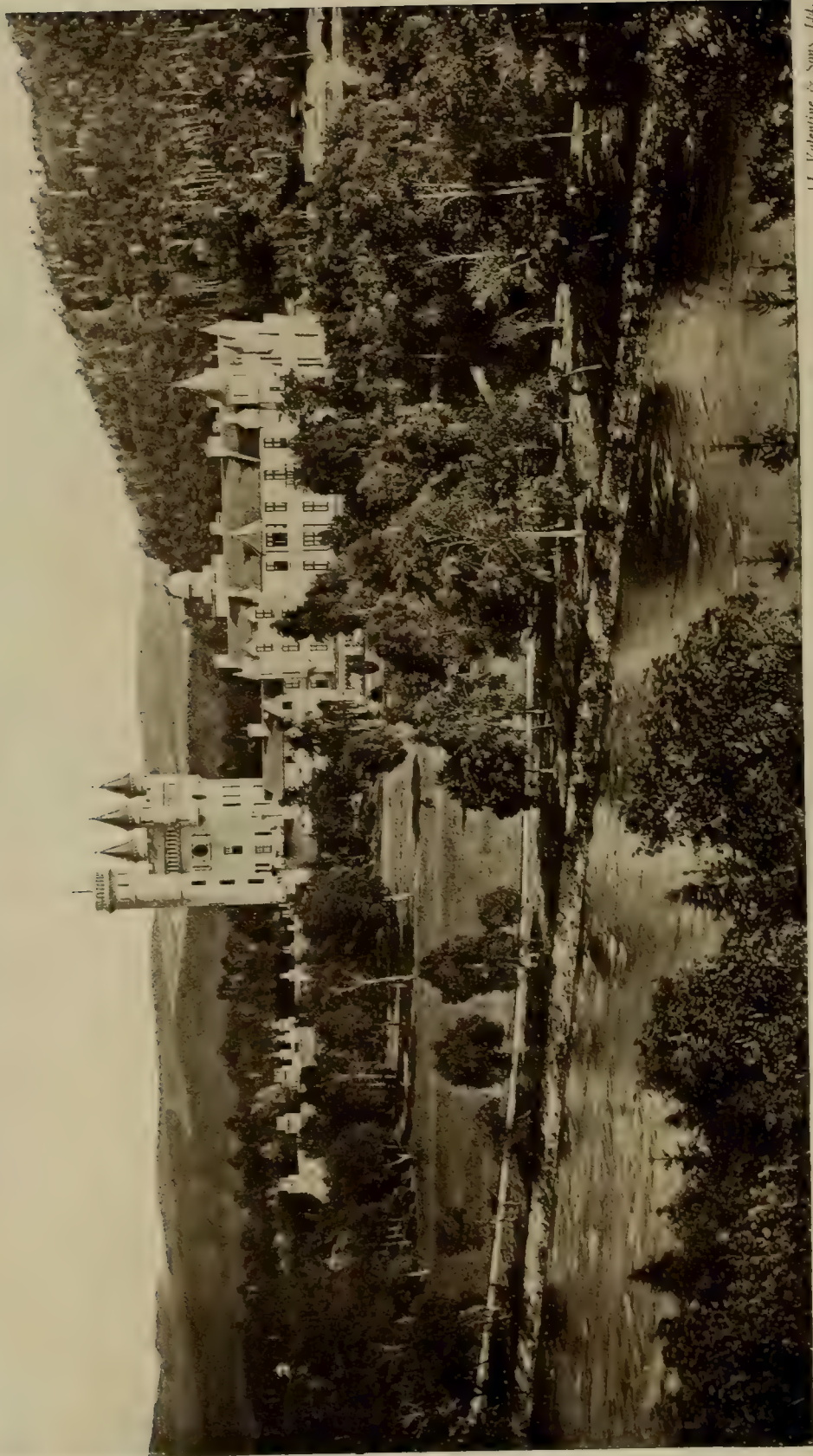
General Wade, responsible for the construction of roads through the Highlands after the rebellion of '45, is credited with the construction of this picturesque bridge, which spans the Dee just at its junction with the Garrawalt, below Invercauld.

BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL

ABERDEENSHIRE

THE first point that strikes one in considering the physical features of the county of Aberdeen is a certain curious duality. The coastline faces two ways, north and east: the twin rivers, Don and Dee, drain the major portion of the shire, and the whole county is divided into two distinct and strongly contrasted regions, a region of plain relieved by a few isolated masses of hill, and a region of highlands which culminates in the extreme south-western corner in the great *massif* of which Ben Macdhui is the monarch. The result is that the natural attractions of Aberdeen are of a high and most diversified order, and in particular the scenery of the upper valley of the Dee is as fine as anything to be found in the British Isles. Its poignant appeal to the poet Byron (who lived for several years in Aberdeen) is well expressed in the memorable but somewhat unpoetic lines:

“ Adieu, ye mountains of the clime
Where grew my youthful years;
Where Loch na Garr in snows sublime
His giant summit rears.



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BALMORAL CASTLE, ABERDEENSHIRE.

Photo by

This famous royal residence on the south bank of the Dee is in mixed Elizabethan and Scottish baronial style and was built to the design of William Smith, of Aberdeen, in 1853. The estate had been purchased a few years earlier by Queen Victoria, and in the design of the present Castle—which stands on the site of an older one—the Prince Consort took a keen personal interest. The Castle consists of two semi-detached blocks with connecting wings. The great square tower is 80 feet high, and the turret, which contains a circular staircase, rises another 20 feet. From the top of this turret a splendid view of the surrounding mountain and river scenery is obtained. The property attached to Balmoral extends to many thousand acres and includes large deer forests.

Why did my childhood wander forth
 From you, ye regions of the north,
 With sons of pride to roam.
 Why did I quit my Highland cave,
 Marr's dusky heath, and Dee's clear wave,
 To seek a Sotheron home? "

The words were written in 1807, before Byron had discovered the beauties of the Mediterranean coasts, but there is no reason to think that he ever lost his love and admiration for the county in which much of his childhood was spent, and all good Aberdonians (or good Britons, for that matter) must swell with pride when they reflect on such a compliment from the true son of a south far south of the English Channel.

The grandeur of this north-eastern section of the mighty Grampians has been realised by minds less brilliant and impressionable, but more stable and well balanced than that of Byron. Many world-travellers have long regarded it as presenting some of the finest scenery in Europe; and was it for nothing that Queen Victoria, with her quick eye for the beauties of nature, bought the Balmoral estate in 1848 and five years later built the stately castle which has so long been the highland home of our Royal Family?

The River Don, rising north of Ben Avon, starts life under conditions less exciting but otherwise somewhat similar to those of its longer and more famous rival, but it leaves the mountain mass sooner and as it meets the coastal plain it loses much of its speed and force; civilisation seizes upon it and, except at occasional points, it is in one way or another made to supply power for various industrial enterprises and otherwise contribute to the necessities, as well as the pleasures, of human kind.



Photo by]

CRATHIE VALLEY, BALMORAL.

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Crathie lies on the north bank of the Dee, opposite Balmoral, and the valley to which it gives its name affords splendid views of the surrounding mountain scenery. The new granite church of Crathie, of which the foundation stone was laid by Queen Victoria in 1893, superseded an older church which the late Queen often attended.

Of the other rivers of Aberdeen, the Ythan and the Deveron (which it shares with Banff) are alone worthy of the name.

Of the mountain peaks, Ben Macdhui, known to all schoolboys as the second highest summit in the United Kingdom, must be awarded the palm, though other palms might well be distributed among some of its fellows, Cairn Toul, Braeriach, Ben Avon, the "Byronic" Loch na Garr, and the Buck

of Cabrach, and a high word of praise is due to beautiful Ben-nachie which dominates the plain, north east and south, and on which sleepy sportsmen cast a dull eye when they travel by the early morning train from Aberdeen to Speyside and beyond.

Aberdeen can boast few lakes, or "lochs," to use the proper idiom, and of those only three, Loch Muich, at the foot of Loch na Garr, Loch Callater and the Loch of Strathbeg, at the corner of the coast, are more than glorified pools.

The comparatively low-lying eastern half of Aberdeen has many charming well-wooded "bits," but, particularly in the northern sector, it is somewhat uninteresting, and it is only when the coastline is reached that nature in her wilder moods can be seen in the eternal battle between stretches of fine cliff and the unruly sea.

"The coast is generally very rocky," writes John Gorton in his *Topographical Dictionary of Great Britain and Ireland* (published in 1831), "and a part of it, lying to the south of Peterhead, is rendered peculiarly awful by the stupendous precipices, undermined by the remarkable caves on the coast called the Bullers or Boilers of Buchan, which form a large oval cavity of the depth of about one hundred feet, into which terrific

pit boats are sometimes drawn and dashed to pieces." Such are the main geographical features of the country.

The city of Aberdeen is one of the few places in the world which has managed to combine an old town, a new town, and a large population into an artistic and harmonious whole. All good Aberdonians put forward high claims for it and all enlightened opinion will be slow to say them nay. For this city of granite is good to look upon; and by the variety of its attractions, its eminence as a seat of learning, and its historical and architectural interest, can easily dispose of most of its rivals of the same size and standing. It lies between the mouths of the Don and Dee, and contrary to appearances derives its name

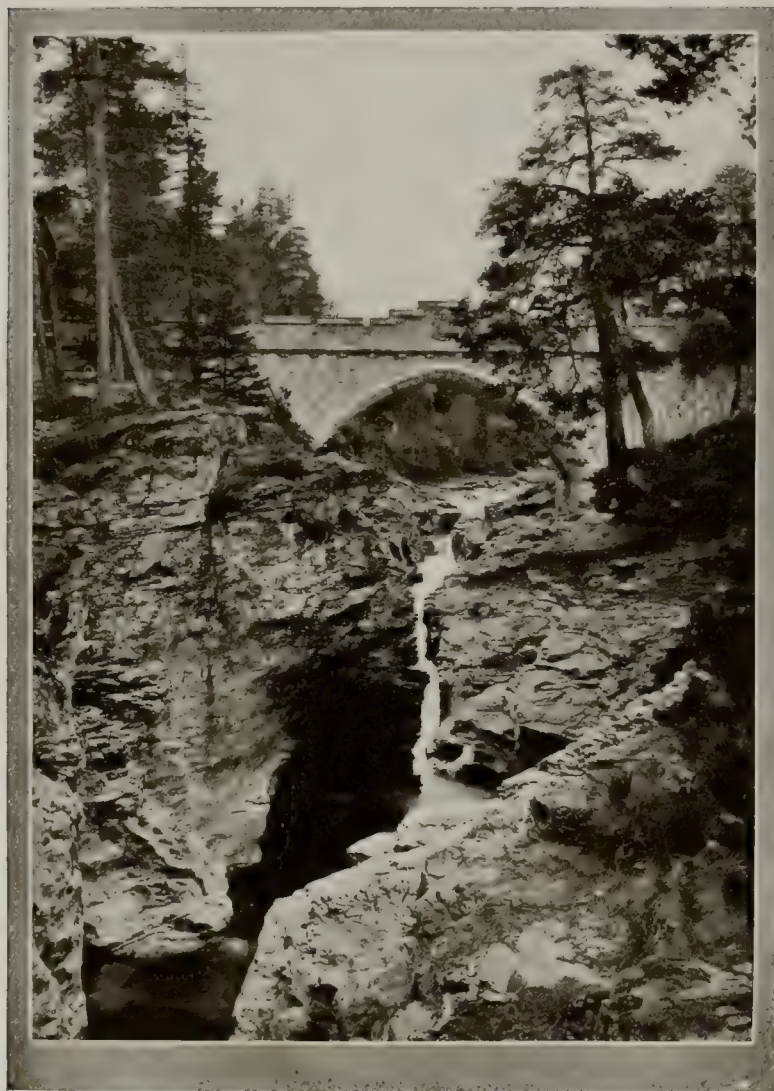


Photo by

THE LINN OF DEE, BRAEMAR.

J. Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The Linn of Dee is seven miles above Braemar. For more than 60 yards it is confined between two rocks a few feet distant from each other. Nowhere do we see such a terrible imprisonment of water. Impenetrable granite rocks here entangle it and alternately confine and enlarge the stream. Often the water has to cleave its way between two ledges so near each other that one can step across. In 1857 a new bridge of Aberdeen granite was opened by Queen Victoria.



Photo by]

VIEW FROM CRAIG COYNACH, BRAEMAR.

This landscape is typical of the Dee Valley, which embraces some of the finest river and mountain scenery in Scotland. Craig Coynach is an eminence lying just outside Braemar and commanding several beautiful prospects, that depicted above including, in the foreground, Old Mar Castle.

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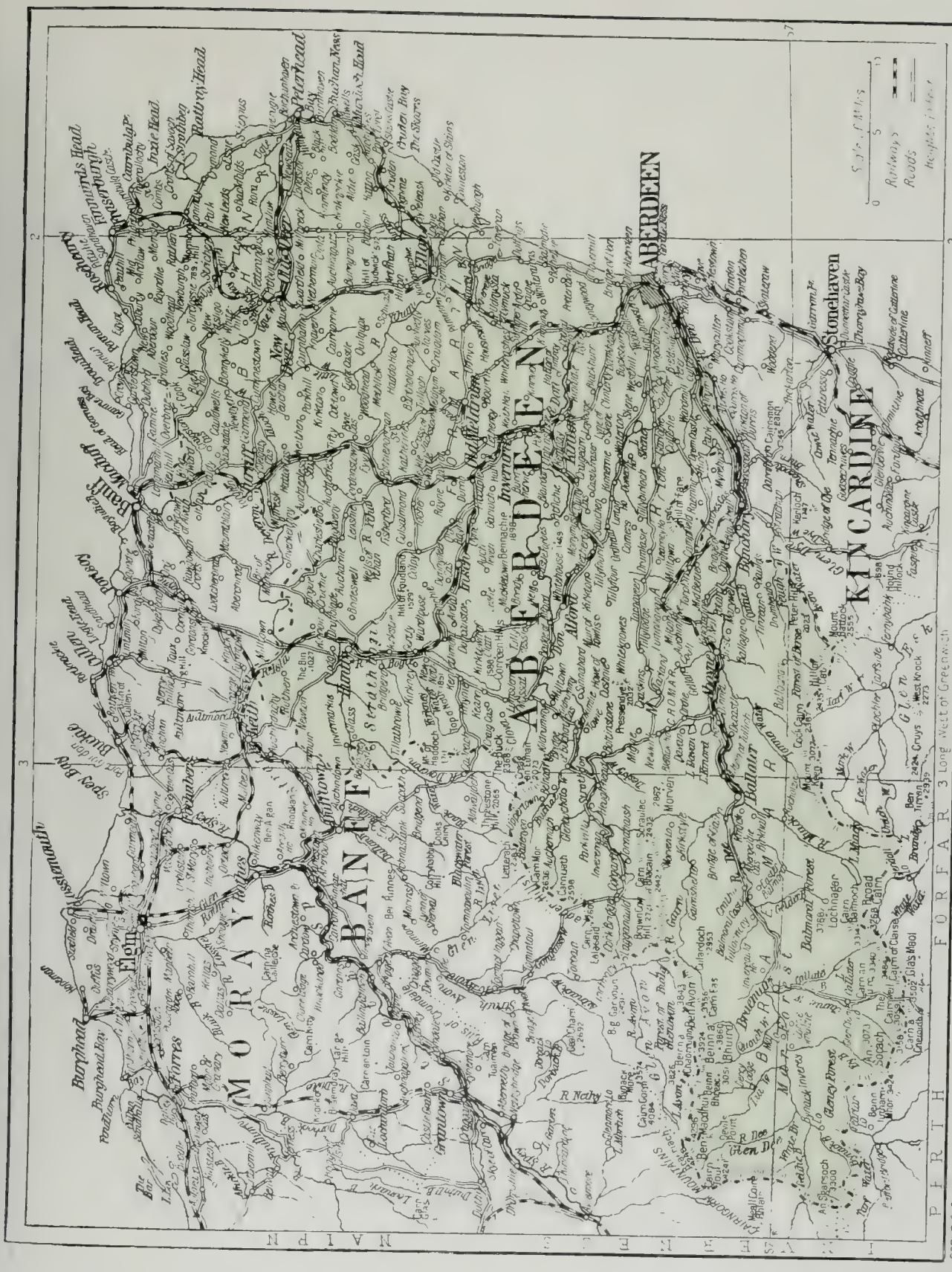


Photo by

LINN OF QUOICH.

The Linn of Quoich joins the Dee about a couple of miles above Braemar. In picturesque surroundings and over many rocky ledges, rushes the Quolch Water, a powerful stream that tumbles down from the Ben-a-bourd Mountains and in its course carries with it many loose stones. The Linn of Quoich is much favoured by visitors to the Scottish Highlands.

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from the first of the two rivers. A hundred years ago the distinction between New Aberdeen and Old Aberdeen, or "Old Machar," was a very real one; of the latter Gorton could say that "the aspect is extremely pleasant and agreeably diversified with gentlemen's seats, villas, and plantations," whereas the former, though a large and handsome town with many "spacious" and "elegant" buildings, was essentially that vulgar institution, a port and commercial emporium.

In a sense, the distinction still persists, for though the "gentlemen's seats, villas, and plantations" are no longer the distinguishing feature of Old Aberdeen, it retains its delightful old-fashioned, unhurried, academic, and peaceful air, in contrast to its busy and bustling neighbour. Its architectural "lion" is the Cathedral of St. Machar, whose very name recalls the dim and distant period of early Scottish Christianity. Legend runs that Machar was a disciple of St. Columba, and if he really founded a church here it would mean that the ecclesiastical history of Aberdeen dates, at any rate, from the sixth century. Of that first church nothing remains, and indeed, the present building is



Photo 53

THE PUNCH BOWL, LINN OF QUOICH, BRAEMAR.

[J. Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

Another view of the Linn of Quoich. Deep circular holes have been perforated in many parts of the schist rock, and these, from their appearance, have received the name of "Quoich" (cup).

but a fragment of the great cathedral which was an object of universal veneration by the early part of the sixteenth century. In that and the next century it suffered severely from the reforming and iconoclastic zeal of the time, with the result that St. Machar, as we see it to-day, has only a nave and the great western towers to recall its former glories, and the interior of the church is solid and impressive rather than beautiful. But it still enjoys the unique distinction of being the only granite cathedral in the world. Another "lion" of Old Aberdeen is King's College, which is now part of Aberdeen University, but was originally itself a university of high reputation. Apart from its academic record and distinction, King's College is known far and wide for its chapel, a somewhat curious fact in view of the even greater renown of the chapel of King's College at Cambridge. The Aberdeen example is half a century later than the founding of the English college, dating as it does from 1500, when the University had barely started its career. Its tower, surmounted by a superstructure ending in a crown, is the only survivor of three. The stalls and screen are particularly fine examples of what is rather rare in Scotland, mediæval wood-carving.



Painted by J. M. W. Turner

BALMORAL CASTLE.

By J. M. W. Turner

The famous Scottish home of the Royal Family stands within a curve of the Dee at the foot of the hill known as Craig-an-Gowan, amid some of the finest Highland scenery. The square tower and circular turret seen in the picture rise to a height of 100 ft. and command a splendid view of the many thousand acres of land and deer forest attached to the Castle. A few miles to the south of Balmoral is the famous peak of Fochuagar—4,786 ft.



Photo by]

UNION STREET, ABERDEEN.

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Union Street stretches a broad and handsome avenue of granite buildings, about a mile long, and is the principal street of Aberdeen. At its west end are the East and West Churches, surrounded by a cemetery and separated from the street by an Ionic façade.

observed among the private buildings of the city, whether banks, hotels, offices, or shops, and one has a feeling that Aberdeen is a city built by men possessed of a strong sense of civic pride and animated by a desire to make and keep that city worthy of its great traditions.

But the architectural interest of Aberdeen is not exclusively modern; the old Bridge of Dee, so striking an example of the art of combining utility with good lines, dates from the first half of the sixteenth century. Perhaps its greatest claim to historic fame is as the scene of one of the most

New Aberdeen, the true "City of Granite," can rightly boast of the variety and magnificence of its modern buildings, and to those who look upon the architectural output of the nineteenth century as poor in taste and quality, it will administer a well-deserved rebuke. The Municipal Buildings, unlike the pompous and pretentious eyesores in which the municipal activities of so many towns are concentrated, is a splendid pile crowned by a lofty tower reminiscent in some ways of the towers of Nuremberg and other old cities of Southern Germany. Marischal College, the other limb of what is now Aberdeen University, is an enlargement and *improvement* of older buildings, and in its present state may well claim a high place among the products of modern British architecture. But the same exacting standard may be



Photo by]

UNION STREET FROM THE EAST END.

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This view discloses the Cross, built in 1686, adorned with medallions of Scottish monarchs. In front of this structure is a large granite statue of the last Duke of Gordon.

striking victories of the brilliant Montrose. The ghost of the great Covenanter who abjured the cause and, as the most royalist of Royalists, all but won Scotland for Charles I, must haunt the county of Aberdeen, and the city itself



Photo by]

WALLACE STATUE, ABERDEEN.

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At the northern extremity of Union Terrace Gardens is a granite statue of William Wallace erected in 1888. Opposite is Her Majesty's Theatre and the United Free South Church.



Photo by

ABERDEEN HARBOUR.

The Photochrom Co., Ltd.

Aberdeen is the principal port in the North of Scotland, and considerable money has been spent on the development of the harbour. In 1871 a south breakwater of concreted blocks, 1,050 feet in length, was constructed, and in the following year a "straightening" of the Dee near its mouth was undertaken to avoid a sharp bend.

has good reason to remember him in both his phases. Between 1637 and 1644 he captured the town on four occasions, on two of which it was sacked by troops who were drunk with religious and political fanaticism. Grim and great must have been the rejoicing of the good citizens when Montrose was captured and executed in May 1650, and one of the dead man's hands adorned the Tolbooth for six weeks—until the future Charles II visited Aberdeen in the following July. The Tower of this old Tolbooth still exists as part, though a very inconspicuous part, of the Municipal Buildings which have already been referred to.

Another grim relic preserved in these buildings is the knife of the "Aberdeen Maiden," a beheading-machine used in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The peaceful and civilised Aberdonian may not



Photo by

ST. MACHAR CATHEDRAL, OLD ABERDEEN.

H. N. King.

Dedicated to St. Machar, a companion of St. Columba, the cathedral was founded about 1136, but the earliest extant work dates from 1356. As it stands, it is practically the work of Bishop Lichtoun (1424-40) and is of red granite, the only granite cathedral in the country. It is a massive structure and, of Scottish cathedrals, has externally the fewest architectural pretensions. The two western towers (112 feet high) were built by Bishop Gavin Dunbar in 1518.

care to think that the instrument of execution named after his native city was one day to inspire the invention of the guillotine which gave the French Reign of Terror half its horror, but such is undoubtedly the fact, as every reader of Georges Lenôtre's *La Guillotine pendant la Révolution* well knows.

More pleasant memorials of an Aberdeen of earlier days are the City Cross and St. Nicholas' Church, now known as the

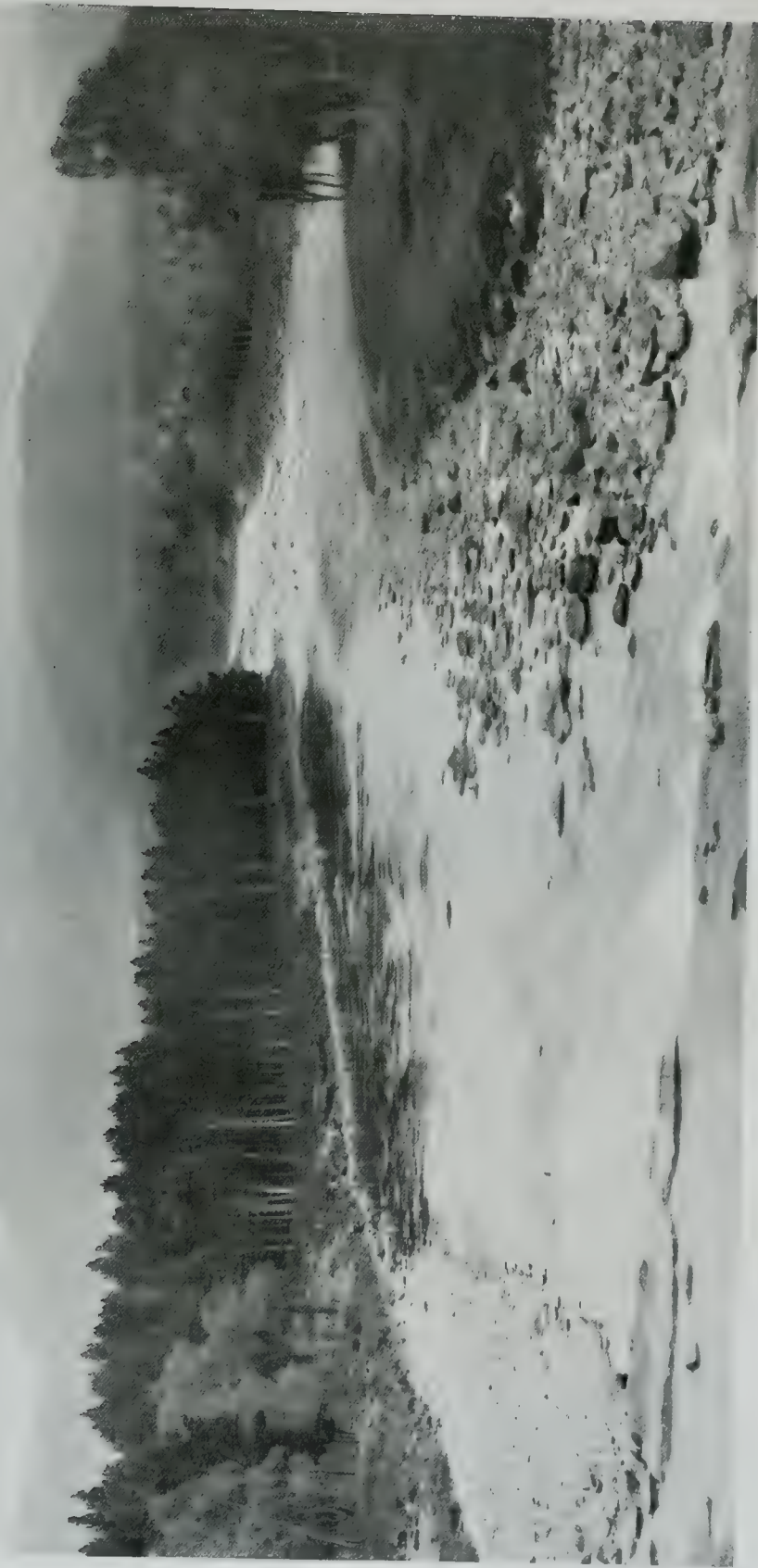


Photo by

VIEW OF THE DEE FROM INVERCAULD BRIDGE.

The River Dee is the most picturesque of the Aberdeenshire waters. Below Invercauld it is crossed by the bridge of that name, built by General Wade after the rebellion of '45. From the bridge an extensive view is obtained of the Dee and of the abrupt, bold hills beyond, and the country is here well-wooded throughout. Long stretches of birch add to the beauty of the hill-sides, whilst the swift flow of the river and its clean pebble bed are a delight to the eye.

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BRAEMAR CASTLE.

A tall, plain building, erected on a mount and occupying a commanding situation, Braemar Castle dates from 1628. King William, after the Revolution, put troops into it to keep the country in awe; but the people besieged and burnt the castle, which remained in a state of disrepair till 1748, when the Government leased it from John Farquharson of Invercauld, and built a rampart round it. The annual Highland games have generally been held in front of the castle and are attended, not only by the Deeside and other clans, but also by Royalty.

Ul. N. King.

Photo by

East and West Churches. The cross is one of the most remarkable examples of a "one-man show" to be found in Great Britain; both the structural and decorative work was carried out by a certain John Montgomery, who completed his task in 1686, and adorned his monument with clever and remarkably faithful portraits in stone of the Kings of Scotland from James I to James VII. In such good company even the mean features of "the wisest fool in Christendom" assume a certain kingly dignity.

The East and West Churches are examples of rebuilding in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, but the East Church has relics of its predecessor in its transepts and its crypt known as St. Mary's Chapel. Perhaps no sacred building in Britain has passed through such vicissitudes as this chapel. To have served successively as a chapel, a prison, a shop, a soup kitchen, and then again a chapel, is a record in versatility which would be hard to parallel.

But to regard Aberdeen as in any sense a graveyard of the past is to do the city a gross injustice. It is essentially modern and progressive, and its appeal lies in its multifarious and abounding activities as a civic centre, a port,



Photo by]

MARISCHAL COLLEGE, ABERDEEN.

[Rotary Photographic Co.

Named from its founder, George Keith, Earl Marischal, in 1593, the college is now an integral portion of the University of Aberdeen. It underwent alteration in 1841 when a tower 100 feet high was built in the Gothic style. This tower—known as the Mitchell Tower—seen in the centre of the picture, has been remodelled and much heightened and now rivals the Municipal Tower. As a piece of modern architecture, Marischal College can hardly be equalled in the North of Scotland.



Photo by]

KING'S COLLEGE, ABERDEEN.

[Rotary Photographic Co.

Founded in 1494, in obedience to a Bull of Pope Alexander VI, by Bishop Elphinstone and patronised by James IV. In 1860 it was merged with Marischal College as the University of Aberdeen. It is a venerable fabric built in the form of a square, on one side of which—the only part remaining of the original structure—is King's College Chapel, and its tower surmounted by a beautiful crown, set on a lantern of arches.

an industrious commercial emporium, and the headquarters of the granite and fishing industries.

After Aberdeen, the other towns of the county take a very minor place; Peterhead and Fraserburgh, with a combined population barely one-seventh of that of Aberdeen, owe such importance as they possess to the existence of the lowly but useful herring, for without the herring fishery, which concentrates upon them, they would probably lead a perfectly genteel but obscure existence. Peterhead will for ever be associated with the great family of the Keiths, and must for ever bear the reproach that the most famous member of that family earned his renown scenery in the county, the Cruden Bay "boom" showing well enough



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

FALLS OF GARRAWALT, BRAEMAR.

The falls are situated four miles from Braemar and a fine panoramic view is obtained from the bridge above them. Dark firs and birches overhang the stream as it descends in small leaps, and the effect is remarkably picturesque.

on foreign soil and in the service of a Prussian king! For it was Field-Marshal Keith, most faithful and tenacious of Jacobites, who was compelled to flee the country after the '15, and after serving in various foreign armies caught the discerning eye of Frederick the Great and helped, perhaps more than any other, to make that monarch's military reputation. And now his statue, a present to Peterhead from King William I of Prussia in 1868, reminds every visitor to the town of the loss Britain suffered by the natural but ill-advised attempts of the exiled Stuarts to recover their crown.

Between Peterhead and the mouth of the Ythan is some of the best cliff that the possibilities of this



Photo by]

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LOCH AVON AND BEN MACDHUI.

Loch Avon is 1½ miles long and lies at the bottom of a precipitous hollow in the north-eastern front of Ben Macdhui. Beautiful beaches of red granite sand edge the loch. At its west end, among a number of fallen rocks, lies the famous Shelter Stone, under which up to a score of persons could easily stand upright. Ben Macdhui, the second highest mountain in Britain, rises to 4,296 feet.



Photo by]

DEVERON BRIDGE, HUNTLY.

The ruins of Huntly Castle stand not far from this bridge. In its upper reaches the Deveron River is very rapid and sometimes subject to great floods; the flood of 1829 swept away all the bridges on the river above Huntly. But in the middle part of its course the march of the river is measured and beautiful, and at the spot where the bridge spans the stream are fine stretches of exquisite scenery. The Deveron is well stocked with trout and salmon and attracts many visitors.

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Photo by

LOCH MUICK.

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This loch is a beautiful and sombre sheet of water 2½ miles long and all but enclosed by steep mountains. A few miles to its north side is the Glassalt Shiel, built by Queen Victoria in 1868, and used by her as a residence when the Court visited the spot.



Photo by

DHU LOCH, LOCHNAGAR.

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Lochnagar 3,786 feet high was styled by Queen Victoria "The Jewel of the Mountains." It is composed of granite and at its foot is almost enclosed by perpendicular precipices. Looking down these precipices one can see the Dhu Loch or "Black Loch." Lord Byron passed his early life near Lochnagar and has left some well-known stanzas written in its praise.

region are fully realised. And not only the golfing fraternity will be rewarded by a visit to this noble coast. Buchan Ness itself, Scotland's "farthest east," is a low promontory with a lighthouse much like any other low promontory with any other lighthouse, but between this point and Cruden the land and sea, each in its wildest and most primitive mood, meet in a long line of high and rugged cliffs, sometimes cut into fantastic shapes as at Dunbuy rock and the far-famed "Bullers of Buchan." The latter is a curious and very remarkable formation, a vast crater communicating with the sea only by a narrow channel under a natural archway. The sides of this crater are almost perpendicular and



Photo by]

[I. H. Robinson

IN THE PASS OF BALLATER, DEESIDE.

The Pass of Ballater is little more than a chasm among some of the most majestic of Scottish mountains. It divides the rocky mass known as Craigdarroch from the main hill range of the district, and forms one of the most wildly romantic spots in Aberdeenshire.

very high, but even their 200 feet does not prevent them being overtopped by whirling sheets of spray in rough weather, when gigantic waves thunder into the channel like an express into a tunnel. For those who like Nature in her dramatic moments, the Bullers of Buchan will always be a favourite spot. But, indeed, there is a touch of theatricality about much of the scenery on this coast. What finer *décor de théâtre* could be imagined than Slains Castle, the home of the Earls of Erroll, perched on a lofty crag hanging sheer above the sea. The touch of drama becomes a touch of tragedy when one gets farther south to Forvie sands, an innocent-looking stretch of tufted sandhills



Photo by]

CASTLE FRASER, KEMNAY.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd

Castle Fraser is one of the most interesting mansions of the type built during the period 1542-1700, known as the "fourth period," of distinctively Scottish castellated buildings. Here, among other refinements of the age, was constructed a secret chamber known as a "lug," in which the master of the house used to conceal himself to overhear the conversations of his guests in the dining-hall.



Photo by]

KINNAIRD LIGHTHOUSE, FRASERBURGH.

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Kinnaird's Head is situated between Fraserburgh and Broadsea, at the extreme north-east corner of the county. The lighthouse, which was one of the first three to be brought into use in Scotland, was originally an old castle, having been adapted to its present use in 1787. The lantern is about 120 feet above high-water mark.



Photo. by,

INVERUGIE CASTLE.

[The Photochrom Co., Ltd.

This castle was the ancient seat of the family of Cheyne, and the most ancient portion of the ruins has always been known as "Cheyne's Tower." The castle stands on a bend of the River Ugie, and at the edge of the north court are the ruins of an ice-house, generally considered the first building of its kind to be erected in Scotland.

under which lies the Scottish Pompeii — without the corpses.

The destroyer of the Parish of Forvie was not ashes and lava, but sand, and the immediate agency was a succession of tremendous gales. Centuries have passed since the catastrophe, but the fragmentary relics of Forvie Church still remain as its only visible witness.

Between Peterhead and Fraserburgh the coast is not so interesting as that further south, and Fraserburgh itself is only Peterhead over again, but with more herrings and rather fewer people. Its original name was "Faithlie," but the town as we know it now was the creation of Sir Alexander Fraser, the head of the great local family, and in his honour it took his name.

All this part of the district of Buchan, as the north-eastern corner of the county is called, is very bleak, being exposed on two sides to the full fury of the North Sea gales. But as soon as a little shelter is reached inland, the well-known courage and industry of the Aberdonians have converted a wild waste into smiling



Photo by]

HUNTLY CASTLE.

George, 1st Marquess of Huntly, of the historic house of Gordon, built Huntly Castle, which was second only to Gordon Castle as a stronghold of this powerful clan. The modern building known as Huntly Lodge was for a long time used as a residence by the Duchess of Gordon. On various parts of the ruined castle are inscribed the names of its builder, the Marquess of Huntly, and of his wife, Henrietta Stewart, daughter of the Duke of Lennox.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

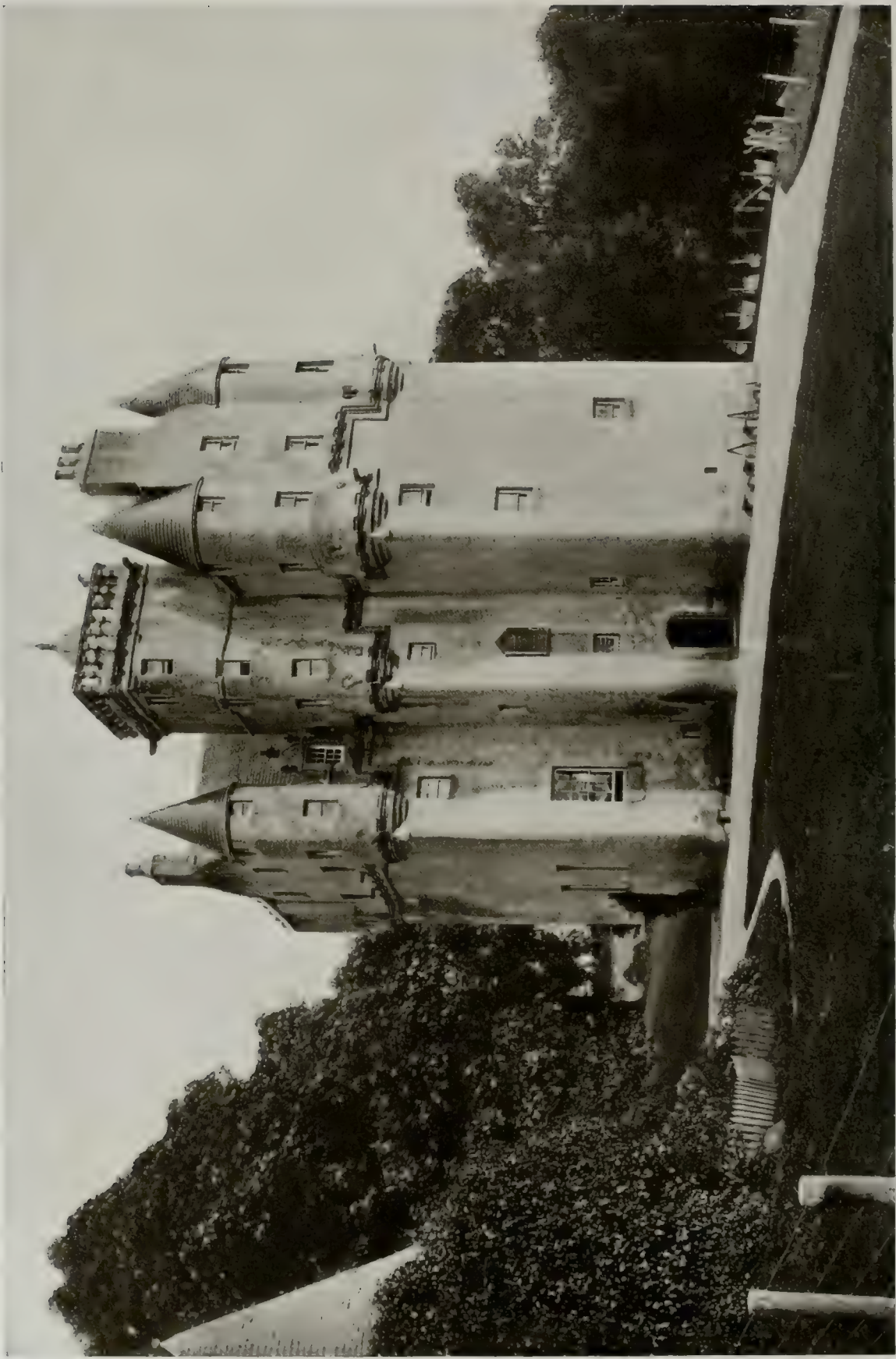


Photo by]

CRAIGIEVAR CASTLE, DON-SIDE.

Over the main doorway of this grim mansion is inscribed in the stone the legend: "Do not waken sleepin douds." Craigievar was built in the early part of the seventeenth century, a castellated structure in the Flemish style of architecture; it was well repaired in 1826, without any notable modifications in its appearance. It ranks as one of the best preserved mansions of its period and type.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

THE MAIDEN STONE, OYNE.

The sculptured stones of Aberdeenshire, among which the "Maiden Stone" is numbered, are inscribed with Celtic characters as a rule, though, as in the case of this stone, many are decorated only with Runic sculptures.



Photo by]

[J. H. Robinson.

LOCHNAGAR.

Lochnagar is one of the principal heights of the Grampian Range, rising to 3,786 feet above sea-level. The summit, on which snow lies all the year round, overlooks over 200 miles of country from north to south.

fields and pastures. The story of the long battle against natural disadvantages—a vigorous climate and poor soil—is one of the romances of agriculture, but the outcome of it is that the county is now of the greatest national importance, both for its horse-breeding and cattle-rearing and



Photo by]

FYVIE CASTLE.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Fyvie is considered one of the most interesting examples in Scotland of the baronial type of building. Originally constructed in the thirteenth century, the castle was restored and redecorated very thoroughly by Alexander Seton, Earl of Dunfermline and High Chancellor of Scotland, at the beginning of the seventeenth century.



Photo by]

CASTLE FORBES, ALFORD.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd

Castle Forbes forms one of the most picturesque views from the beautiful vale of Alford, itself one of the loveliest scenes in Aberdeenshire. From the castle itself a splendid prospect of the valley is obtained. Near here, in 1645, was fought the battle of Alford, between the Marquess of Montrose and the Covenanters.



Photo by

ELLON CASTLE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd

Little now remains of this favourite residence of the former Earls of Aberdeen, but the ruined tower, ivy-clad, forms a striking contrast with the modern Ellon House near by. The grounds surrounding Ellon Castle and House rank as one of the loveliest scenes in Aberdeenshire.

its crops of oats and potatoes.

Buchan itself is remarkably flat with the exceptions of four or five patches of hill, of which the best known is Mormond Hill, whose white horse, cut in the southern flank, reminds the traveller of the far more famous "White Horse" of Westbury, in Wiltshire.

Of historical relics, mainly of the earliest period, this region is particularly rich. There are stone circles in plenty to mystify the antiquarians and earth-houses (called "Picts' Houses"), to give an idea of what life was like in very primitive times. But to all who are interested in the beginnings of Christianity in Britain, Buchan will mainly appeal as the District of Deer, its ancient Abbey, which has suffered as much from vandalism during the last half-century as during the whole of its previous existence, and the still earlier church (perhaps the first Christian Church established in Aberdeen), founded by St. Columba, of which nothing remains. A glimpse of the great missionary's activities in this county is given

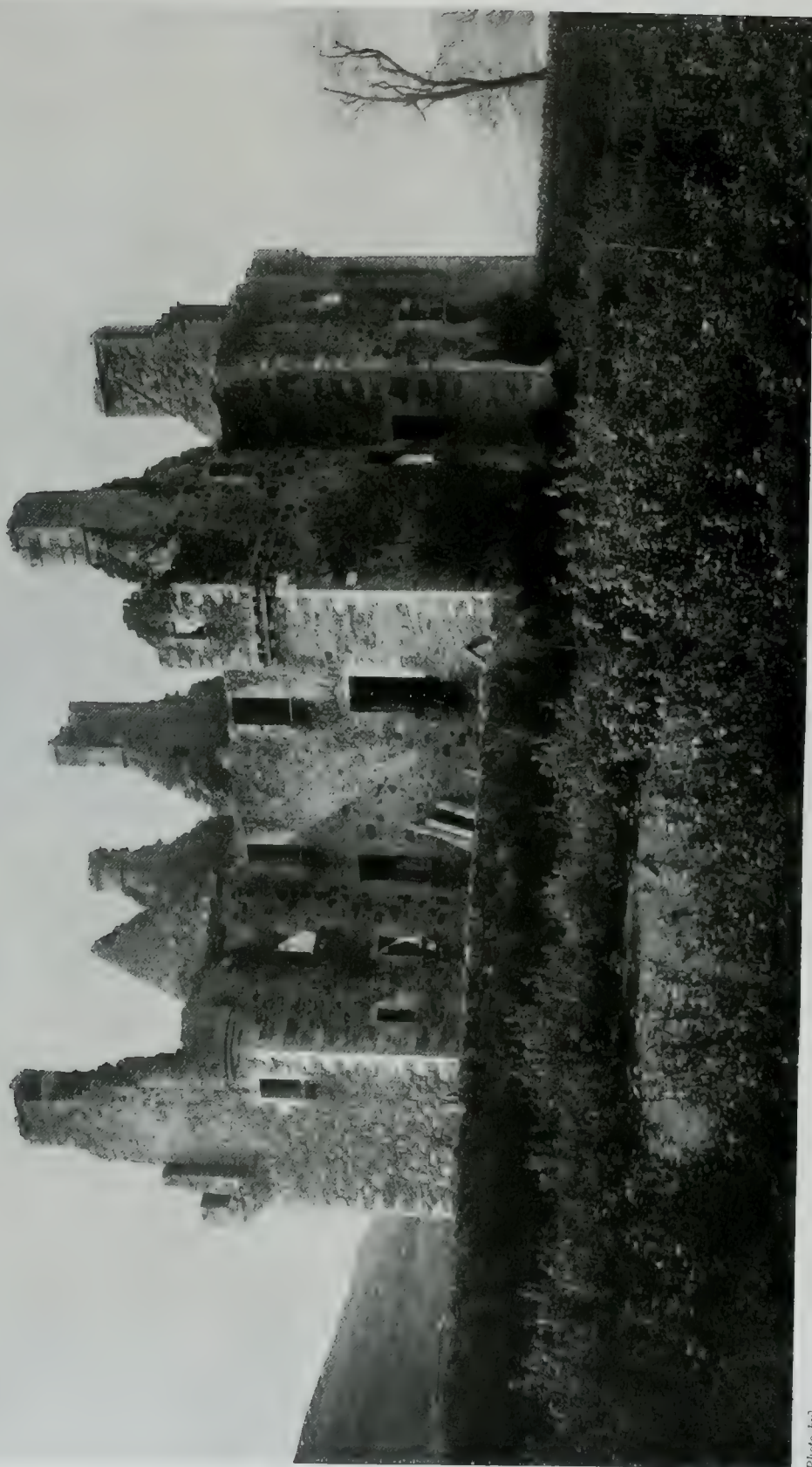


Photo by]

GLENBUCKET CASTLE.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd

This ancient ruin, in the district of Strathdon, was formerly a stronghold of the Gordons of Rothiemay, and was forfeited to the Crown as a result of the allegiance of the then laird to the Old and Young Pretenders in the rebellions of 1715 and 1745. In old times the castle commanded the narrow pass through the mountains in which Glenbucket is situated, standing near the confluence of the Bucket with the Don, and overlooking the valley through which the former stream flows.



Photo by

MIDMAR CASTLE.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

This ancient stronghold is set in a wooded recess on the north side of Fare Hill, commanding an extensive and beautiful view to north and north-eastward. Near by is the battleground of Daharick, reputed as the scene of a fierce struggle between the Scottish hero Wallace and the Comyn of that day.



Photo by

MIDMAR CASTLE.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Another view of the Castle, from the rear. A rivulet that runs through Daharick (referred to above) is still known as the Douglas Burn, from the name of one of the great warriors killed in the battle. At the "Howe of Corrichie," on the southern slope of Fare Hill, the Earls of Moray and Huntly fought a stubborn contest in 1562, while Mary Queen of Scots watched the struggle.

in the famous eleventh-century manuscript known as "The Book of Deer," which was casually discovered in the University Library at Cambridge in 1860. We read that "Colum-Cille [Columba], and Drostan, the son of Cosreg, his disciple, came from Hy [Iona], as God had shewn them, to Aberdour" [on the north coast of Aberdeen]; that "Bede, a Pict, was then high-steward of Buchan, and gave them that town in freedom for evermore"; that "they came after that to another town, and it was pleasing to Colum-Cille for that it was full of God's grace; and he asked of the high-steward, Bede, that he would give it to him, but he gave it not; and behold a son of his took an illness, and he was all but dead, and the high-steward went to entreat the holy men that they would make a prayer for his son that health might come to him; and he gave in offering to them from Cloch-in-Tiprat to Cloch-Pette-Mie-Garnait; and they made the prayer and health came to him." Thus did the great work of spreading Christianity among the heathen Picts advance.

But it is not the ecclesiastic remains of Aberdeenshire, picturesque and interesting as they are, which



Photo by]

KEITH HALL.

Vol. 11, p. 111

Keith Hall is situated on the River Urie. It belonged once to the Johnstones, and Arthur Johnstone, the Scottish-Latin Poet, was born there in 1587. There are vestiges of an encampment near by where a great battle is traditionally said to have been fought between the Danes and the Scotch.

really tell the story of the county's history. As an early seat of civilisation and commercial prosperity, the coastal plain was always an object of envy and covetousness to the fierce and rude Highland folk inhabiting the mountain fastnesses on the west. The unhappy possibilities of a sudden marauding raid made it essential that the peaceful dwellers in the lowlands should have some refuge at hand where safety could be ensured until the peril was past. Hence the existence of an extraordinary number of castles with which the county is studded, and which give Aberdeen so much of its beauty and interest. In the north and centre of the county the finest examples are to be found at Inverugie, a picturesque ruin in the valley of the Ugie, close to Peterhead; Cairnbulg, near Fraserburgh, once a mighty stronghold and restored in late years; Huntly Castle, close to the quiet little town of that name; Gight, on the north bank of the Ythan, and memorable as having once had Byron's mother for its châtelaine and being sold to pay her husband's debts; and above all, Fyvie Castle, the splendid seat of Lord Leith of Fyvie. This is one of the finest castellated mansions in Scotland, with its architectural work



Photo by

SLAINS CASTLE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

Slains Castle is situated one mile south of the Bulls o' Buchan and is built on the verge of a high precipice above the sea. Dr. Johnson, who, with Boswell, was entertained here in 1773, declared that the situation of the castle was "the noblest he had ever seen."



Photo by

SLAINS CASTLE: A VIEW FROM THE SEA.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

The castle, which was rebuilt in 1836, contains portraits by Gainsborough and Reynolds. Some miles to the south beyond the fishing village of Port Erroll are the ruins of Old Slains Castle, which was demolished by order of James VI in 1594

of successive centuries and its great towers, the "Preston," the "Meldrum," the "Gordon," and the "Seton," named respectively after the owners of the castle at the time they were built.

But in historic interest, even Fyvie must yield pride of place to Kildrummy Castle in the Don valley, the huge, noble ruin which even in decay remains a fine monument of military architecture as known in the thirteenth century. As a great royal fortress and depot, it was a strategic point of the highest importance. Edward I besieged it during his campaign of 1306 and 1307 in the county, and if history is to be believed its resistance was overcome not by the force of arms but by treachery and guile.

Hard by are the ruins of Glenbucket and Towie Castles, of which the latter was the scene of a peculiarly dastardly piece of sixteenth-century savagery when in 1571 Adam Gordon, incensed at the refusal of the wife of Alexander Forbes to surrender the place, burnt the town with all its occupants.

At this point of



Photo by

ON THE TANAR.

Though but a small and comparatively unimportant river in the south-west of the county, the Tanar passes through some richly wooded scenery in the glen to which it gives its name - Glentanar. The river rises in the Cramplans, near the boundary of Forfarshire, and flows eleven miles north-eastward to the River Dee, which it joins a mile or so from Aboyne Castle.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

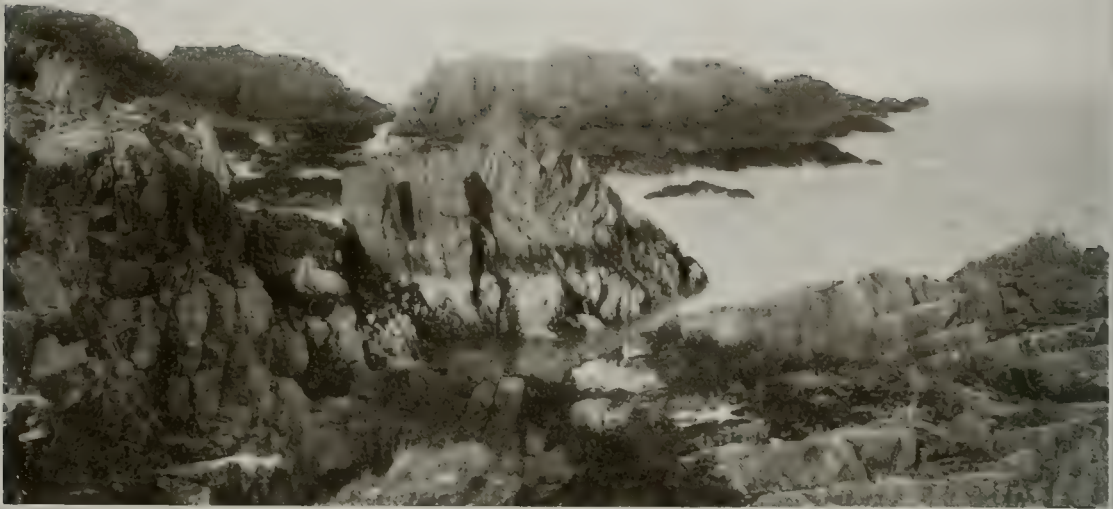


Photo by

ROCKS AT CRUDEN BAY.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Cruden Bay extends for about two miles, with a fine sandy beach. A range of sunken rocks, called the Scars of Cruden, runs far into the sea and flanks the southern extremity of the coast, while the "Bullers o' Buchan," the famous cauldron-like channel in the rocks, is near the northern extremity of the bay.



Photo by

THE "TWA EEN," CRUDEN BAY.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

These curious rocks ("the two eyes"), like the Bullers o' Buchan a little farther north, form a striking feature of the savage and precipitous rocks which abound on this part of the coast. During storms Cruden Bay and its vicinity presents a fascinating and awe-inspiring sight, a fact which was noted by Dr. Johnson when he visited the district.

the higher reaches of the Don, the river is on an east-west course to the north of the great watershed which separates it from the valley of the Dee and lies in the heart of the mountainous western half of Aberdeenshire. The contrast between this rugged region and the flat, well-cultivated districts of Buchan and Formatine, or even the foothill district farther north, is violent in the extreme, and as the scenery is some of the finest in the British Isles, and the district is more familiar to visitors than any other part of the county, it deserves special consideration.

The Dee valley is a deep ravine cut by the river in a mountain mass comprising many of the highest and grandest peaks in the country. As a foaming torrent, the river emerges from the slopes of Braeriach and Ben Muichdhui, rushes south between that mighty monarch of the solitudes and Cairn Toul, and



Photo by]

"THE BULLERS O' BUCHAN."

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Also called the "Roarers" (from Scot. "Buller" = to roar like a bull), this tremendous hollow, 200 feet deep and 50 feet wide, is formed by a singular group of rocks, and is studded with sea-caves through which the waves rush with terrific force in rough weather. The spectacle is a grand one, whether viewed from land or from the sea. During his celebrated tour to the Hebrides, Dr. Johnson visited this spot and had himself rowed into the "Pot."

then strikes eastward, the change of direction being marked by the appearance of wooded banks at the well-known "Linn of Dee," where the water pours through a deep and very narrow gully which Queen Victoria bridged soon after she made Balmoral her Highland home.

The next stretch of the river is to Braemar, an exceedingly beautiful section which picks up tributaries on both sides, Lui Water and Quoich Water on the left and Ey Water and Clunie Water on the right. As the river twists and winds over its gravelly bed between tree-clad banks and wrapped in the silence of the mighty hills, it presents a picture which appeals to even the most prosaic nature. Braemar itself, or Castleton of Braemar, to use its proper name, is on Clunie Water just above its meeting-place with the Dee. It has no particular attraction in itself, but helps to accommodate some of the thousands of visitors who swarm in the Dee valley in summer and autumn. Among the noteworthy buildings of the vicinity are Mar Castle, perhaps the most military in appearance of Scottish residences, and Invercauld House, which incorporates architectural work dating from the fifteenth century onwards.

Historically Braemar is interesting for its associations with the attempt of the Old Pretender to recover his throne in 1715. It was from Invercauld that the Earl of Mar issued his summons to the Highland clans; he first raised the standard of rebellion in Braemar itself, and Braemar Castle, just east of the junction of the two rivers, was subsequently occupied for a long time as a barracks by the troops which crushed the revolt.

The next sector, from Braemar to Ballater, might almost be called the "Royal" sector, for its chief feature is Balmoral Castle, situated in a beautiful semicircular bend about half-way between these two places. The Castle itself, in the Scottish baronial style, is the outcome of the artistic tastes of the Prince Consort. If it has to some extent missed picturesqueness, it has to an even greater extent missed pretentiousness, that besetting sin of nearly all public or semi-public buildings erected in the middle of the last century.

At Ballater civilisation begins again, for it is the terminus of a railway from Aberdeen which follows the line of the river except in one sector west of Banchory. But the Dee still retains its picturesque features and in or near its valley are many spots famous for their natural beauty or historical



Photo by

A NOR'-EASTER, FRASERBURGH.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

Fraserburgh is situated on the western side of the bay of that name, at the extreme north-east corner of the county. The sea here stretches in three directions round the land, so that the local coastline sustains the full force of the gales that blow from the North Sea, though Fraserburgh harbour offers a safe retreat for vessels that are able to make it.

associations: Loch Kinnord, Burn o' the Vat, Aboyne and its castle, the romantic Glen Tanar, and Drum Castle, the latter incorporating one of the oldest and most characteristic peel towers in Scotland.

After the varied and manifold beauties of Deeside, the valley of the more sedate and workmanlike Don is somewhat tame, a distinction commemorated forcibly in a well-known rhyme. But at points such as Monymusk it is exceedingly beautiful and some of the finest castles and mansions in Scotland are on, or at no great distance from, its banks. Apart from Kildrummy, which has already been mentioned, there are the splendid piles of Craigievar, Castle Fraser, Cluny Castle, Castle Newe, and the ruin of Pitfichie Castle, near Monymusk.

All this district in the very heart of the county of Aberdeen and dominated by the imposing and familiar Bennachie is rich in historical memories. Inverurie rose to fame as the result of a victory of Robert Bruce over one of Edward I's Scottish supporters, and hard by is the battlefield of Harlaw, the site of a homeric contest on July 24, 1411, for the result of which every good Aberdonian cannot feel sufficiently grateful. For had not Donald of the Isles and his highland host been routed on that fateful day by the Earl of Mar and the forces of law and order, it is certainly doubtful whether the city of Aberdeen would have continued to hold high the torch of civilisation and progress in dark places and a dark age.



Photo by]

[The Photochrom Co., Ltd

SOUTH STACK LIGHTHOUSE, HOLYHEAD.

A small suspension bridge gives access to the Stack from the mainland. Holyhead itself became an Irish packet station in 1801, and in 1815 it was determined by Telford as the western terminus of the great road he constructed from Shrewsbury to the Welsh coast. Together with the lighthouse on the Skerries, the South Stack light guides vessels into the fine harbour, which is protected by a breakwater nearly 8,000 feet in length.

ANGLESEY

SOME years ago the present writer was drawn by curiosity into an Anglesey village churchyard where a funeral had just taken place. The mourners had departed and a gravedigger was hastily shovelling in the earth on a coffin consisting of a few planks held together so crudely that an excellent view of its contents was obtainable. But the most striking and lugubrious feature of the scene was the pile of earth which had been excavated, a pile from which blackened skulls and bones projected in grim



Photo by

[The Photochrom Co., Ltd

BEAUMARIS CHURCH.

Dedicated to St. Mary, Beaumaris Church dates from the early fourteenth century, the nave being of this period; the chancel is early sixteenth century. There is a fine brass to the memory of Sir Richard Bulkeley (circa 1530), a monument to the father of Sir Philip Sidney, and in the vestry a fine fifteenth-century altar-tomb. The window tracery of the nave forms a fine example of fourteenth-century decorative art.



By permission of

BEAUMARIS CASTLE.

[L. M. & S. Railway.]

Edward I founded Beaumaris Castle in 1293, and made a waterway connecting the castle directly with the sea, to enable provisions to be discharged to the garrison without land transport. In 1400 Henry IV presented the castle to "Hotspur" Percy for life, as a reward for his services. The castle was captured in 1646 by General Mytton, a Puritan leader, from the Royalist defenders.

and grotesque confusion. As the man of the spade imperturbably continued with his melancholy task, the writer came away with a feeling that the scene was in one sense highly characteristic of an island which has had no history for more than six hundred years, and seems to have buried its history with its dead.

The impression was strengthened as further acquaintance with Anglesey ripened into interest and affection, and its innumerable monuments of the dimmest and most distant past—from the time when the last of the Druids made their final and despairing stand against the Roman eagles to that day when the last of the native princes succumbed to the all-conquering Edward I—told their pathetic story.

This side of Anglesey's appeal no doubt escapes the attention of those who only know Anglesey from having tried to pronounce "Llanfairpwllgwyngyllchryndrobwll-lantrisiliologogoch," or "done" Beaumaris from the seaside resorts on the mainland, or



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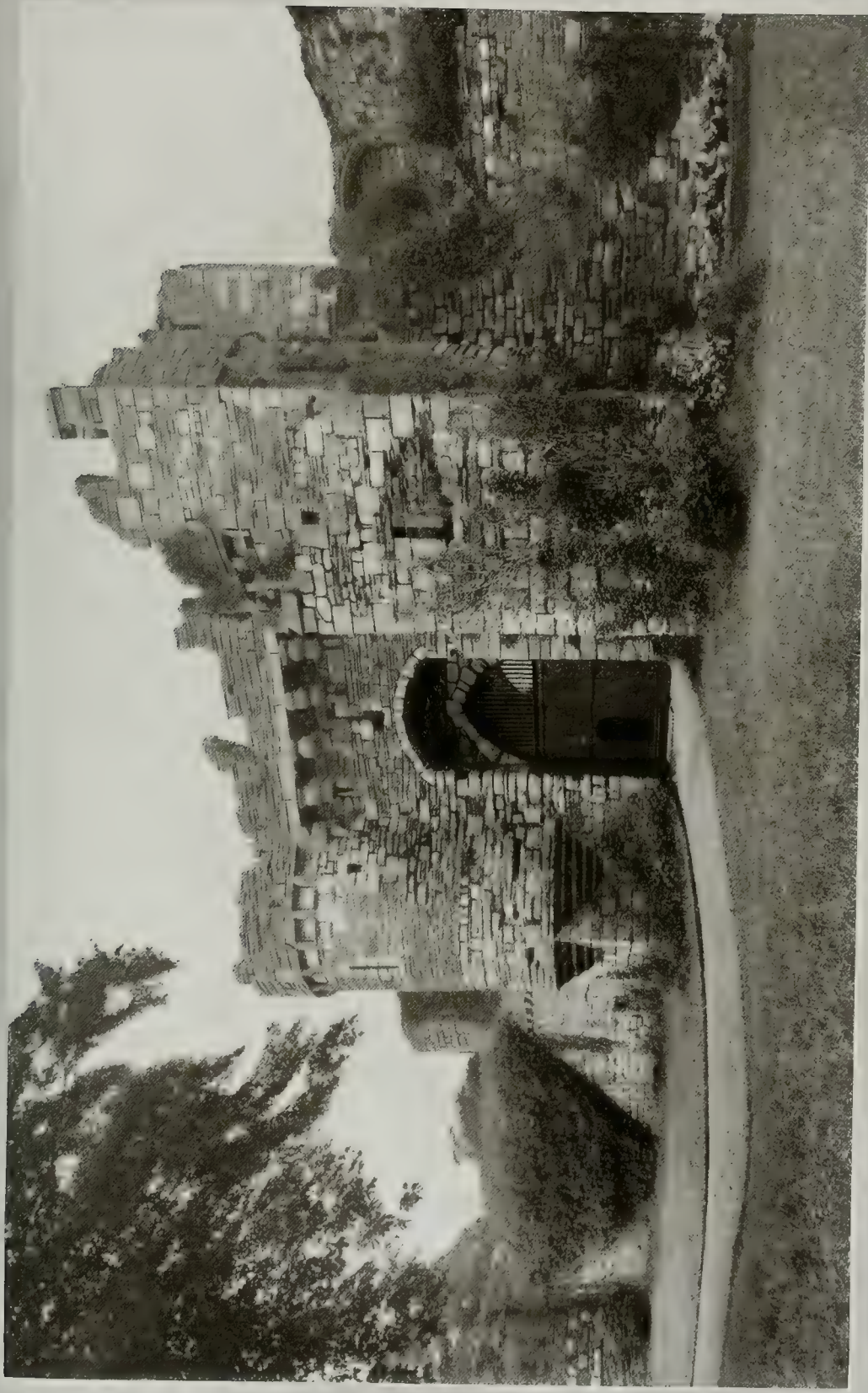
PORTH DAFARCH, OLD LANDING JETTY, HOLYHEAD.

[L. M. & S. Railway.]

Many Druidical and Roman remains have been found in the neighbourhood of Holyhead. The Romans are believed either to have had a station at the town or else to have made use of some part of the bay as a port for traffic with Ireland.

watched Holyhead Mountain recede into a purple haze as the Irish mail-boat sets its nose for Dublin.

And this, perhaps, is why the guidebooks conspire to tell us that the South Stack, Beaumaris, Red Wharf Bay, the north shore of the Menai Strait, and the view of Snowdonia from the Anglesey Monument are "fine," but the rest of the island is "flat and uninteresting."



In perspective

GATEWAY TO BEAUMARIS CASTLE.

This gateway is considered the most remarkable "double-elbowed" defensive approach of its kind in Great Britain. It was guarded by a rectangular barbican, commanding the inner doorway on the west side, which necessitated a sharp right-hand turn while under fire for any attackers who might force the outer entrance. The gatehouse on the north side included the "great hall" of the castle. The Bulkeley family, who first came into prominence in Queen Elizabeth's reign, were the chief holders of the castle, and one of them held it for King Charles in 1646 until General Mytton compelled its surrender.

L. M. & S. Railton



By permission of

[L. M. & S. Railway.

ROCKS FROM SOUTH STACK, HOLYHEAD.

The cliff scenery about the South Stack ranks as some of the finest in North Wales, and the heights abound in sea birds which are studiously protected from molestation, as their cries provide warning for vessels in foggy weather. Excavated rock dwellings of prehistoric antiquity, known as the "Huts of the Irish," are a feature of these cliffs.

Can the holy ground of lost causes ever be really "uninteresting," even though there is a lack of hills and trees to make a picturesque landscape, and the average visitor is not an antiquarian?

On the Anglesey side of the Menai Straits the first object of interest is Plas Newydd, the stately home of the Marquess of Anglesey, whose family will always be associated with some of the finest feats performed by the British armies in the Napoleonic Wars. The first holder of the title was Lord Paget, who commanded the cavalry in Sir John Moore's campaign which ended at Corunna and a few years later (as the Earl of Uxbridge) held the same command at Waterloo. On that glorious day he led a brilliant charge of the British centre, and in its closing moments received a very severe wound which involved the

amputation of a leg. The leg itself received something approaching a public funeral.

On such incidents, both gallant and grotesque, may the visitor reflect as he manfully toils up the hundred and more steps of the Anglesey Column which commemorates the dashing cavalry officer's exploits. From a height of more than three hundred feet above sea-level, the eye then ranges over a panorama which has few rivals in the world. In the southern foreground the Strait winds its way under the wooded fringes of Anglesey itself, the silver ribbon being cut in two places by the Menai Suspension Bridge and the Britannia Tubular Bridge.

The antiquarian, architectural, and, we may add, æsthetic gem of this district—



Photo by]

PENMON PRIORY.

[The Photochrom Co., Ltd.

Originally founded in the sixth century, Penmon Priory of to-day ranges from early Norman to fifteenth century styles of architecture, and two of the transept windows contain examples of fifteenth-century glass. The priory is remarkable for very ancient crosses of curious workmanship.



Photo by

TREARDDUR BAY, ANGLESEY.

[The Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

Less than three miles from Holyhead lies this beautiful bay, affording coast scenery unequalled in North Wales, with the possible exception of the Llandudno cliffs.

and indeed the whole island—is the beautiful ivy-clad ruin of Beaumaris Castle. Like Conway and Carnarvon, this stronghold is a relic of Edward I's ruthless determination to subjugate the Welsh, but as a military monument it is not quite so eloquent as its famous neighbours. But with its many towers and walls, swathed in foliage, the five windows of its great Hall, its Early English chapel, and, above all, the beautiful greensward which takes the place of its ancient floors, it presents a picture

of decayed splendour and mellowed mystery which it would be hard to parallel.

Continuing in a north-easterly direction, the next sight in Anglesey is Penmon Priory, whose church

contains much characteristic Norman work, though the priory itself was founded in pre-Norman times by St. Seiriol. A "coast," in the more impressive sense of the word, only exists between Amlwch and Holy Island, where Holyhead Mountain supplies the sole real elevation in Anglesey, and the "South Stack," a rocky islet crowned by a famous lighthouse and separated from the mainland by a yawning chasm crossed by a frail suspension bridge, furnishes a real thrill.



By permission of

LLANFAWR CASTLE, PENROS BAY.

[L. M. & S. Railway.]

This castle is but one of the many ancient fortifications in the vicinity of Holyhead, which in very early times formed a point of attack for the Irish,



Photo by

CITY HALL, BELFAST.

[W. A. Green, Antrim]

Situated in Donegal Square on the site of the old Linen Hall, this building is one of several fine architectural additions to Belfast completed in 1906. It is one of the largest and most imposing civic headquarters in the British Isles, and its erection serves to typify the remarkable growth and industrial development of the capital of Northern Ireland in the last half-century. The statue opposite the central portico is of Queen Victoria.

COUNTY ANTRIM

A BELFAST enthusiast, who went to live there for his health, once remarked that Antrim was "a place for Belfast to stretch its legs in." Like most generalisations of most monomaniacs, the salt of truth in such a statement is all but tasteless, for though this fine county may be, and is, a playground for the citizens of Ireland's largest city, its natural beauties are such as to attract visitors from all parts of the British Isles, and even farther afield.

Geographically speaking, the conformation of the county—a somewhat narrow parallelogram tipped almost vertically on its southern and shortest face—is of the simplest; a long north-south range of hills sloping gently away on its western side and on the east descending into the sea with varying degrees of abruptness. The summits, such as they are—for the highest, "Trostan," is only just over 1,800 feet in height—are,



Photo by

ROYAL AVENUE, BELFAST.

[W. A. Green, Antrim]

Belfast possesses many spacious and well laid-out streets, of which Royal Avenue is one of the most noted. Some six hundred yards in length, it leads out of Castle Place in the centre of the city and contains, among other buildings, the Post Office, the Public Library and Museum, and the Grand Central Hotel.

generally speaking, mere projections from the general mass, but a striking feature of the Antrim landscape is provided by the series of heights of 1,000 feet and more which lie within two or three miles from the sea all the way from Ballycastle to Larne. Knocklayde, Carneighaneigh, Crockaneel, the group behind Cushendall, Trostan,

Knockore, Big Trosk, Bin nagee, Black Hill, and Knock Dhu—to name some of the most prominent—form a picturesque and noble background to the fine scenery of the coast itself.

The boundaries of Antrim are as neat as possible: the sea, the line of the River Bann (except just east of Coleraine), Lough Neagh, the line of the River Lagan, and Belfast Lough. As the interior of the county is plain and kindly, but to a large extent featureless, the result is that its scenic beauties are concentrated on the coast and its immediate hinterland, with its scores of miles of splendid cliff and the beautiful wooded ravines known as the "glens" of Antrim.

If anyone has the hardihood to deny this coast a place among the scenic wonders of the world, let him ponder the words of the late Lord Northcliffe. In his book *At the War* he writes: "We



Photo by]

[W. Lawrence.

LORD DUFFERIN STATUE, BELFAST.

The first Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, the eminent British diplomatist who died in 1902, was the son of Price Blackwood, 4th Baron Dufferin. He held many important offices, and from 1872 to 1878 was Governor-General of Canada.

made the journey by the wonderful coast road *via* Zarauz, Bilbao, and Santander, certainly the most majestic, if dangerous cliff road I have travelled in a somewhat extensive experience. The Bay of Naples, *the road from Larne to Portrush*, or the Grande Corniche cannot compare with it." So even if this Irish road is well behind its Spanish competitor, it has had the honour of being coupled with the pride of Italy and the boast of the Côte d'Azur in the mind of one of the shrewdest and best-travelled judges.

With such a recommendation, no apology need be made for commencing our survey of Antrim with the farther end of this great road.

Portrush is not perhaps all things to all men, but it is many things to many men. To a vast number of its visitors, it must be confessed, it is a golf-links pure and simple, a golf-links in a charming



Photo by.

DOLMEN, BELFAST.

[W. Lawrence, Dublin.

This Dolmen, or stone table, forms the centre of an enormous prehistoric earthwork situated four miles south of Belfast, and known as the Giant's Ring. It is believed to date from the Bronze Age. The Treaty Stone lying across the top is 7 feet in length, and its extreme width is 6 ft.



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MAP OF CO. ANTRIM.



Photoby

CARRICKFERGUS CASTLE.

W. Lawrence, Dublin.

The castle is built on a rock on the shore of Belfast Lough, which it commands in a very effective way. Most of the castle was built in the twelfth century, and it is an excellent specimen of an Anglo-Norman fortress. The keep, especially, is one of the finest existing examples of Norman architecture of its kind. The castle capitulated to Edward Bruce in 1315, and in 1690 William III landed here before the battle of the Boyne.



Photoby

ON THE RIVER LAGAN, NEAR BELFAST.

W. Lawrence, Dublin.

The River Lagan, at the mouth of which stands Belfast, rises in the centre of Co. Down at the foot of Slieve Croob Mountain, and follows what in many parts is a very picturesque course past Dromore and Lisburn to Belfast Lough. The harbour of Belfast, now one of the largest and finest in the British Isles, was originally but a creek of the Lagan.

natural setting, it is true, but still a golf-links. And golfers are notoriously somewhat blind to the appeal of scenery! To others, again, it is simply a seaside "resort," in the ugliest and least imaginative sense of the word. But to those who know, its real charm lies in its position on a narrow peninsula projecting far enough to give wide views of the coasts of Derry and Donegal on the west and the splendid cliffs stretching away to the Giant's Causeway on the east. Even at Portrush man, with his love of nicknames or any label to give personality to dead things, has responded to her invitation by duly naming them as she intended.

About half-way between Portrush and the Giant's Causeway, the beautiful ruin of Dunluce Castle, perched on its great basaltic rock, seems a proper setting for the last scene of



Photo by

[W. J. Green, Antrim.]

BELFAST LOUGH AND ENTRANCE TO HARBOUR.

One of the finest harbours in the British Isles, that of Belfast contains six tidal docks, five graving docks, and a very extensive quayage. By the extension seaward of the Victoria Channel the entrance to the harbour originally a creek of the River Lagan has been much improved. The shipbuilding yards here are world-famous.

Tristan and Isolde, a relic of a dim, lost world which swept romance and the great loves and sorrows of a vanished age into destruction and obscurity. We get a vivid description of it in Dr. Thomas Molyneux' *Journey to y^e North in 1708*: "About three mile from y^e Cawsey [i.e. the Giant's Causeway] you come to a Famous old place called Dunluce. This was an old Castle, formerly the seat of y^e Earls of Antrim. Its situation is very romantick and out of the way. 'Tis built on a Large Rock, Entirely separated from the Land. It has been a vast Large Pile, and covers the whole Rock, so



Photo by

ANTRIM CASTLE.

[W. Lawrence, Dublin.]

The castle, as it now stands, was rebuilt about 1662 on ground formerly occupied by a much older structure. The grounds, which extend for two miles along the side of Lough Neagh, are very picturesque and contain some splendid old trees. Within the castle is the Speaker's Chair from the old Irish House of Commons, and also an ancient oak door from Antrim Church which bears grim traces of the rebellious times of 1798.



Photo by]

[W. Lawrence, Dublin.

THE GOBBINS PATH, NEAR WHITEHEAD.

This remarkable cliff pathway on the east side of Island Magee extends for $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles and is hewn out of the solid basaltic rock. The face of the cliffs, rising as they do to some 200 feet, would otherwise be inaccessible; but the steps, bridges, galleries and ladders of which the path is composed enable the visitor to explore the caves and other picturesque features of this rocky coast.

that you can spit out of most of y^e windows into the Sea, which is a Vast depth under you. However, the natural or Artificial hollows in this Rock are such that I am told the sea beats into all the Cellars. In high tides 'tis Entirely surrounded with water, but the precipice by which 'tis divided from the shore is so terrible that this Castle seems to me inaccessible on all sides at the Lowest water, and was certain when in Repair a most inexpugnable place to the Instruments of War used in those dayes. They tell you here that one part of the house and Rock which hung over the sea, being the Kitchin

and part of the Great Hall, fell down during a great Entertainm^t into the Sea, and Several Persons were lost. The only passage into it was by a Bridge over that precipice, of which there now Remains



Photo by]

[W. Lawrence, Dublin.

GLENARM CASTLE.

Situated at the mouth of the River Glenarm, which approaches the sea through a charming vale, Glenarm Castle occupies a commanding position and is encompassed by a fine deer-park, surrounded by an embattled wall. The castle was built in 1636 by the first Earl of Antrim, Sir Randal MacDonnell. In the picturesque grounds are a pretty waterfall, a salmon leap, and several charming walks.



Photo by]

"THE TEARS OF THE MOUNTAIN," GLENARIFF.

This is one of the many charming falls and cascades in the Vale of Glenariff - the most attractive of the nine glens of Antrim. The glen is clothed in luxuriant foliage, and the two mountain torrents follow a delightfully picturesque course, through precipitous green banks and over innumerable and many-coloured rocks. At the foot of several of the cascades, "rumbling" or "pudding" holes have been formed in the rock by the incessant swirl of stones brought down by the water.

[W. A. Green, Antrim



Photo 13

GARRON TOWER.

W. Lawrence Dublin.

The Tower is 250 feet above the sea on a plateau which was originally formed by a huge landslip of chalk, capped by a layer of basalt. There is a rosery and a formal terraced garden, and these, together with the richly wooded hills in the neighbourhood, form a pleasant picture, in contrast to the wild and jagged cliffs.



Photo 13

GARRON TOWER.

W. Lawrence Dublin.

The Tower is built on the cliffs at Garron Point and commands splendid views of the sea and coast. It was erected in 1848 during the Famine by the then Marchioness of Londonderry as a dower house, and contained a noteworthy collection of curios and works of art. There is some fine dark oak wainscoting, with monograms and coats of arms and much fine carving.

only one wall to go over by; but it was too windy weather when I was there to Venture this Passage without y^e help of a Rope stretched across to hold by."

As for the place being "inexpugnable," the learned Doctor must have forgotten that the castle was captured twice in a few years in the stormy times through which this part of Ireland passed in the reign of Elizabeth!

The castle is not the only place of grim and haunting memory in this neighbourhood; in the churchyard of what is left of the parish church there are many graves of Spaniards who perished in the wreck of several units of the Spanish Armada off this coast. The occurrence is actually commemorated in sea, forming in one place a kind of pavement composed of geometrical columns set on end and fitting so closely together as to form a smooth floor, and in others fantastic humps to which imaginative names have been given; in other places the column or formation is incorporated in the

the name of one of the bays, Port-na-Spania, which witnessed the disaster.

Of the Giant's Causeway itself, four miles farther east, so much has been written that a description of it seems to pertain to a geography book rather than a work of the class of BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL. To begin with, the Causeway itself—or rather the Little, Middle, and Large Causeways, which are comprehensively known as the "Giant's Causeway"—is not remarkable for its beauty; it is primarily an extraordinary natural curiosity. Every school-boy knows that it is the point at which the great layer of basalt which covers practically the whole of the county of Antrim dips into the



Photo by

ESS-NA-LARACH, GLENARIFF.

[W. Laurence

This is one of the many cascades in the pretty vale of Glenariff. The name implies "the Fall of the Mares," and near by is another fine waterfall, "Ess-na-crub," meaning "the Fall of the Hoof," or Horseshoe Fall.



Photo by]

SHANE'S CASTLE ON LOUGH NEAGH.

W. A. Green from

This fine old castle on the shore of Lough Neagh was greatly damaged by fire in 1816. The strong ruined towers and the long battlemented terrace overlooking the lake and defended by twenty-one guns indicate that the castle in its prime was a formidable structure. The splendid park includes a stretch of the River Main, along whose banks and by the side of the Lough are picturesque walks.

higher cliffs, and here the most striking and impressive effects are obtained (as at the "Giant's Amphitheatre," the "Chimney Tops," Pleaskin Head, and Fair Head).

As has so often been said about the Giant's Causeway, its impressiveness is greatly lessened by the utter inability of the ordinary mind to realise, at any rate at first sight, that the scene is Nature's handiwork and not man's. All these thousands of columns, packed so neatly that names such as "The Loom," "The Organ," the "Ladies' Wishing Chair," and so forth, spring to the lips spontaneously, seem incompatible with the picturesque confusion and lack of symmetry which are Nature's trade-mark everywhere. The explanation, geologists tell us, is simple: the cooling of a volcanic



Photo by

RUINS AT LAYDE, NEAR CUSHENDALL.

[W. Lawrence, Dublin.

This strange old graveyard lies on the coast between Cushendall and Cushendun, and adjoins the ancient parish church of Layde, now in ruins, and originally a Franciscan friary. The churchyard contains several stones—including an artistic modern cross—commemorating the great MacDonnell family, whose heads were known as "Lords of the eight glynnns."

There is also a holy well, or Nun's Well, close by.

outburst is apparently responsible for this peculiar formation, and we may see the same phenomenon at Staffa, in Scotland, which shows the same characteristic columnar basalt. But what is simple to the geologist remains a mystery and marvel to the lay mind; hence the eternal appeal of the Giant's Causeway even to the most sophisticated of globe-trotters.

Dunseverick Castle, beyond the twin heads of Benbane and Bengore, has suffered even more than Dunluce at the hands of Man and Time. On its great rock, remote from the world, it is the mere skeleton of the mighty fortress which once it was. But, like Dunluce, it could tell vivid and thrilling stories of ancient feuds and the even more bitter struggle with the English, particularly



Photo by]

LYNN FALL, LARNE.

[W. Lawrence, Dublin.

The nine glens of Antrim are famous for their many fine waterfalls and cascades, some of which are almost hidden among the wooded slopes that encompass them. The Lynn Fall, Larne, while hardly so beautiful as the "Tears of the Mountain" at Glenariff, has a charming setting among multicoloured rocks and luxuriant vegetation which greatly enhances its attractiveness. The height of the fall may be gauged from a comparison with the man seated near the foot.



Photo by

W. Lawrence, Dublin.

GLENDUN.

This is one of the many pretty glens for which Co. Antrim is famous. Its beautifully wooded banks can be well seen from the great viaduct, 90 feet high, which carries over the valley the road from Cushendall to Ballycastle. The Glendun River falls into the sea at Cushendun, and from the hills above the valley glimpses of the sea are obtained.



Photo by

W. Lawrence, Dublin.

CUSHENDALL BRIDGE.

Cushendall is the centre for some of the most attractive scenery in Co. Antrim. The name signifies "the end or foot of the River Dall," which wends its way through the village to a pretty beach, which is also approached by an avenue of splendid trees. On the landward side Cushendall is sheltered by hills, and the roads leading out of the village are highly picturesque.

towards the end of the sixteenth century, when Queen Elizabeth sent her weak favourite, Essex, to Ireland to secure Antrim for himself and his settlers.

As we proceed along the coast toward the very ancient town of Ballycastle, the curious black and white island of Rathlyn, five miles off the coast, becomes a conspicuous object. It has a melancholy interest for Antrim, for, apart from two shocking massacres in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, it was here that the raiding Norsemen, whose ravages were to become a terror to north-east Ireland, first landed early in the ninth century. They appear to have been very disappointed with the amount of loot obtained, and by way of giving a sample of their quality laid waste the whole island. That the Norsemen had a reputation for other qualities than their prowess as freebooters is shown by a legend associated with Glenarm farther down the coast. It is the story of a Norse warrior and his son who alone survived a fearful struggle in which all their comrades had



Photo by

FAIR HEAD.

W. Lawrence, Dublin.

Fair Head, or Benmore, at the north-east corner of Co. Antrim, is five miles east of Ballycastle and rises to a height of 636 feet. It is a basaltic headland and the upper part of the face is precipitous for some 400 feet. Magnificent views are obtained from the top, over the Atlantic, and along the Antrim and Derry coasts.



Photo by

ROPE BRIDGE, CARRICK-A-REDE.

W. Lawrence, Dublin.

The name "Carrick-a-Rede" means "the rock in the road," the road in question being the way of the salmon. A wind causes the bridge, which is of ropes with a plank footway, to sway considerably, and it is a test for good nerves to cross, as the rope handrails sway independently of the bridge itself, and afford no security. Accidents, apparently, are not as frequent as they might be.

met the fate they so richly deserved. The victors threatened the father with torture if he would not tell them a certain secret. He answered that he would die at his son's hands if he did so; the son was then slain before his eyes and the father cast himself over a cliff, proudly proclaiming that such had been his intention, for though death might have terrors for the young it had none for the old.

In and around Ballycastle itself, the scenic beauties compete with historical associations for the interest of the traveller. Within a very short radius lie the lovely Murlough Bay, Fair Head, one of the finest promontories in the four kingdoms, Glenshesk and Glentow, the most

easterly of the Antrim glens, and the fine hill of Knocklayd, due south.

Fair Head and its basaltic rock over six hundred feet high, with a sheer drop of more than half that height, is fully worthy of its proud position as the north-eastern corner of Ireland. The eye ranges over a wide and wonderful panorama of land and ocean, from Malin Head (far across the mouth of Loch Foyle) on the extreme left to Torr Head on the right. Across the narrow waters of the North Channel, the horizon is cut by the humps of south-western Scotland, Islay, Jura, Cantyre, Arran, and so on. No wonder these two regions of Ireland and Scotland were in close and constant touch, and formed virtually one



Photo by,

[W. A. Green.

ROPE BRIDGE, CARRICK-A-REDE: SIDE VIEW.

A side view of the Rope Bridge which gives an idea of the depth of the chasm below. The bridge was originally constructed for the use of strong-nerved fishermen of the locality.



Photo by]

DUNLUCE CASTLE.

[W. Lawrence, Dublin.

The ruins of this famous castle (of which another illustration appears on the opposite page) stand about 100 feet above the sea. The turrets, gables, and walls, hoary with antiquity and exposure, look more like continuations of the great mass of rock below than the relics of a man-made building. The castle rock is connected to the mainland only by a single wall some 18 inches broad, pierced by an arch, the wall having taken the place of a former drawbridge.

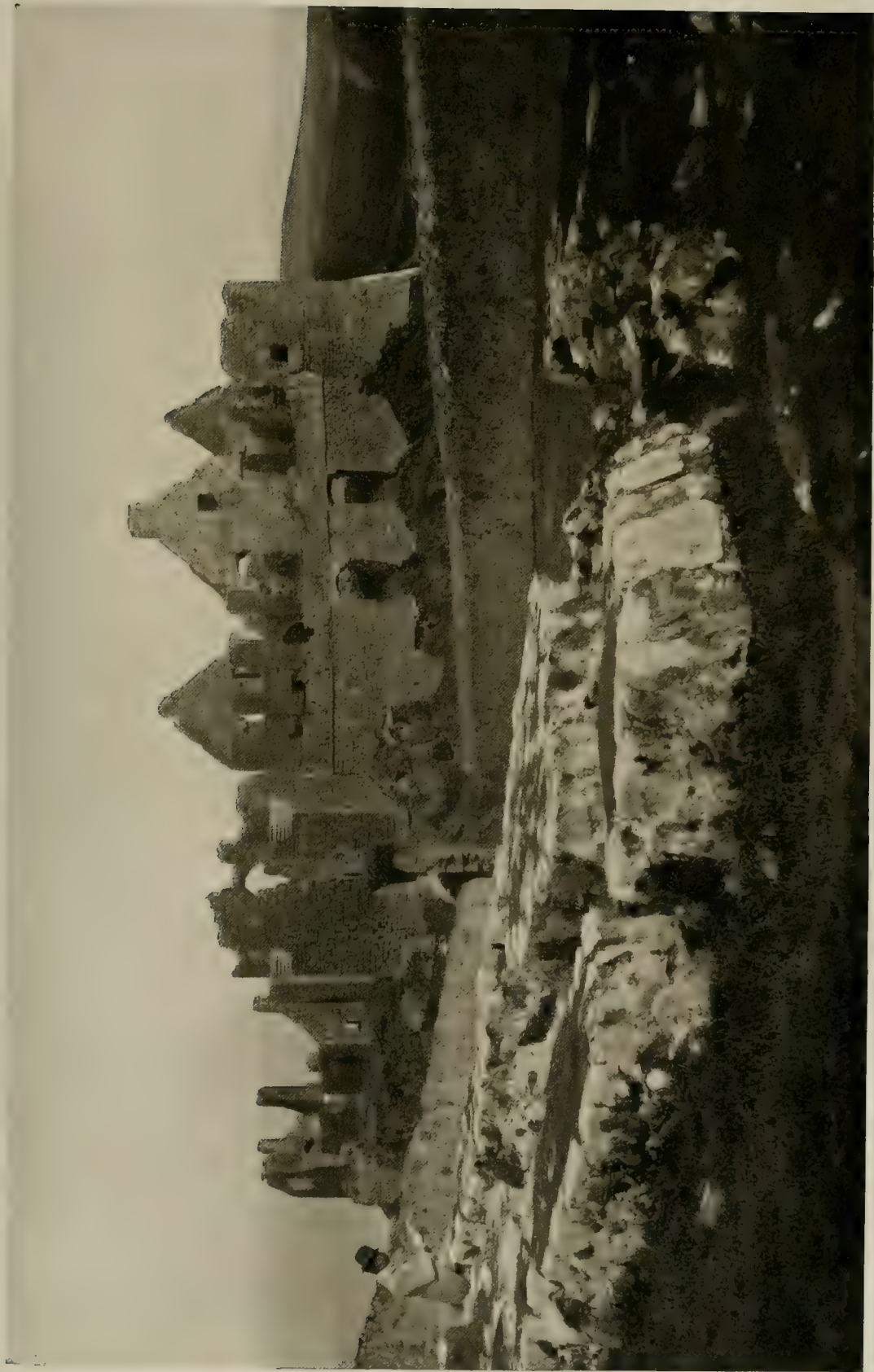


Photo by]

DUNLUCE CASTLE.

The name of the castle, originally "Dunlois," signified "strong," as the castle, being cut off from the mainland, was considered of abnormal strength. The present castle is said to have been built in the sixteenth century, and the dispute between McQuillams and MacDonnells caused many battles between the two clans of these names. It was taken in 1585 by Sorley Boye of the MacDonnell clan, but he was driven out by the English Lord-Deputy, Perrott. Sir Walter Scott noted the resemblance between Dunluce and Dunnottar Castle, similarly situated on an isolated rock in Scotland.

H. N. King.



Photo by

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

Some 40,000 natural basaltic pillars, ranging from triangular to nine-sided, but not one of them circular, form this greatest natural wonder of Ireland. The "Grand Causeway" is 700 feet in length, and is separated from the "Honeycomb Causeway" by a basalt mass known as a "whinnyke." In the Grand Causeway are the beautiful formations known as the Lady's Fan and the Keystone. Legend has it that the Causeway was laid by the Irish giant, Finn McCool, to enable the Scotch giant to cross to Ireland in order that the two might fight. In reality, the columnar formation is a natural geological phenomenon. The rocks known as the "Chimney Tops" can be seen in the distance.

The Photograph Co., Ltd.

country, in the early centuries of the Christian era!

The relic of an era which had long been dead when Christianity was young is to be found on the very summit of Fair Head, in the shape of a crannog, or lake village, on Lough-na-Crannog, one of two adjacent mountain tarns.

Other monuments of the past in and around Ballycastle are the remains of a Franciscan

in which they lived; the round tower of Armoy, one of the three to be found in Antrim, and an imperfect specimen. The debate as to the meaning and purpose of these round towers cannot be regarded as definitely closed even yet, though the majority of opinion inclines to the view that they were refuges.

South of Fair Head the region of the Antrim glens really begins, those wooded ravines whose quiet, sylvan beauty presents the strongest contrast to the rugged grandeur of the coast, but combines with it to provide the scenic attractions of the county. Cushendall and Red Bay are the apex of a regular delta of glens separated by hills with some of the most whimsical names (to English ears, at any rate) in Ireland: Crocknacreeva, Tievebullagh, Crocalough, Lurigethan. Of this group of glens, the



Photo by

W. Lawrence Dublin

THE GIANT'S ORGAN, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

One of the most characteristic formations of the Causeway is the "Giant's Organ," in which the "pipes" are clearly defined, long pillars forming a perfect frontage for the most regal instrument. Here are some of the tallest columns of the whole Causeway, and it is difficult to believe that the hand of man has not had part in the carving of this fantastic "instrument."

Friary, the churchyard of which is the last resting-place of many of the MacDonnells, the family whose chief became the first Earl of Antrim at the beginning of the seventeenth century; Dunin Castle, the birthplace of Sorley Boye, the most famous of the MacDonnells, but a mere wreck of the grand stronghold they maintained, and needed to maintain, in the troublous times



Photo by

A. H. Robinson, West Ayton.

THE STOOKANS, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

The Great and Little Stookans (or cornstacks) separate Portgannlay Bay from Portnaboo, and form one of the terminations of the Giant's Causeway. Like the rest of this curious formation, they are the result of volcanic action, and are part of an outflow which assumed its peculiar form on cooling.



Photo by

CHIMNEY TOPS, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

[W. A. Green. Antrim.]

It is said that these isolated columns, set 300 feet above sea-level, were mistaken by the Spaniards of the Armada for a castle, viewed from the sea. They are three isolated pillars, quite distinct from the mass of the main Causeway, on a bold promontory of the coast.



Photo by

THE WISHING CHAIR, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

[W. A. Green. Antrim.]

The Wishing Chair is situated in the middle, or Honeycomb Causeway; from the front it shows a back and two arms, squat columns of square and hexagon forms, so arranged as to give an almost perfect illusion of an actual chair. The steps leading to the "chair" are not the least noteworthy feature of this natural formation.

most famous and tourist-haunted is Glenariff, a delightful ravine with rushing torrents, waterfalls (with equally delightful and expressive names), and all the other ingredients of the "fairy glen" of fact and fiction.

All along this coast fine headlands breast the Irish Sea, and there are long stretches where the road shudders under the cliffs above and hovers over the sea below. Perhaps no sector of this coast road is finer than that which lies between Red Bay and Glenarm, where Garron Point stands petrified in the act of setting out to storm the deeps.

Glenarm is a village and also a castle, the beautiful seat of the Earl of Antrim, and therefore successor in lawful lineage to Dunluce and other strongholds on the northern coast. No spot could seem more peaceful and sinless than remote Glenarm, but apparently it was not always so. The ungodly flourished, and flourished exceedingly, for of their activities in the first half of the seventeenth century we get a vivid glimpse in an ancient report of a high customs' officer which has been preserved:

"The merchants and pedlars discharge at Glenarm, where there is no waiter, and fill the country full of commodities whereof none appear in the books. The pedlars out of Scotland take advantage of such unguarded creeks, and swarm about the country in great numbers, and sell all manner of wares, which they may afford at easier rates than poor shopkeepers that live in corporations, bear offices, pay cess and all charges, and their due customs, and are beggared by these Runagadoes, who have no residence or place of abode in the kingdom, but bring over wares, steal the custom, and convey the money over in specie, and that to no small value, which journeys deserve a careful and speedy prevention."



Photo by]

PLEASKIN HEAD, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

[W. Lawrence, Dublin.

This remarkable headland, nearly 400 feet high, is one of the grandest features of the Antrim coast. The two series of pillars are each nearly 60 feet high, and indicate that the headland was formed by two successive lava eruptions, the space between the colonnades being composed of volcanic ash and red ochre, in which plant-remains have been found. The Giant's Eye-glass can be seen on the right of the picture, and the Chimney Tops in the distance.

Larne, lying at the entrance to Larne Lough, which all but makes Island Magee a real island, is the southern extremity of the great coast road, the tail of that Antrim (and Irish, or even British) "lion." Island Magee has some fine cliff scenery, and at the "Gobbins" the energy of the railway company in constructing a wonderful cliff path enables the tourist to see it at close quarters and treat its dizzy heights with contempt.

No reference to Island Magee could be complete without a reference to its eighteenth-century *cause célèbre*, the case of the "Island Magee Witches," in 1710.

The unfortunate lady who suffered their visitation was a certain Mrs. Mary Dunbar, and at the trial she gave in evidence that "during these Severall weeks she has been in a most grievous and

violent manner tormented and afflicted with Witches ; that Several whom she never had known, or to her knowledge seen before, did frequently appear to her (tho' invisible to her keepers and attenders) who make her fall very often into fainting and tormenting fitts, take the Power of Tongue from her, and afflict her to that Degree that she often thinks she is pierced to the heart, and that her breasts are cut off ; that she heard the Said women (when about her) name one another, and that called one Jannet Liston, another Eliz. Cellor, another Kate McCamont, another Jannet Carson, another Jannet Mean, another Latimore, and another Mrs. Anne, and the Said Janet Liston, Eliz. Cellor, Kate McCamont, and Janet Carson being brought to her, att their first appearance she knew them to be her tormentors, and that after they were taken into Custody the aforesaid Latimore and Mean did



Phot. L. J.

[The Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

GIANT'S EYEGLASS AND PORT-NA-SPANIA, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

The Giant's Eyeglass is a natural arch in the rocks, worn by the action of the waves, and so formed that it appears as a gigantic monocle, through which the legendary heroes of Erin might have peered in the days when Finn McCoul defended the honour of his country against the mighty Scottish champion.

very much Torment her, especially when Mr. Sinclair, the Dissenting Minister, was praying with and for her, and told her they would hinder her of hearing his prayers," etc.

Just inside Belfast Lough is Carrickfergus, memorable as the most northerly English fortress and a stronghold that with the exception of a few periods was almost always a nucleus of their power in Ireland. The history of this ancient place goes back to the remotest times ; much of it is merely traditional, but certain facts have received the seal of accepted truth. King John of England showed his cunning and furtive features here for some time in 1210 ; William III, Dutch William, undoubtedly landed here in 1690 at the commencement of the campaign which terminated so triumphantly at the Battle of the Boyne ; and in the next century Carrickfergus witnessed that picturesque impertinence, a French landing. The town was duly captured by Thurot and his audacious companions, but, as before, the castle proved that it was not to be captured in this adventurous and light-hearted fashion.

Carrickfergus should always retain affectionate memories of one whose bones it still preserves, Sir



Painted specially for "Britain Beautiful"

ON LOCH TULLA, BLACK MOUNT, ARGYLLSHIRE.

The Black Mount, in reality an elevated, wooded plain, is considered one of the finest deer forests in Scotland, and belongs to the Marquess of Breadalbane. From the legendary times of Fingal onward, this district has been famed in Scottish history, and it was closely associated with the Stuarts from the days of King James IV, who had a hunting lodge, built by Duncan Stuart of Appin, within reach of this great deer haunt. Loch Tulla is about two miles in length.

by R. C. Taylor.

Arthur Chichester, a man with the stuff of real statesmanship in him in an age when the ideas of Essex and Mountjoy had not proceeded beyond a ruthless display of what was then called terrorism, and is more recently known as *Kultur*. He was made Governor of Carrickfergus, and in that capacity conducted a campaign of conquest and pacification

masterpieces on the north and east coasts. But for all that, it has a quiet charm which consorts well with the old-world and unprogressive air of such a sleepy little town as Antrim, or the reed-fringed and bird-haunted silences of that vast lake, Lough Neagh. Antrim's round tower, a particularly fine example of the species, is nearly 100 feet high; and though figures and aesthetics are usually quarrel-

of Ulster which was eminently successful in both respects. Unlike most governors, on quitting public life he retired to spend the rest of his days on the scene of his former labours.

The southern extremity of Antrim, lying between Belfast Lough and Lough Neagh, has no natural beauties to show in any way comparable to the scenic



Photo by

GIANT'S LOOM, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

W. T. Green.

This is one of the most remarkable of the formations which have made the Causeway famous. The curious configuration of the rock has resulted in a "Giant's Loom," whose pillars are 30 feet high, each having 30 to 40 joints.



Photo by,

GIANTS' HEADS, PORTRUSH.

W. A. Green, Antrim.

Each view of the Giant's Causeway has its own rough beauty and carries not a little of the secret of Nature. How were these heads formed? Certain it is that hand and chisel did not carve them. Facing right and left of the picture can be seen two giant heads, each having the facial features clearly defined and easily recognisable.

ling, if not at open war, the fact remains that the full attraction of these elegant and tapering structures is realised only in those specimens which have a good height to boast of.

Belfast, even in its most riotous mood, would hardly lay claim to consideration for its "scenery," as apart from its situation; but its fine streets, squares, and public buildings make it quite worthy of its position as the first commercial city of Ireland and the capital of a newly-created State. Its "City Hall" alone would take it well out of the ordinary rank of provincial cities.

The beauty of the immediate neighbourhood of Belfast is well known, though few of the heights which form its northern and north-western rampart are much above the 1,000 feet mark. From the



Photo by,

GIANT'S AMPHITHEATRE, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

[W. Lawrence, Dublin.

A beautiful bay, framed in rocks that form an almost exact semicircle with cliffs 350 ft. in height, is this "Giant's Amphitheatre." Up over it tower columned bastions, and near the summit the pillars rise to about 80 ft., while beneath them is a second range, 60 ft. in height; below these is the beach on which legend tells that the giants sat in council over the coming of the Scottish hero destined to fight Finn McCoul.

summits of Black Mount, Divis, Wolf Hill, Squires Hill, and Cave Hill, there are fine views over the fjord-like Belfast Lough, its wooded shores radiating from the great city which lies spread out beneath. These hills are the southern edge of the great basaltic plateau which makes Antrim so interesting scenically and geologically. Cave Hill takes its name, as might be imagined, from the caves with which it abounds. To the town-dweller there will always be an atmosphere of mystery and primitive life about a cave, and in this case at any rate the atmosphere is not a fiction of the imagination, as traces of the earliest ages are numerous throughout this region. Cave Hill itself has a prehistoric earthwork, anachronistically called "MacArt's Fort," and though the "Giant's Ring," the archæological lion of the North of Ireland, lies just south of the Antrim border, there are many interesting memorials of primitive and early Christian times in the stretch of country between Belfast Lough and Lough Neagh.



Photo by]

ON THE HILLS NEAR OBAN.

[Judges', Ltd.

A typical Highland scene on the hills which form a sheltering background to Oban, and from which a splendid view of the pretty town and its bay is obtained.

ARGYLLSHIRE

THE crow which flies from Ardnamurchan Point to Dunoon, in that straight line of which novelists and guidebooks (but not better-informed authorities) tell us, will get a vivid panorama of that extraordinary interlocking of sea and land, that confused and picturesque tangle of islands,



Photo by]

OBAN FROM PULPIT HILL.

[Judges', Ltd.

Oban has been aptly described as the "Charing Cross of the Highlands." In summer it is a hive of visitors arriving and departing by rail, steamer, or yacht. Its beautiful bay is shut off from the sea by the Island of Kerrera, above which rise the grand mountains of Mull.

peninsulas, sea and fresh-water lochs, mountain, river, and plain (though very little of the latter) of which Argyllshire is composed and which give it all its wonderful charm.

In such a geographical jig-saw puzzle, some *points d'appui*, focussing or starting points, are essential, and the plan followed here will be to take the great mainland mass, bounded on the north by the county of Inverness and on the east by those of Perth and Dumbarton, and then deal with the three south-westerly radiations from it: the Cowal Peninsula between the Firth of Clyde and Loch Fyne; the Argyll-Lorne section, which is neatly divided by Loch Awe and terminates in a sort of compass, with the Knapdale-Kintyre peninsula as one leg and the islands of Jura and Islay as the other; the



Photo by,

DUNSTAFFNAGE CASTLE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd

The castle stands upon a natural promontory three miles to the north of Oban, and commands the entrance to Loch Etive. It was the seat of government of the Scottish Princes from about A.D. 500 till after their union with the Picts under Kenneth Macalpin in 843. The Coronation Stone, first removed from the castle to Scone, was afterwards taken by Edward I to Westminster Abbey, where it has remained ever since. On the castle wall are some guns of a ship of the Spanish Armada sunk off Mull.

sector west of the Firth of Lorne and Loch Linnhe, comprising mainly the peninsulas of Ardnamurchan and Morven and the great, picturesque island of Mull.

The central mass, bounded roughly by Loch Linnhe, the loch and river of Leven, and the two arms of the railway which branch north and west from Tyndrum, just over the Perthshire border, reveals some of the most famous and rugged mountain and valley scenery in Europe. Here lie the sinister Glencoe, the bleak and solitary Rannoch Moor, the beautiful fjord of Loch Etive with its even lovelier neighbour, Glen Etive, the romantic Glen of Orchy, and a group of splendid peaks, Ben Starav, Ben Sguliaird, Stob Ghabhar, Ben Cruachan, with their noble monarch (and the monarch of Argyllshire) Bidean nan Bian.

Of all these names, the most familiar is Glencoe, a place of sinister memory, designed as it were by



LOCH ETIVE FROM TAYNUILT.

This loch is one of the largest on the west coast of Scotland and runs inland some sixteen miles in the direction of Glencoe. The River Nant, on which Taynuilt is situated, discharges into the loch. For some miles the loch is not very wide, and is darkened by the shadows of huge overhanging rocks on each side, but the upper portion is of particular grandeur. At its entrance is the fine old ruin of Dunstaffnage Castle.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

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MAP OF ARGYLLSHIRE.

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Nature to be the scene of dark and tragic deeds. Its fitness to be the theatre of the horrible historical incident with which Glencoe is associated has been brought out so well by Macaulay, in his *History of England*, that it seems sheer presumption to attempt to improve upon his language. . . . "In truth, that pass is the most dreary and melancholy of all the Scottish passes—the very Valley of the Shadow of Death. Mists and storms brood over it through the greater part of the finest summer: and even on those rare days when the sun is bright, and when there is no cloud in the sky, the impression made by the landscape is sad and awful. The path lies along a stream which issues from the most sullen and gloomy of mountain pools. Huge precipices of naked stone frown on both sides. . . . Mile after mile the traveller looks in vain for the smoke of one hut, for one human form wrapped in a plaid, and listens in vain for the bark of a shepherd's dog or the bleat of a lamb. Mile after mile the only sound that indicates life is the faint cry of a bird of prey from some storm-beaten pinnacle of rock."

The famous, or infamous, "Massacre of Glencoe" was in itself no more revolting than the Massacre of Dunoon in 1646 or many other of the organised butcheries which marked the terrible blood feuds of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, and made Argyll quite a worthy rival of Corsica. But the factor which lent a peculiar horror to this incident was the base and cold-blooded treachery



Photo by]

KERRERA AND SOUND OF MULL, OBAN.

[Judges', Ltd.

The island of Kerrera lies about a mile off the Oban coast, and makes an excellent natural break-water for Oban harbour. It affords noble prospects of Oban Bay, and beyond it is the island of Mull, which gives its name to the Sound.



Photo by]

PASS OF MELFORT, OBAN.

[Judges', Ltd.

A tour from Oban, going southwards, takes in some of the most gorgeous scenery. At "William's Leap" is the entrance to the famous Pass of Melfort, where the winding road follows a rock-strewn rivulet amidst surroundings of great beauty.

which accompanied it, and the infamy by which the honour and credit of the Crown were involved. In 1692 Dutch William was firmly on his throne and the new order of things was fully recognised by all save certain of the Highland clans, among them the Macdonalds of Glencoe. But at length even their stubborn chief, MacTan, was induced to make his submission. On the last available day, he went to Fort William to take the oath. There was no magistrate and a few days elapsed before he was able to effect his purpose in the presence of a magistrate at Inveraray. The explanation of the delay was withheld from the royal authorities, who allowed a party of Campbells to uphold the majesty of the law and satisfy an old *vendetta* by exterminating the supposed rebels of Glencoe. The manner in which the evil work was done speaks volumes for that primitive barbarity of man which



Photo by,

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

IN GLEN ETIVE.

This glen, though now very solitary and lonely, was once a royal forest, clothed with majestic firs and oaks. The River Etive, which flows through it, is a good fishing stream. The solitude "is made profounder, as you pass by, by the voice of a cataract, hidden in an awful chasm, bridged by two or three stems of trees."

civilisation has overlaid with its somewhat fallacious veneers. The Campbells were received by the unsuspecting Macdonalds as friends and honoured guests. For nearly a fortnight the grisly pretence was kept up, and then one morning, the 13th February, the Glencoe clansmen, men, women, and children, woke up as it were to find themselves dead—brutally massacred or forced to flee into the surrounding wilds, where an even crueller death by exposure or starvation awaited them.

It is not a pleasant story, and the traveller in this wonderful region must feel relieved that his enjoyment of the natural beauties of Glen Etive or Glen Orchy is not embittered by any such haunting and painful memories.

The Cowal Peninsula, lying between Loch Fyne and the Firth of Clyde (with its two northern arms, Loch Goil and Loch Long), has nothing to show in the way of scenery quite comparable to the rugged

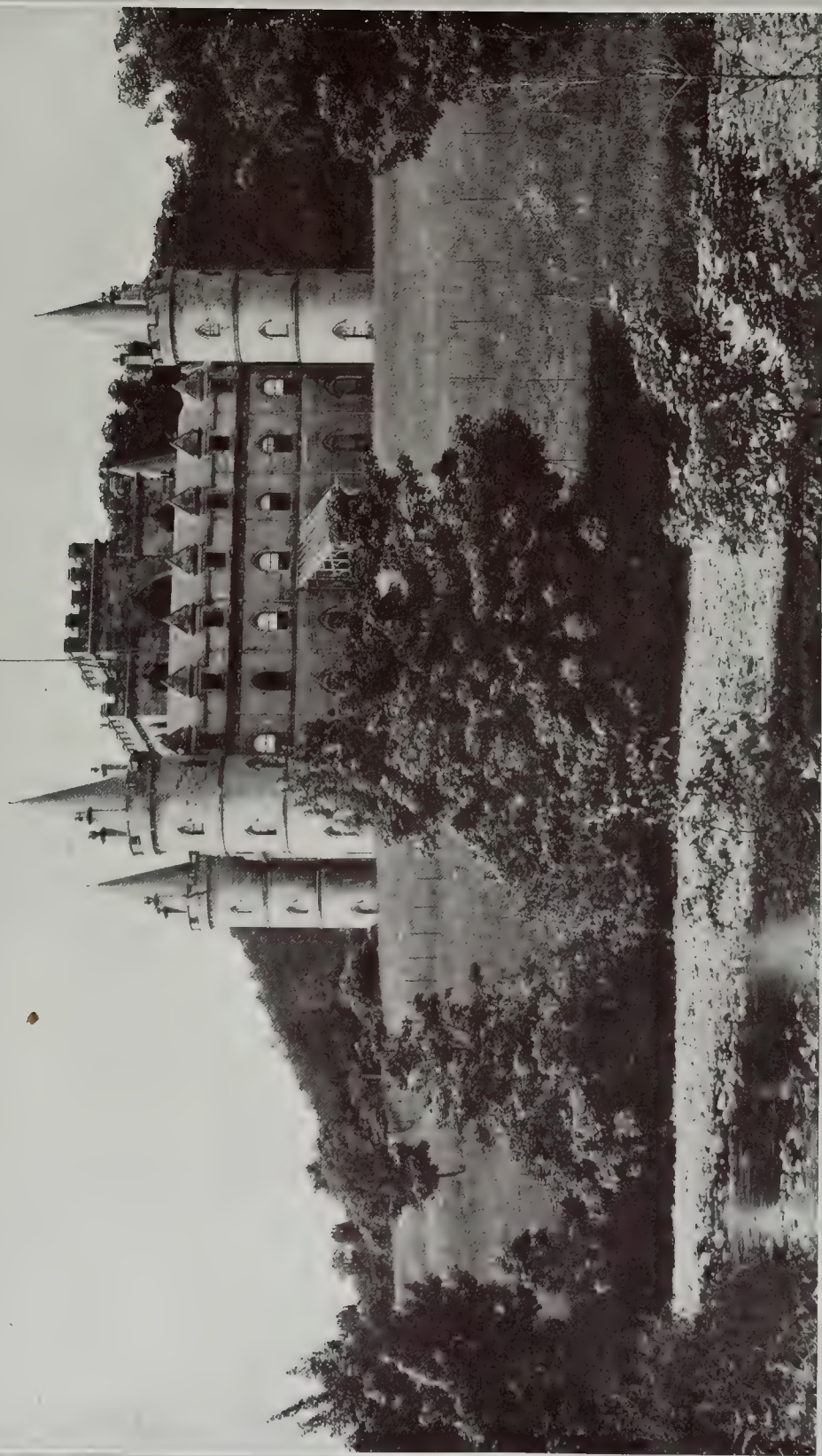


Photo by

INVERARAY CASTLE, EAST FRONT.

The castle was erected about 1750 from a plan by Adam for Duke Archibald; it is situated on the right bank of the Aray at its mouth, on a level green meadow thick-set with beech, lime, and Scotch and silver fir. The castle was partially destroyed by fire in 1877 and then underwent alteration. It is a spacious quadrangular-shaped structure with round towers at the angles and surmounted by a central tower with Gothic-shaped casements. The principal entrance is in the north front. The avenues surrounding the castle are tastefully laid out.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

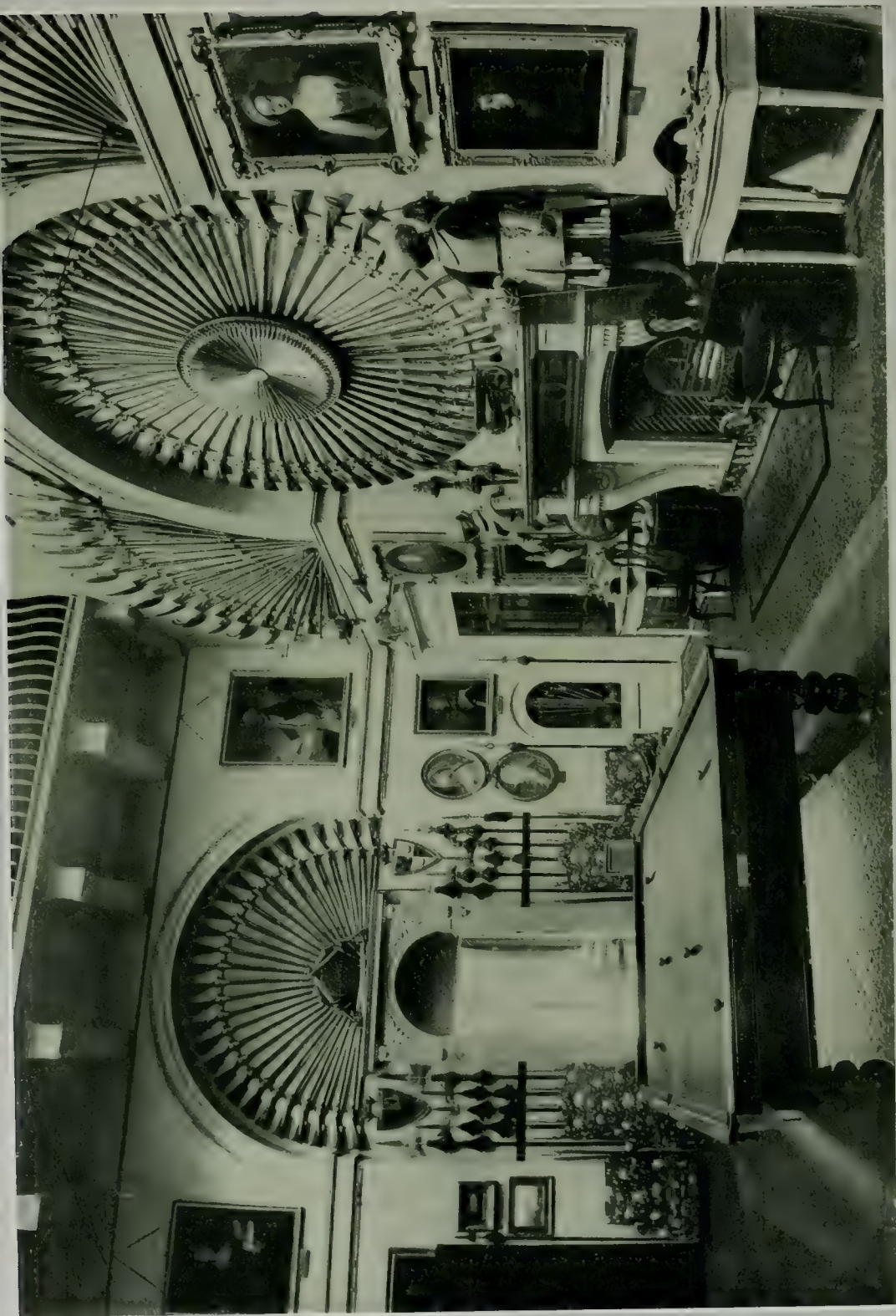


Photo by

THE ARMOURY, INVERARAY CASTLE.

The outer hall of the castle leads to a lofty guard-room, resplendent with the armorial ornaments of a great Highland chieftain. On the walls are the weapons of almost every age and country, and a link with Culloiden is supplied by about two hundred flint-lock muskets of the old county militia, who put up a valiant fight on this bloody field. Here and there, artistically arranged about the walls, are quite a number of Lochaber axes, trophies, shields, etc.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

mountain mass further north. But in Loch Long it possesses a true fjord which can hold its own even with Norway's world-renowned inlets. A long and narrow arm of the Firth of Clyde, it thrusts itself into the very heart of the mountain tangle. At its head stands the majestic Ben Arthur, better known as "The Cobbler," or "The Cobbler and his Wife." That "The Cobbler" is not exactly a speaking likeness of the industrious citizen it is supposed to portray may be gathered from what the author of that delightful book, *From John o'Groat's to Land's End*, tells us :

"We asked a gentleman who was standing in the road about the various objects of interest in the neighbourhood. Pointing to Ben Arthur in the distance, he very kindly tried to explain the curious



Phot. by]

THE KYLES OF BUTE.

Judges' Ltd

An arm of the Firth of Clyde separating the Island of Bute from the mainland. It is a favourite route to Oban from Glasgow, the whole voyage being well-sheltered by land. Up to Strone Point, where it contracts considerably, it is a capacious and beautiful bay, and just before the mouth of Loch Riddon the most picturesque part of the Kyles is reached.

formation of the rocks at the summit and to show us the cobbler and his wife, which they were supposed to represent. We had a long argument with him, and although he explained that the cobbler was sitting down, for the life of us we could not distinguish the form either of him or of his wife. We could see that he considered we were very stupid for not being able to see objects so plain to himself ; and when my brother asked him jocularly for the third time which was the cobbler and which was his wife, he became very angry and was inclined to quarrel with us. . . . We thanked him kindly for all the trouble he had taken and concluded, at first, that perhaps we were not of a sufficiently imaginative temperament or else not in a favourable position for viewing the outlines. But we became conscious of a rather strong smell of whiskey which emanated from our loquacious friend, from which fact we persuaded ourselves that he had been trying to show us features visible only under more elevated conditions."



Photo by]

LOCH ECK.

Judges', Ltd.

Though near favourite watering-places, Loch Eck is remarkable for its wild loneliness. The abrupt rise of some of the surrounding hills from the water's edge adds considerably to its mysterious beauty.

That was in 1871, but it may be doubted whether "The Cobbler" is any truer to its name now than it was then!

Almost every corner of Loch Long discloses vistas of the greatest beauty. The rugged Glen Croe, which sweeps round the foot of "The Cobbler," provides a fascinating and short overland route from the head of Loch Long to that of Loch Fyne. It is at the highest point of this pass that the "Rest



Photo by

DUNOON FROM THE WATERWORKS.

Judges', Ltd.

Dunoon is said to be one of the most ancient parishes in Scotland, and as a watering-place is much frequented by visitors, pleasure-steamers plying to and from the town daily. It commands a large sweep of the Firth of Clyde.



Photo by.]

BEN RU'IDH, LOCH ECK.

Ben Ruaidh is 2,178 feet high. Many of the hills around Loch Eck are green to the summit and slope gently down towards the lake; others are more steep and rocky. The shores of the lake particularly its east side are delightfully fringed with trees and coose.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd



Photo by

MILLER'S LINN, INVERARAY.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

This is one of the most attractive features of the River Aray, and is located about two miles from Inveraray, whence it is approached by a charming road. Though less than a dozen miles in length, the Aray contains many picturesque stretches from the time it leaves its source near Loch Awe to its estuary in Loch Fyne.

and be Thankful" stone is to be found, an object which was far too much for Wordsworth's love of moralising, and inspired him to the well-known lines: "Doubling and doubling, with laborious walk, Who that has gained at length the wished-for height, This brief, this simple wayside call can slight, And rest not thankful?"

Further south, another overland route across the Cowal Peninsula is provided by the picturesque "Hell's Glen," connecting the head of Loch Goil with St. Catherine's on Loch Fyne, opposite Inveraray. Loch Goil itself is only second to Loch Long for



Photo by] *The Photochrom Co., Ltd.*
KILBRIDE BRIDGE AND ENGLISH CHURCH, DUNOON.
 Many of the Scottish roads and rivers are crossed by fine stone bridges, of which this is a picturesque specimen.

the variety and magnificence of its scenery, the hills around arising tier on tier and enjoying the sarcastic nickname of "Argyll's Bowling Green."

South of Loch Goil and almost opposite the mouth of the Clyde, is a beautiful inlet with a beautiful name, "Holy Loch." The hills here are not so rugged in character, nor do they present such picturesque outlines, as the mountains further north. But they offer a beautiful background to the silvery waters of the loch and the white sails of the yachts with which the bay is studded in summer-time. On the northern shore



Photo by]

BEN BERNICE, LOCH ECK.

[*Valentine & Sons, Ltd.*

Loch Eck, near Dunoon, stretches almost northward and southward, and is about seven miles long. The waters of the Cur flow into its head and from its lower extremity issues the Eachaig. The mountains about the loch combine with it in making an imposing picture, for although they are not so high as others in Argyllshire their contours are very graceful.

stands Kilmun, supposed to have derived its name from St. Mungo, the patron saint of Glasgow. It is certain that there was a church here in the very earliest days of Scottish Christianity. Kilmun has a further interest as the burial-place of generations of the Argyll family, among them the Archibald Campbell, eighth earl and first marquess, who figured so largely in the Scottish and English civil wars in the seventeenth century. Perhaps no man ever suffered more from the storms of his day and generation. An ardent Covenanter and patriot, he was largely responsible for the alliance between the Scots and the English Parliament which cost Charles I his crown, and his policy of association with the southern neighbour was terminated only by the execution of the King, which outraged his religious and humanitarian feelings and alienated Scottish sympathies every-



Photo by]

PASS OF BRANDER, LOCH AWE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

The Pass of Brander is a great defile through which runs the River Awe as it leaves the loch of that name to take its course to Loch Etive. The pass lies among wild and stupendous mountain scenery, and is overlooked by Ben Cruachan (3,689 ft.), whose western base falls precipitously to the water's edge.

where. After being besieged in Inveraray Castle for nearly a year, he was compelled to make terms with the Commonwealth, and for his subsequent services to Cromwell he paid with his head in Edinburgh on May 27, 1661.

All this part of the shire is rich in memories of the Campbell family, some of them not by any means creditable, though in mitigation of sentence it must be said that the fierce clan hatreds and rivalries of the seventeenth century bred a spirit of barbaric revenge from which none of the warring parties was immune. Dunoon, the pleasant seaside resort south of the Holy Loch, was formerly the home of the Campbells, and in 1646 it witnessed one of their least defensible exploits, the massacre of their rivals, the Lamonts. In that year the Campbells made a violent attempt to extirpate them; their castle at Toward was burnt and the prisoners were conveyed to Dunoon and there done to death with every circumstance of barbarity. Whether haunted by remorse or for some other reason, the Earl of Argyll shortly afterwards deserted Dunoon Castle and removed his residence to Inveraray. A glimpse



Photo by

SUMMIT OF "THE COBBLER."

Ben Arthur (2,891 ft.) or "The Cobbler," as it is familiarly known, is one of the Arrochar range and it is situated at the head of Loch Long. It derives its nickname from the fact that the rocks at its peak are so peculiarly cracked and broken that they assume fanciful shapes, one known as "The Cobbler at Rest" and the other "The Cobbler at Work," in which he is seen bending over his last. The summit near by is known as "The Cobbler's Wife."

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.



Photo by

NEAR DALMALLY.

The Glenorchy district, in which Dalmally is situated, was once the home of the Clan Gregor. In Scott's gathering song of the clan he refers to the loss of their possessions in lines which begin: "Glenorchy's proud mountains, Coaltchulrn and her towers, Glenstrae and Glenlyon, no longer are ours." There are several lofty mountains in the district, including Ben Cruachan (3,689 ft.) and Ben Fualach (3,242 ft.).

Judges', Ltd.

of Dunoon's functions a century ago can be obtained from John Gorton's *Topographical Dictionary*, where it is said that "It stands upon a bay called Holy Loch, where ships bound for Greenock and Glasgow perform quarantine, and disembark their sick, for whose reception there is a lazaretto on the shore."

The far-famed "Kyles of Bute," whose praises need no singing, are a narrow strait connecting the Firth of Clyde with Loch Fyne and running up both sides of the Island of Bute, which thrusts its nose into the curious pincer-like formation of the southern end of the Cowal Peninsula. There are few areas in the world where nature has been more lavish with her charms. Two beautiful fjords, Loch Striven and Loch Ridden, grope their way into the wooded Cowal Hills immediately north of the "Kyles," and the passage itself is so thickly studded with islands that a steamer threading its way among them seems engaged in some fantastic game. One of them, Eilean Dherg, has played its part in history, for it was



Photo by

GLEN FINART AND LOCH LONG.

(Judges', Ltd

Glen Finart, some four miles in length, connects Loch Long with Loch Eck, and is traversed by a carriage road commanding some of the pleasantest scenery in the district. At the Loch Long extremity of the glen is Ardentenny, while at the point where the glen opens on Loch Eck is Whistlefield Inn.

here that the ninth Earl of Argyll made his headquarters in his ill-fated attempt to aid the Monmouth rebellion of 1685 by a rising in Scotland. Curiously enough he met the same fate as his unfortunate father, though he had fought on the royalist side in the Civil War and rendered signal services to the future Charles II. His selection of Eilean Dherg for his fort was inspired by a notion that it was impregnable against attack by James II's fleet. Unfortunately for Argyll that unamiable monarch knew more about ships than anything else, and the fleet he had done so much to reform made short work of the "impregnable" fortress. A few days later Argyll was beheaded in Edinburgh.

Memories of the Dunoon massacre are recalled by Ardlamont House, situated at the western entrance to the Kyles. As its name implies, it was the headquarters of the unfortunate Lamont clan, but by a strange freak of fortune its fame rests mainly on a comparatively modern occurrence—the mysterious death of a certain Lieutenant Hambrough in 1893, followed by a sensational trial at Edinburgh, the

result of which was to leave the "Ardlamont Mystery" among the many unsolved problems in which the amateur detective delights.

Between Ardlamont and Skipness Point on the Mull of Kintyre is the entrance to Loch Fyne, an inlet of the Firth of Clyde which stretches away north for fifty miles into the heart of the mountain region. On its western shore stand a number of well-known tourist resorts, or ports of call for the Clyde steamers: Tarbert, Ardrishaig, and Lochgilphead, but the historical lion of the district is the small town of Inveraray, ten miles from the northern end of the loch, the capital of the county and the seat of the Argyll family.

Both the present town and the present castle are in the main the creation of the learned third Duke of Argyll. The old town was a collection of squalid dwellings crowding round the castle. The Duke, who preferred to have the town at a discreet distance (particularly as the impelling reason for



Photo by]

LOCH LONG, ARDENTINNY.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Loch Long, which separates the counties of Argyll and Dumbarton, is about 24 miles long and 2 miles broad. Ardentinn is a village situated on the western shore of the loch, and is noted in connection with Tannahill's beautiful song "The Lass o' Arranteen." The Kilmun Hills, including many high peaks ranging up to 2,000 feet, lie south-west of the village.

its proximity—protection in lawless times—had gone with the rebellion of 1745), began to rebuild it half a mile away. The present town has one claim to distinction which must be almost unique. With a population of just over half a thousand, it is the county town of a shire which is the largest in the British Isles with the exception of Inverness and Yorkshire! But the very smallness of the town has itself contributed to the beauty of its position. The wonderful richness and variety of its woods and vegetation (much of it planted by former Dukes of Argyll), the beautiful height of Duniquoich which presides over the scene, the peaceful nappe of Loch Fyne, and the tumbling waters of the Aray and Shira make a combination which is truly one of Nature's masterpieces.

The story of the Campbells is in some ways the story of Argyllshire and belongs to Scottish history. It lies outside the scope of this work, but the legend of Major Campbell of Inverawe, which the late Duke of Argyll gives in his book of reminiscences, *Passages from the Past*, is picturesque enough to merit special mention. In the year 1755 the Major was walking on Ben Cruachan, the noble mountain at the



Photo by]

ON THE RIVER ARAY.

Though but a small stream, the Aray has a very charming course. Rising near Loch Awe, it runs south for about nine miles and empties into Loch Fyne between Inveraray and the hill of Dunquolich, a little to the north. The bed of the Aray is rocky, and the river passes sometimes under rugged cliffs and again through groves of oak and birch. There are several beautiful water-falls in the course of the stream, the finest of which is Lenach-Gluthin.

[H. N. King.

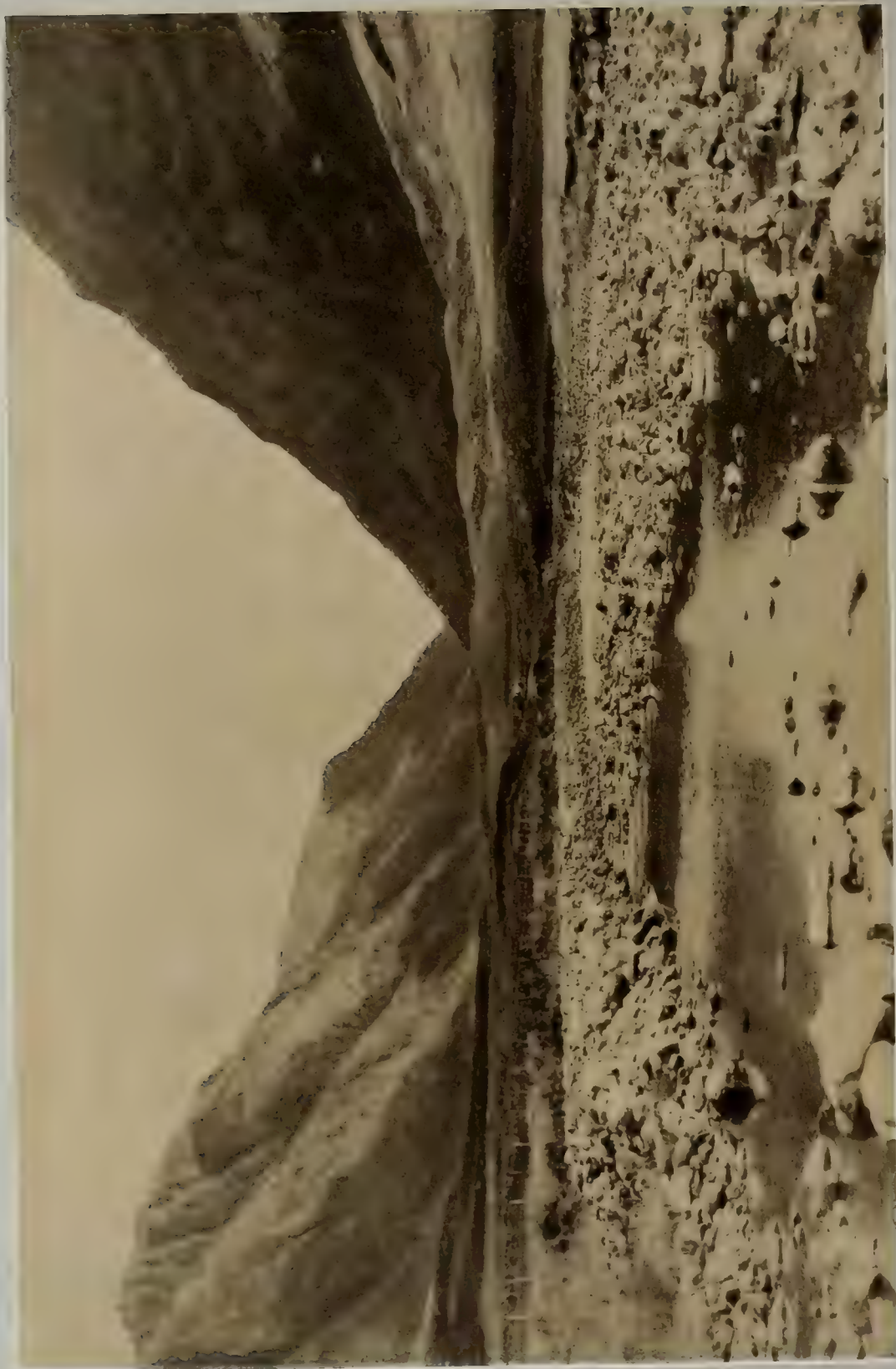


Photo by

IN THE PASS OF GLENCOE.

Udges', Ltd

The glen will always be remembered as the scene of the massacre on the 13th February, 1692. This was the work of Campbell of Glen Lyon and 128 soldiers, acting under the orders of William III, and out of 200 inhabitants of the glen about 40 were killed and several died from exposure. The ostensible cause of the massacre was that Macdonald of Glencoe failed to take the oath of allegiance to the King within a specified time. "Glencoe," in the Gaelic, means Glen of Weeping, and the pass is indeed a dreary and solitary one.

head of Loch Awe. A terrified stranger appeared and begged his protection from his foes. Inverawe was filled with pity for the poor wretch and "swore on his word of honour, as a Campbell, to protect him from his foes, *whoever they might be*, and hid him in the cavern of Cruachan." That same day the Major was informed that the murderer of his foster-brother had made good his escape and was lurking in the neighbourhood of Cruachan. Inverawe had no doubt of the man's identity with the murderer, but he regarded his pledged word as sacred. Three times did his murdered brother's ghost appear to him, abjuring him with the words "blood for blood" to revenge his death, and adding, "But we shall meet again at Ticonderoga," but by the time he had made up his mind to carry out the dead man's behest the murderer had vanished.

In 1757 Inverawe saw service with the Highlanders in Canada, and on one occasion asked his colonel



Photo. h.v.]

LOCH TREACHTAN, GLENCOE.

[Valentine & Sons. Ltd.]

This small lake is situated in the middle of Glencoe, and is fed by the streamlet Coe or Cona, which has been made famous by Ossian, who is reputed to have been born on its bank. "Ossian's Cave" is still located high up in the rocks near by.

if he had ever heard of a place called Ticonderoga, telling him his reason for his interest in it. "The next summer" (writes the Duke of Argyll) "the regiment was ordered to storm a place of the name of St. Louis. That was its name as given by the French, but it turned out that the native appellation was Ticonderoga! One of the Intelligence officers, on learning this, informed Colonel Grant, who said, "For the love of God, keep it from Inverawe." The place was stormed and, among those who fell, mortally wounded, were Inverawe and his son. Inverawe, with his dying breath, said: "This place is Ticonderoga, and not St. Louis. I know it, for I have seen my brother!"

Many there are who would maintain that the fame of Loch Fyne rests not on the renown of the Campbells, nor even the beauty of its scenery, but on the taste of its herrings. The Loch Fyne herring is confidently asserted to be totally unlike the ordinary commercial fish of that name.

The district of Lorne is separated from that of Argyll proper by the full length (over twenty miles) of Loch Awe, perhaps the most beautiful fresh-water lake in Scotland, with its many islands, its wooded banks, and the mighty peaks of Ben Cruachan towering above the fork at its northern extremity. There are many fine country houses and some noble ruins, among them Fincharn Castle, Kilchurn Castle, and the Castle of Ardchonnell, on a small island almost opposite "New York." Ardchonnell was once a home of the Campbells and is said to have inspired their battle-cry of "It's a far cry to Loch Ow," which was



Photo by

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

PASS OF GLENCOE FROM NEAR THE BRIDGE OF THREE WATERS.

The mountains which wall in the Pass of Glencoe differ from most of the Highland groups in that they are massed closely together and rise precipitously in rugged confusion. For this reason they have been justly called the Alps of Glencoe, and the range extends six to eight miles from east to west.

not, as might be supposed, a mediæval equivalent of "It's a long, long way to Tipperary," but rather a challenge to their enemies to come and dig them out of their fastness.

But the finest ruin of all this district is undoubtedly Kilchurn, situated at the extremity of a small promontory jutting into the north-east corner of the loch. The keep was built about 1440 by Sir John Campbell of Glenorchy, the ancestor of the Breadalbane family. If tradition is right he was the Enoch Arden of his day. He went off crusading in the East and was away so long that his absence, coupled with a report of his death in



Photo by

DUART CASTLE, SOUND OF MULL.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The ruins of Duart (or Dowart) Castle stand at the eastern entrance to the Sound of Mull, on the mainland of the island. The castle, which was at one time the home of a great family of the clan Maclean, stands on the edge of a high cliff. The large tower, almost square, forms the principal part of the building, and its walls are 12 ft. thick.

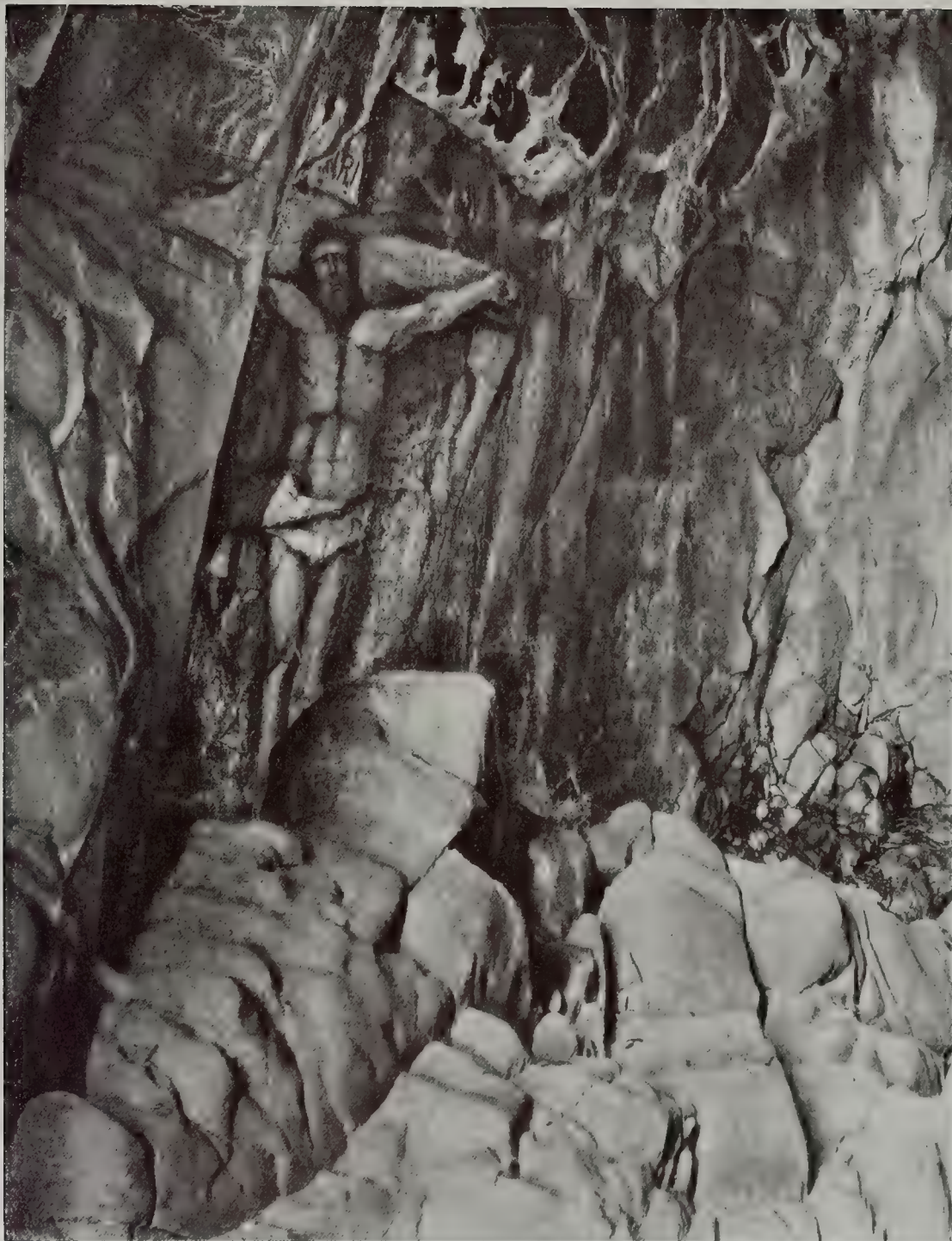


Photo by,

PICTURE CAVE, DAVARR, CAMPBELTOWN

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

This cave, with its curious figure in the rock, is situated on Davarr Island, which lies just outside Campbeltown Harbour, and is much frequented by visitors to the district. The rock of which the island is composed renders some fine specimens of brown and green porphyry.

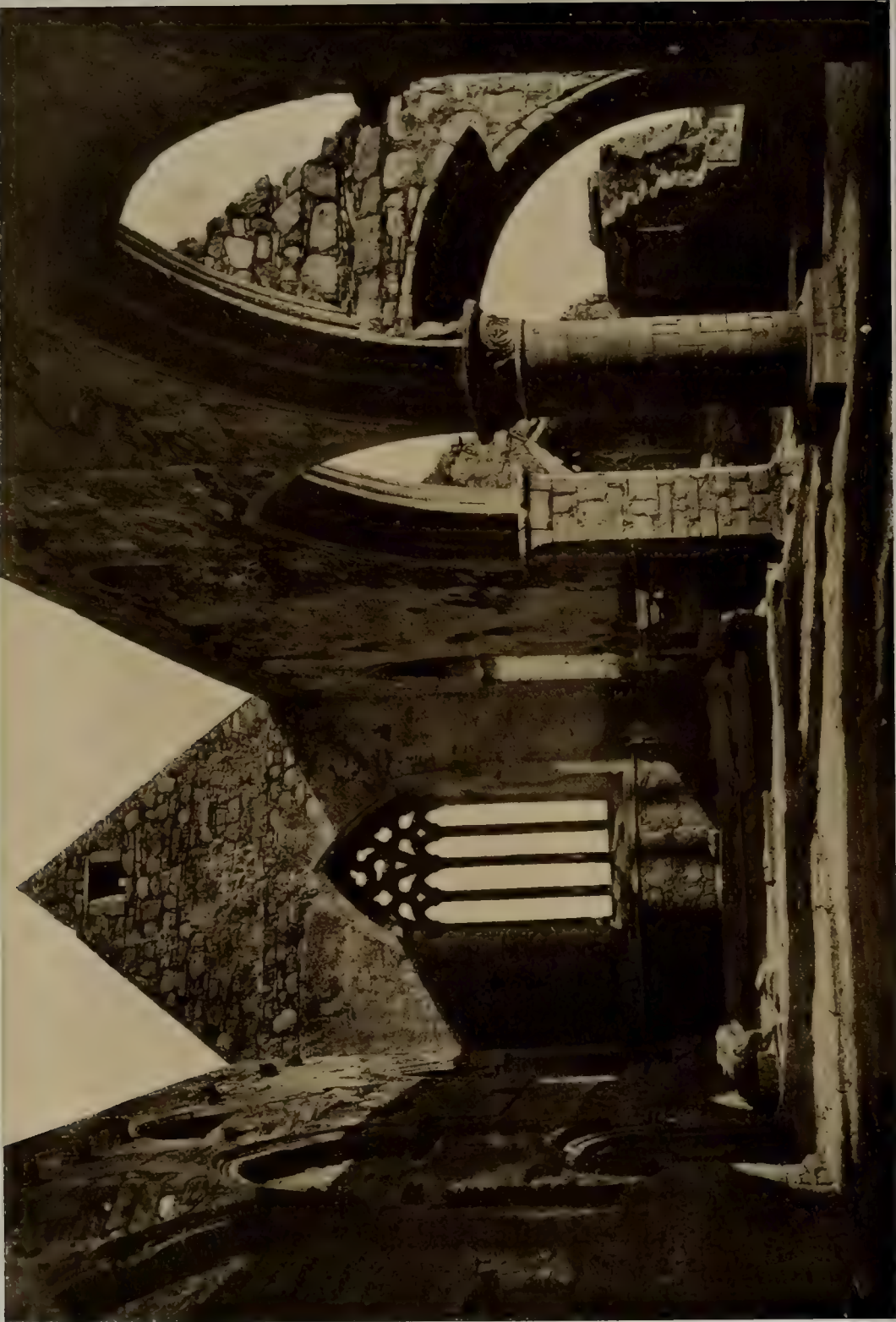


Photo by

IONA CATHEDRAL.

The Cathedral Church of St. Mary, Iona, is built in the form of a cross, principally in the First Pointed style, and is 160 feet in length and 24 feet in width. There are a nave, transepts, and choir. On the north side of the choir is a sacristy, and on the south side are small chapels. The traces of other styles of architecture besides that mentioned indicate that the cathedral was built at different periods between the thirteenth and the sixteenth centuries. The supposed tomb of St. Columba, the Irish Christian missionary who came to live here in 563, is situated on the north side of the cathedral, though whether or not his remains are actually here is a matter of contention. This photograph was taken before the restoration of the roof of the Cathedral.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

battle, persuaded his wife-widow to accept another husband. But on the very day of the wedding the wanderer turned up at Kilchurn and claimed his own, his claim being gladly recognised by all save the second bridegroom.

Loch Awe drains into Loch Etive (so ultimately into Loch Linnhe) by the River Awe through the far-famed Pass of Brander, and at the junction of the last-named lochs stands another magnificent military stronghold of the Middle Ages: Dunstaffnage Castle. The story of this building, or that of its predecessors, reaches back into hoary antiquity, and at least to a time when the Scots had their capital here before their union with the Picts in the ninth century. It is believed to be the burial-place of several of the early Scots kings, and, if tradition is to be accepted, it once housed the famous "Coronation Stone" which Edward I carried away from Scone in 1297 and placed in Westminster Abbey. The stone is supposed to have been brought from Ireland to Iona and thence conveyed to Dunstaffnage. Many are



Photo by

IONA CATHEDRAL AND ST. MARTIN'S CROSS. *Valentine & Sons, Ltd.*

St. Martin's Cross (in foreground, is formed of one slab of red granite, 14 ft. high, and is generally regarded as a beautifully proportioned piece of work. It bears a curious mass of Runic figures and ornaments.



Photo by

IONA CATHEDRAL: SOUTH AISLE.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

This illustration gives an idea of the stout rough pillars which are a feature of the cathedral. Most of them are 10 ft. high and 3 ft. in diameter; crudely designed and grotesque figures adorn their capitals. One of such designs depicts an angel weighing souls, while the devil presses down one scale with his claw.



Photo by

CREACACH POINT, PORT ELLEN, ISLAY.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

Although the Isle of Islay does not contain much to interest the tourist, there is some fine coastal scenery. Of the Southern Hebrides it is the largest and most westerly island, and the similarity between the cliffs of Islay and those of the neighbouring Isle of Jura clearly denotes that at one time the islands were connected.

and of great natural beauty, thanks to Lochs Nell and Creran, two very picturesque inlets of Loch Linnhe.

On the shores of Loch Nell is the supposed city of the ancient capital of the Scots to which the historian Ptolemy gave the name Beregonium. Hard by is Barcaldine Castle, a restored fifteenth-



Photo by

KILCHOMAN SANCTUARY CROSS, ISLAY.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

Within the parish of Kilchoman are ruins of no less than five ancient churches, each having a burying-ground adjacent. Hence it is not surprising that there are a number of quaint obelisks of great antiquity.

the historical events with which the castle is associated, perhaps the most famous being its capture by Robert Bruce after a battle in the Pass of Brander. It also played a part in the two Jacobite Rebellions, and in 1746 it was for several days the prison of Flora Macdonald when on her way to trial in London for assisting in the escape of "Bonnie Prince Charlie."

The region between Loch Etive and Loch Leven is highly historical

which returned to the possession of the Campbells of Barcaldine at the end of the last century. But perhaps the most memorable spot in this region is Ard-sheal, south-west of Ballachulish, which provided History with the sensation of the mysterious murder of Campbell of Glenure on May 14, 1752, and Robert Louis Stevenson with the theme of his novels *Kidnapped* and *Catriona*.

South of Loch Etive the most



Photo by]

FINGAL'S CAVE, STAFFA.

Of the famed caves of the Island of Staffa, Fingal's, or the Great Cave, is best known and most interesting. Its basaltic columns are identical in formation with those of the Giant's Causeway on the Irish coast; even at low tide, the floor of the Great Cave is covered by water, reflecting the rays of the sun from outside, and thus adding to the beauty of the interior, at certain hours of the day. The pillars of basalt rise to a height of 36 feet in parts of the cave; like those of the Giant's Causeway, they vary from triangular to hexagonal in form, and none is actually cylindrical.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.



Photo by

CORRIE BAU, BLACK MOUNT.

This bleak and solitary aspect of the famous deer haunt is in striking contrast to the view of Black Mount from Loch Tulla, which is reproduced in colour opposite page 97.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

prominent features of the landscape are the town of Oban, the beautiful lochs (Feochan, Melfort, and Craignish) which indent the coast, and the string of islands which form an almost unbroken line from Seil to Jura and Islay.

Nothing could be finer of its kind than the situation of Oban standing at the foot of wooded hills on the semicircular shores of a delightful bay which is all but shut in by the Island of Kerrera. This "Charing Cross of the Highlands," as it has been called, is, as its nickname implies, primarily a place where tourists are sorted out and shunted off to their different destinations, Skye, Mull, the Caledonian Canal, Ballachulish, and Fort William, Loch Awe and Inveraray, Staffa and Iona, and scores of other



Photo by

MULL OF KINTYRE AND LIGHTHOUSE.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd

Peter Stuart built this lighthouse in 1788, but it was afterwards remodelled by Robert Stephenson. From here the cliffs of Donegal are visible in clear weather, while Islay, Rathlin, and the magnificent panorama of the Atlantic add to the beauty of the scenery. The rugged and precipitous rocks give an effect of greater height than is actually the case, and add to the attraction of the seascape.

world-famed haunts. As everyone knows, the town was "made" by the Glasgow steamers and the globe-trotting spirit; but its own claims to consideration are high. Wonderful views, embracing Loch Linnhe and its islands, Ben Cruachan and the mountains of Morven and Mull, can be obtained from many points behind the town, and on the northern horn of the bay is the picturesque and venerable ruin of Dunollie Castle, the ancestral home of the MacDougalls, Lords of Lorne, one of whom had the honour of avenging the death of his father-in-law, the famous Red Comyn, by defeating his murderer, the even more famous Robert Bruce, in 1306.

The islands of Argyllshire (with the exception, perhaps, of Jura, Staffa, and Iona) do not get the attention from the tourist which they deserve. The remarkable basaltic caves of Staffa and the world-famed ecclesiastical remains on Iona are on the itinerary of every tripper who sails the western seas. Even Mendelssohn yielded to the international impetus and came away from Staffa

with the leitmotiv of "Fingal's Cave" ringing in his ears; Wordsworth wrote three sonnets on Iona; and Dr. Johnson's renowned but somewhat pompous dictum on that island has got into the copy-books: "That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." This is all as it should be: Staffa is a most remarkable phenomenon, and to anyone interested (as everyone should be) in the beginnings of British Christianity and Christian civilisation the "Westminster Abbey of Scotland" is as worthy of a visit as its



Photo by

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

MACLEAN'S CROSS, IONA.

Along a causeway known, by reason of its multitude of monuments, as "The Street of the Dead," stands Maclean's Cross, said to date from the sixth century. It is 11 feet high, and with the "Iona Cross" alone remains out of 360 crosses which existed on the island in pre-Reformation days.

more popular rival in London. But the Argyll islands have other glories to show. "*Isle of Mull*. Loch 'Baa' or the Lake of 'Life and Beauty' was rather a discovery for 'my people,'" writes the Duke of Argyll in the book before-mentioned, and proceeds to quote a letter of August 1, 1856, from Lord Ellesmere to the Duke's grandmother: "... The scene depicted above, in my pen and ink sketch, is not Loch Sunart, but Loch Baa, in the Island of Mull, a water Paradise, the one shore of which and both ends belong to Argyll, and one side of the lake to Lord Strathallan, individuals possibly of merit in their way.

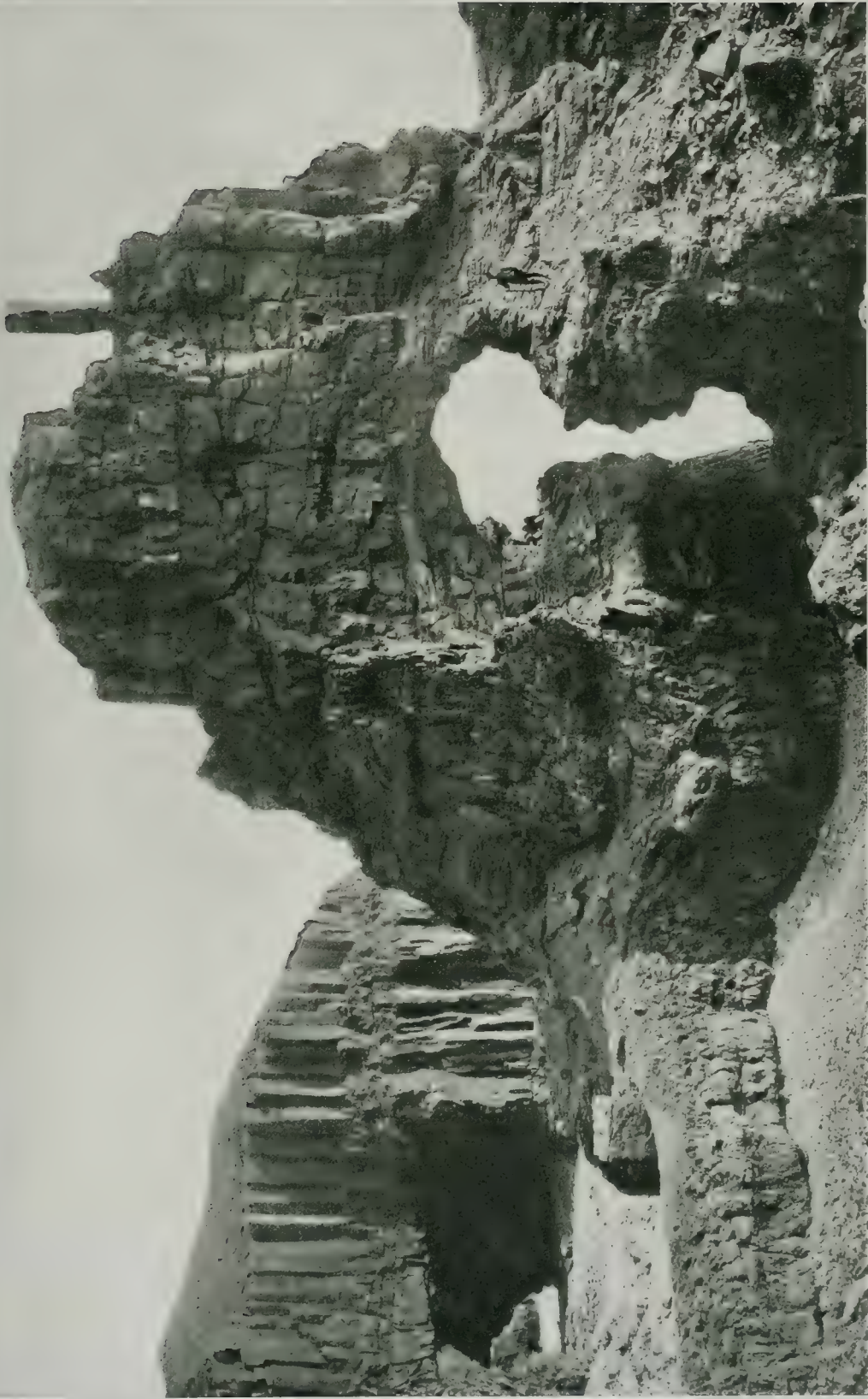


Photo by

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

CLAMSHELL CAVE, ISLE OF STAFFA.

This is generally the first to be noted among Staffa's caves by the visitor. On one side the columnar formation is curved, resembling the ribs of a ship, while the opposite wall is formed by the ends of columns giving the appearance of a honeycomb. The cave is 30 feet in height and about 17 feet in breadth at its entrance, with a length of 130 feet.



CARSAIG ARCH, ISLE OF MULL.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd

Photo by

The arch in this magnificent crag forms one of the finest natural wonders of the Isle of Mull ; it is best seen from the sea, with sunlight striking on it, when in the background may be seen the rugged heights of Ben More, rising to over 3,000 feet above sea-level.

but apparently insensible of the immense superiority of their possession to the rest of the habitable world!"

The same might be said, perhaps in terms less dithyrambic, of some of the scenes in Jura and the Inner Hebrides, and all the initiated know that Islay has a charm peculiarly its own, and that the peninsula of Kintyre has more to show than Machrihanish Golf Course.

Campbeltown, the most important town in Kintyre, is now more famous as a centre of whisky distilling than anything else, though many other industries flourish there. Its modern commercial activity somewhat obscures its ancient renown as the capital of the kingdom of Scottish Dalriada, itself an offshoot of the Irish Dalriada.

Much of the coast of Kintyre is exceedingly fine. On the east the peninsula is separated from Arran



Photo by]

HOLY LOCH. ARGYLLSHIRE.

[Judges', Ltd.

About the hours of sunrise and sunset, and especially the latter, the views from the shores of Holy Loch are of wonderful beauty. The loch is probably named from the Church of St. Mun on its northern shore; since the sixth century a church has existed in this spot, and in the fifteenth century a collegiate church was established here, in the vault of which many members of the great Argyll family were interred.

by Kilbrennan Sound, and the views of that island, with its almost unequalled mountain silhouettes, is world-famed. On the south, the coast of Antrim with its splendid promontories—Bengore Head, Fair Head, Runabay Head, and Garron Point—and the interesting and historic Rathlin Island, are open to view across the waters of the North Channel. It is said that the Roman conquest of Britain was inevitable if only because the white cliffs at and around Dover were a standing invitation to every spectator on the Gallic shore. The same unseen force must surely have been at work in the case of the south-west corner of Scotland and the north-east corner of Ireland. So complete was the inter-communication between these regions at one stage that it was hard to say whether Argyllshire (or what we now call Argyllshire) was a part of northern Ireland, or northern Ireland a part of Argyllshire. Be that as it may, and though Ireland gave Scotland its Columba and the first rudiments of Christian civilisation, there is a good deal of force in the contention that the county is the "spiritual home" of the new kingdom in northern Ireland which has been one of the after-effects of the Great War.

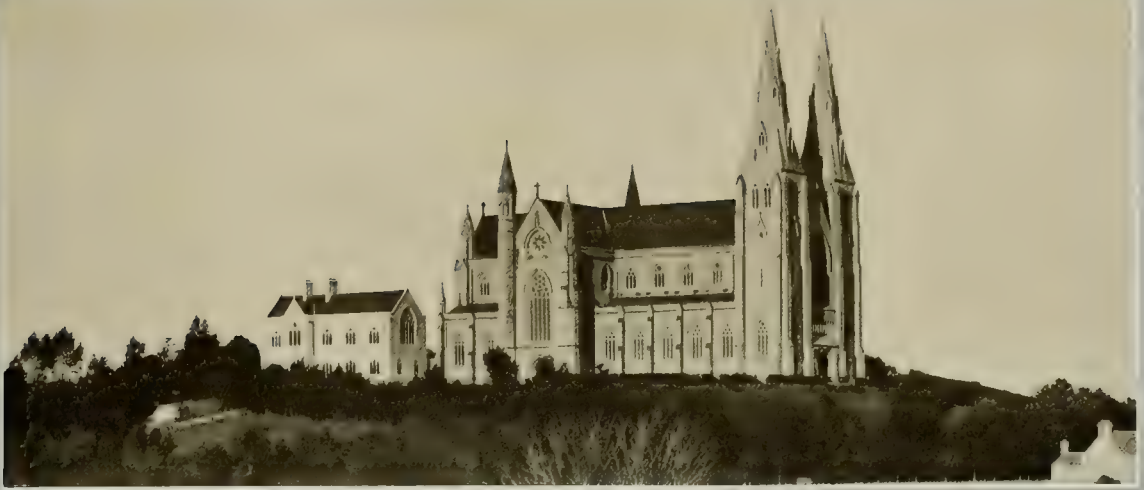


Photo by,

ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, ARMAGH.

[W. Lawrence, Dublin.

Built on a hill, and with fine twin spires, the modern Catholic Cathedral of Armagh is one of the most conspicuous features of the town and district. It was consecrated in 1873, and has often reminded visitors familiar with Continental architecture of Cologne Cathedral. Apart from the spires (210 feet high), the uniform height of the cathedral is remarkable.

COUNTY ARMAGH

SAINT PATRICK, Saint Bridget, and Saint Columba unite in linking Armagh the county, and especially Armagh the city, with Irish history and legend in a way that no other county of the western isle can claim. "No city," says Reeves in writing of Armagh, "is so rich in historical association, and yet has so little to show and so little to tell in the present day, as Armagh. St. Patrick's



Photo by]

PROTESTANT CATHEDRAL, ARMAGH.

[W. Lawrence, Dublin

This building, in its original state, dates back to 1268, when it was erected to replace the burnt-down Armagh Cathedral of the time. It was restored in 1613, and again in 1834, but the transepts are as originally built by Maelpatrick O'Scanlain, Primate of Ireland, in the thirteenth century. Magnificent monuments to Dean Drelincourt by Rysbraek, to Primate Stuart by Chantrey, and to Sir Thomas Molyneux by Roubiliac adorn the interior. The aisles of the nave date back to 1367, and the cathedral as a whole follows the foundations of the "Great Stone Church" which existed here as early as the ninth century.



Photo by

ROXBOROUGH CASTLE.

W. Lawrence Dublin

The seat of the Charlemont family, Roxborough Castle is a modern building of stately design, so situated that it forms one of the landmarks of Armagh. The Charlemont family, from which the old fort near by is named, is intimately connected with Irish history of the seventeenth century, when William, brother of the then Lord Charlemont, captured Sir Phelim O'Neill, who was responsible for the murder of the governor of the fort.



Photo by

ABBAY RUINS, ARMAGH.

W. Lawrence Dublin

Round the "Great Church" of St. Patrick grew up a school of religious learning, famed throughout Christianised Europe, until, in the tenth century, the ravaging Danes swept away the monastery and its inhabitants with sword and fire. The abbey, of later date, was a product of the revival of religious instruction in this centre of Irish Catholic faith.

first church is now represented by the Bank of Ireland; the Provincial Bank comes close on St. Columba's; St. Bride's shares its honours with a paddock; St. Peter and St. Paul afford stabling and garden produce to a modern *rus in urbe*; and St. Mary's is lost in a dwelling-house."

The hill on which St. Patrick established his first church, a building of stone, was called "Ard-Macha," in honour of a heroine of Irish legend. "Queen Macha of the Golden Hair," as she was called, is reputed to have founded the "Palace of Emania," some 300 years B.C., and to have been buried here after being killed in battle. The site of the ancient palace is now known as Navan Fort, near by which is an almost complete stone circle, with thirty-two stones still in place.

The story of Macha of the Golden Hair, the only queen who ever ruled in Ireland, is half legendary; it is not until the fifth century that authentic history begins with the coming of St. Patrick, and since Armagh became the saint's headquarters



Photo by]

[W. Lawrence, Dublin.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, ARMAGH: INTERIOR.

The Catholic Cathedral, constructed in the Decorated style, is cruciform in plan. It is 210 feet in length, the width across the transepts is 112 feet, and across the nave and aisles 72 feet. The uniform height of the cathedral throughout is remarkable, being no less than 110 feet from floor to ridge. The apse is particularly imposing.

early in his life, it bulks largely in early records. Lupita, his sister, was buried in his first church, and after this came the building of the "Great Church" on Armagh hill, the form of which is still preserved in the Protestant Cathedral, which occupies the same site.

The present building is a restoration, so complete as to be almost a reconstruction, of one built on the site of the "Great Church" in the thirteenth century—the shell of the old cathedral is covered by the new. From the tower, there is a view that extends to Scotland, across Belfast Lough and the sugarloaf shape of Slemish in Antrim, while the limestone hills of Sligo rise to westward. Toward Derry the perspective recedes magnificently till closed in haze.

The Roman Catholic Cathedral, consecrated in 1873, is an imposing edifice with its twin spires, and is noteworthy principally on account of the great height of its interior and the decoration of the apse. Both in form and the materials of which it is built, this cathedral suggests the Continental type of ecclesiastical architecture.

From its earliest days, Armagh has been not only the religious centre of Ireland but also one of the greatest centres of secular strife. Marauders,



Photo by

COLLEGE STREET, ARMAGH.

(W. Lawrence, Dublin.

This is one of the most picturesque streets of the historic city, which is the See of the Primate of All Ireland, and from the days of St. Patrick has been intimately associated with Church history. The whole city is situated on the slopes of hills, and, as in the case of College Street, all its streets present a hilly appearance.



Photo by

BROWNLOW HOUSE, LURGAN.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

This handsome Elizabethan mansion is the seat of the Brownlow family, which has been associated with the town of Lurgan since William Brownlow founded it in Elizabethan days. The house, which is built of Scotch sandstone, is situated in one of the most beautiful parks in all Ireland, a little to the south of Lough Neagh.



Photo by]

ROYAL SCHOOL, ARMAGH.

[W. Lawrence, Dublin

Thanks to its ecclesiastical prominence, Armagh has always been one of the chief seats of learning in Ireland. The Royal School was founded in 1627 by Charles I, and still flourishes as a survival of the scholastic institutions which sent forth such great scholars as Aigilbert, Bishop of the Western Isles, Gildas, Albanus, and others, in mediæval ages.

chiefly Danish bands, sacked and destroyed the city time after time; the records show that it was plundered and burned in A.D. 839, 890, 990, 1021, and 1092; Brian Boru and his son were buried here after the battle of Clontarf in 1014. Five and a half centuries later, in 1566, came Shane O'Neill, of whom the historian Camden wrote, "The Church and City of Armagh were so foully defaced by the rebel Shane O'Neill that nothing remaineth at this day but a few wattled cottages and ruinous walls."



Photo by]

TYNAN ABBEY.

W. Lawrence, Dublin.

Tynan lies some six miles to the west of Armagh itself. The abbey, converted to modern uses, is a building displaying several different styles of architecture, in which the Elizabethan is most prominent. The nests of chimneys are specially noteworthy as characteristic of the period of their construction.

Next year O'Neill was murdered by the McDonnells, and Armagh, restored by Primate Hampden, had rest till 1642, when Sir Phelim O'Neill came to sack and destroy it as had his kinsman.

Prior to his coming, King Charles I established the Royal School here in 1627. This foundation may rank as a survival from the early days of Irish history, when Armagh was the very centre and fount of learning, sending forth such famous scholars as Albanus, Gildas, and others hardly less renowned throughout Europe.

Along the Keady road, on the bank of the Callan Water, stands a cairn that marks the grave of Nial Caille, who is said to have died in rescuing one of his men from the waters of the river while waiting with his army to give battle to the Danes.



Photo by]

KING CALLAN'S GRAVE, ARMAGH.

W. Lawrence, Dublin

King Callan, "Queen Macha of the Golden Hair," and Chieftain Duire, whom St. Patrick asked for the site of his "Great Church," are all great figures in the history of Armagh. Callan rests in sylvan shade in the heart of the land he governed; the stone wall surrounding his burial-place is of later date than the grave itself.

Two miles to the north of the city is the site of the "Battle of the Yellow Ford," in which Hugh O'Neill, another member of the rebel family that troubled Armagh in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, defeated an English force commanded by Sir Henry Bagenal. At Richhill, five miles distant from Armagh, an obelisk in the grounds of Castle Dillon commemorates the formation of the Irish Volunteer Force in 1782. Thence the road runs north-eastward through placidly pastoral country by way of Portadown to Lurgan, a town founded by and since closely associated with the Brownlow family, whose Elizabethan-style mansion is one of the most picturesque features of the district.

To the archæologist, the most interesting feature of Armagh County is Navan Fort, already mentioned as the site of the royal palace of Emania, whence the old-time kings of Ulster are said to have ruled for a period of six hundred years after its founding by Queen Macha. The palace was sacked and burned in the year 332 by the Collas of Heremon, and was never restored. The site is an ellipse,



Photo by

W. Lawrence.

CHARLEMONT FORT.

The first fort on this site was constructed in 1602 by Lord Mountjoy, and in 1642 Sir Phelim O'Neill seized and murdered Lord Caulfield, the Governor of Charlemont Fort, by treachery.

The fort was sold in 1858 to the then Earl of Charlemont.



Photo by

W. A. Green.

ARMAGH.

Built on the steep slopes of hills, surmounted by the old Protestant cathedral, Armagh occupies a commanding position. Many of the older houses are constructed of the dull-red "Armagh marble."

twelve acres in extent; on its western side the great entrenchments are still perfect, as is a central eminence or mound over 200 feet in diameter and nearly 140 feet in height.

To the south and south-east of the county, the pastoral flats give place to hills, among which Camlough Mountain (1,385 feet in height) and Slieve Gullion (1,893 feet) are most conspicuous. The northern boundary is formed by the southern shores of Lough Neagh.

Among the hills of the south, along the shores of Lough Neagh and from the lesser heights of the old cathedral city, Armagh offers prospects of quiet beauty, while its parks—Lurgan and Tynan are instances—are among the finest in Ireland; but it is more for its historic and archaeological interests that the county is worthy of note. With characteristic Irish exaggeration it has been said that without St. Patrick there would have been no Ireland, and without Armagh there would have been no St. Patrick. No county could ask more than that in the way of eulogy.



Photo by

THE RIVER ERNE AT BELLEEK.

[A. H. Robinson.

At one time there was at Belleek a natural barrier of rock across the River Erne, making a beautiful waterfall, but at flood-time the water rose so high that great damage to surrounding property was done. Two hundred thousand tons of rock that caused the fall were removed and enormous sluice gates were erected. Belleek is noted for its porcelain factory, where the fine iridescent "Belleek Pottery" is made.

AYRSHIRE

ANY writer on the subject of Ayrshire, and particularly the district within a twenty-mile radius of Ayr, has to recognise fully and frankly that someone else "got there first," a certain Robert Burns, whose "bonnie banks of" This and "bonnie braes" of That have made the geography of central Ayrshire tolerably familiar to half the world. Fortunately, more than a century has elapsed since Burns wrote from Lochlea that "this country, till of late, was flourishing incredibly in the manufacture of silk, lawn, and carpet-weaving; and we are still carrying on a good deal in that way, but much reduced from what it was. We had also a fine trade in the shoe way, but now entirely



Photo by,

AULD BRIG O' AYR.

'Judges', Ltd.

The principal crossings of the River Ayr are two bridges, the Auld and the New, which Robert Burns has celebrated in his humorous poem "The Twa Brigs." The Auld Brig was built in the latter part of the thirteenth century by, it is said, two maiden sisters of the name of Lowe; but it did not suffice to meet the needs of the town, and the New Bridge had to be added.

ruined and hundreds driven to a starving condition on account of it. Farming also is at a very low ebb with us. . . . Our lands, generally speaking, are mountainous and barren. . . . We are also much at a loss for want of proper methods in our improvements of farming. . . . In short, my dear Sir . . . this country has been, and still is, decaying very fast." Burns could not, or at any rate did not, foresee that not only would the process of decay be arrested, but the county of Ayr would rise to a very high level in industry and agriculture, so that its later biographers would still be left with something to say.

To describe the county as "generally speaking mountainous and barren" is certainly not true to-day. Of its three ancient districts, Cunningham, Kyle, and Carrick, the last, the southern section, is undoubtedly in the main a stretch of hills and moors, culminating in the wild and beautiful

Loch Doon region on the Kirkcudbright border. But except for a fringe of rising ground on the east and the hilly patch opposite the Cumbræes on the north, the districts of Kyle and Cunningham are not "mountainous" and certainly anything but "barren." If they had been, Ayrshire could hardly have acquired that reputation for dairy-farming which it now enjoys all the world over.

The district of Cunningham has been called the "Kingdom of Castles," so generously is it studded with specimens of such buildings in every stage of decay or restoration. Of those with a claim to historical distinction, the palm must be awarded to the fragmentary ruin of Turnberry, sacred to Scotsmen as the probable birthplace of their national hero, Robert the Bruce, whose associations with Ayrshire, as Earl of Carrick, were many and close. His unsuccessful attacks on Turnberry and Ayr



Photo by

BURNS' COTTAGE, AYR: THE INTERIOR.

Valentin & Sons Ltd

Here is shown the kitchen, with the recess in the far corner where Burns was born. A view of the exterior of the cottage is given on the opposite page.

were his first operations after he returned from his haven of refuge in Ireland in 1307, and it was to Ayr, after his great victory at Bannockburn, that he summoned the parliament which confirmed him in his title as King of Scotland and settled the succession upon him.

The castles of Dunure and Culzean, the former a ruinous relic and the latter an inhabited mansion, are associated with the history of the Kennedys, one of the greatest and oldest Scottish families; in earlier times they distinguished themselves by providing one King of Scotland with a son-in-law and another with a mistress, and producing a long line of warriors and statesmen, interspersed with at least one bishop, an abbot, and a poet. The fame of the abbot (Quintin Kennedy) is certainly safe from obscurity, if only because he once crossed swords with the vehement and vituperative John Knox in a three days' debate held at Maybole in 1562, the subject being the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. If the pious abbot had only lived six years longer he might have saved his nephew.



Photo by]

BURNS' COTTAGE, AYR.

[W. A. Maxwell & Co.

This is the cottage in which Burns was born on January 25, 1759. It was built by the poet's father with his own hands. On the night of the birth a storm brought down part of the cottage, and mother and child had to take shelter in a neighbour's house till their own was repaired. In 1880 the cottage was converted from its use as a public-house into a "Burns Museum," in which relics of the poet are gathered together.

Gilbert Kennedy, 4th Earl of Cassilis, from perpetrating an act which has given him an unsavoury name in history. This Kennedy, a Protestant, and the "King of Carrick" as he was called, was extremely anxious that the commendator abbot of Crossraguel, Allan Stewart, should renounce his claim to certain lands, and to attain his end he resorted to the wholly unwarranted method of frying the abbot over a slow fire in the keep of Dunure Castle. But being made of stern stuff in every sense, the prelate not only survived the ordeal but refused to abate his rights one jot. Thus were the defenders of the Inquisition provided with an effective *tu quoque* at a very early stage.

Carleton Castle, another of the ruins on this coast, is associated with the story, or legend, of a Scottish Bluebeard who had an amiable habit of throwing his wives into the sea when their presence



Photo by

AULD BRIG O' DOON, ALLOWAY.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Ayr has several bridges, but none so pretty as that which crosses the Doon at Alloway near by. It is evidently of considerable age and carries across the river a roadway now disused. The Doon, which has been made famous by Burns, rises in Loch Doon, and in the eighteen miles of its course are many well-wooded spots which rightly entitle the river to the title of "Bonny Doon."

became irksome or the craving for a change became irresistible. But a time came (after seven wives had been disposed of) when one more ingenious than her predecessors managed to reverse the rôles and anticipated her unsuspecting husband by gently tipping him over the cliff first.

Nearly every point in this region enshrines some memory of a picturesque and lawless age when the central authority was not strong enough to suppress feudal habits and make men dwell in peace together. Careful research into the factions and feuds of Ayrshire would no doubt reveal a picture quite worthy to rank with the Italy of the Quattrocento, a picture of family vendettas, murder, arson, and pillage raised to the level of an art by many a local Cesare Borgia. But even though peace and plenty now reign in Carrick and the brassie swings where the battle-axe once plied, the region remains lonely and primitive, passing into savage grandeur where beautiful Loch Doon crouches in the shadow of Craigmulloch and Black Craig.

The district of Kyle, immediately to the north, is the Burns country proper, for it was here that the peasant poet spent nearly all his life until he removed to comparative respectability in Dumfriesshire.

The honour of providing him with a birthplace falls to Alloway and the little cottage, the famous "auld clay biggin," in which he first saw the light, annually draws thousands upon thousands of visitors, some inspired by the spirit of the true believer and others impelled by mere *wanderlust*, mob suggestion, or curiosity. As if true to its association with the poet, this cottage has had a somewhat highly coloured career, and there was a long period when its occupation as a public-house provided too poignant a parallel with the life of its splendid inmate. "Alloway's auld haunted kirk," a roofless but eloquent skeleton, is known to millions who would never have suspected its existence if Burns had not immortalised it in his verse. In an interesting letter written in 1792 to a Mr. Francis Grose, the poet says that



Photo by

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

TAM O'SHANTER INN, AYR.

The tale of "Tam O'Shanter," which gives its name to this inn, is famous throughout the world. After he left the inn, Tam O'Shanter proceeded along a road beginning at the top of High Street, and came upon "Alloway's auld haunted kirk," where he witnessed the witches' orgies.



Photo by]

{Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

THE FORT, AYR.

in 1652 Cromwell built at Ayr a citadel covering twelve acres round the site of an ancient church which stood between the town and the mouth of the Ayr. The church Cromwell adapted to the purpose of an armoury and guard-room. The remains of the citadel are now known as the Fort.

"among the many witch stories I have heard, relating to Alloway Kirk, I distinctly remember only two or three." One of them was the story of a farmer or farmer's servant who was plodding homewards on a dark and stormy night when he perceived a light in the church, "a place so well known to be a favourite haunt of the devil and the devil's friends and emissaries. Whether he had been fortified from above on his devout supplication, as is customary with people when they suspect the immediate presence of Satan; or whether, according to another custom, he got courageously drunk at the smithy, I will not pretend to determine; but so it was, that he ventured to go up to, nay, into the very kirk. As luck would have it, his temerity came off unpunished.

"The members of the infernal junto were all out on some midnight business or other, and he saw nothing but a kind of kettle or caldron, depending from the roof, over the fire, simmering some heads of unchristened children, limbs of executed malefactors, etc., for the business of the night. It was in for a penny, in for a pound, with the honest ploughman, so without ceremony he unhooked the caldron from off the fire, and, pouring

out the damn'd ingredients, inverted it on his head and carried it fairly home, where it remained long in the family, a living evidence of the truth of the story."

The town of Ayr, worthy capital of this attractive county, in addition to its associations with Burns, has memories of at least two of the greatest names in Scottish history, Robert the Bruce and Sir William Wallace, and one of the greatest in English history, Oliver Cromwell. It was in this town that Wallace first opened his career as a national patriot, and his extirpation of an English force in an episode known as the "Burning of the Barns of Ayr" lit a torch which was only temporarily extinguished by his execution, or

judicial murder, in London. The great "Wallace Tower" in Ayr High Street, which commemorates his patriotic endeavours, is a less fitting tribute to his memory than the words of Burns in a letter of November 1786 to Mrs. Dunlop: "The first book I met with in my early years which I perused with pleasure was *The Life of Hannibal*; the next was *The History of Sir William Wallace*: for several of my early years I had few other authors; and many a solitary hour have I stole out ... to shed a tear over their glorious but unfortunate stories. In those boyish days I remember, in particular, being struck with that part of Wallace's story where these lines occur—
" *Syne to the Leglen wood*



Photo by, *Judges, Ltd.*
BURNS' MONUMENT, ALLOWAY.

In a garden overlooking the Doon stands Burns' Monument, erected in 1820. It is a circular structure, supported by nine Corinthian columns, and the chamber at the base contains editions of the poet's works, a bust of him by Nasmyth, and other articles.



Photo by *Valentine & Sons, Ltd.*
AULD ALLOWAY KIRK.

This quaint little roofless ruin has been made famous by Burns, who chose it as the scene of the weird revelry among the demons which is so cleverly described in the poet's tale of "Tam o' Shanter." The church is situated on the right bank of the Doon about a quarter of a mile from the cottage in which Burns was born. The remains of the poet's father rest in the churchyard.



Specially painted for "Britain Beautiful"

THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER DOON.

Rising in Loch Doon, the river of the same name, whose "banks and braes" have been made famous by Burns, passes through many picturesque reaches before it issues into Ayr Bay. Near its source it traverses the celebrated Ness Glen, a deep and narrow ravine of much grandeur; again at Dalrymple and Alloway it is very charming, while its estuary is dominated by the towering cliffs known as the Heads of Ayr.

By F. C. Under

[Laighland Wood, three miles from Ayr] when it was late, to make a silent and a safe retreat. I chose a fine summer Sunday, the only day my line of life allowed, and walked half-a-dozen of miles to pay my respects to the Leglen wood, with as much devout enthusiasm as ever did pilgrim to Loretto; and as I explored every den and dell where I could suppose my heroic countryman had lodged, I recollect (for even then I was a rhymers) that my heart glowed with a wish to be able to make a song on him in some measure equal to his merits."

The "Auld brig" of Ayr, *poor, narrow footpath of a street, Where twa wheelbarrows tremble when they meet* (it seems impossible to avoid quoting Burns on the topography of Ayr!), is a monument to the human heart as much as anything else, as it owes its existence to the charitable intention of two old maiden ladies, who in this way found an outlet for the wasted affections others squander otherwise!



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

THE ABBEY, KILWINNING.

Founded in 1140 by Hugh de Moreville, Lord High Constable of Scotland, for a colony of Benedictine monks, who were expert in the wiles of priestcraft and took advantage of the superstitious to gain offerings. James IV when passing the spot in 1507 made an offering to their relics. In 1560 the Earl of Glencairn, an active promoter of the Reformation, destroyed the monastic buildings of the Abbey, leaving only the church and steeple, which have been crumbling to ruins ever since. The remains now include a Saxon gateway and some mouldering walls.



Photo by]

PEAKS OF ARRAN FROM SALTCOATS.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd

While not outstandingly picturesque Saltcoats has an abiding popularity with many holiday-goers. It is relieved to the north by a range of high ground from which fine views are obtained, across the Firth of Clyde, of the splendid heights of Arran, Goatfell (2,866 feet) being the most prominent of these peaks.

Ayr's "Old Church" is a curious relic of that combination of utilitarianism with conscience-salving which is one of the minor keys to the character of Cromwell. It was built, partly at his expense, as compensation for the loss of the old Church of St. John which he converted to military uses and incorporated in his fort. Carlyle tells us in *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches* that a great slice of political and military luck fell to his Ayr garrison in May 1651.

"Precisely in these days [May 1651] a small ship, driven by stress of weather into Ayr Harbour, and seized and searched by Cromwell's Garrison there, discloses a matter highly interesting to the Commonwealth. A Plot, namely on the part of the English Presbyterian-Royalists, English Royalists Proper, and all manner of Malignant Interests in England, to unite with the Scots and their King. . . . The little ship was bound for the Isle of Man, with tidings to the Earl of Derby concerning the affair; and now



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ROWALLAN CASTLE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

Charmingly situated three and a half miles north-west of Kilmarnock, Rowallan Castle is a place of great antiquity, the later portions having been built in 1560. It was once the residence of the Mures of Rowallan, a member of which family, Elizabeth Mure, became wife of Robert II of Scotland.

we have caught her within the bars of Ayr and the whole matter is made manifest! Reverend Christopher Love is laid hold of 7th May; he and others, and the Council of State is busy."

The country around, as may well be imagined, is rich in memories of Burns all the way to the eastern border. From Alloway his family removed to the farm of Lochlea, near the village of Tarbolton, and by all accounts the general level of conviviality and the general standard of philandering in this bucolic centre were considerably raised by the famous poet-ploughman. Tarbolton must also enjoy a modest fame as the home of surely the first self-confessed male "gooseberry." For Robert Chambers, who edited a *Life and Works of Robert Burns* in 1851, says that in October 1837 "he conversed at Tarbolton with John Lees, shoemaker, who, when a stripling, used to act as Burns's second in his courting expeditions. The old man spoke with much glee of the aid he had given the poet in the way of *asking out* lasses for him. When he had succeeded in bringing the girl out of doors, he of course became *Monsieur de Trop*, and Burns would say, 'Now, Jock, ye may gang home.'"

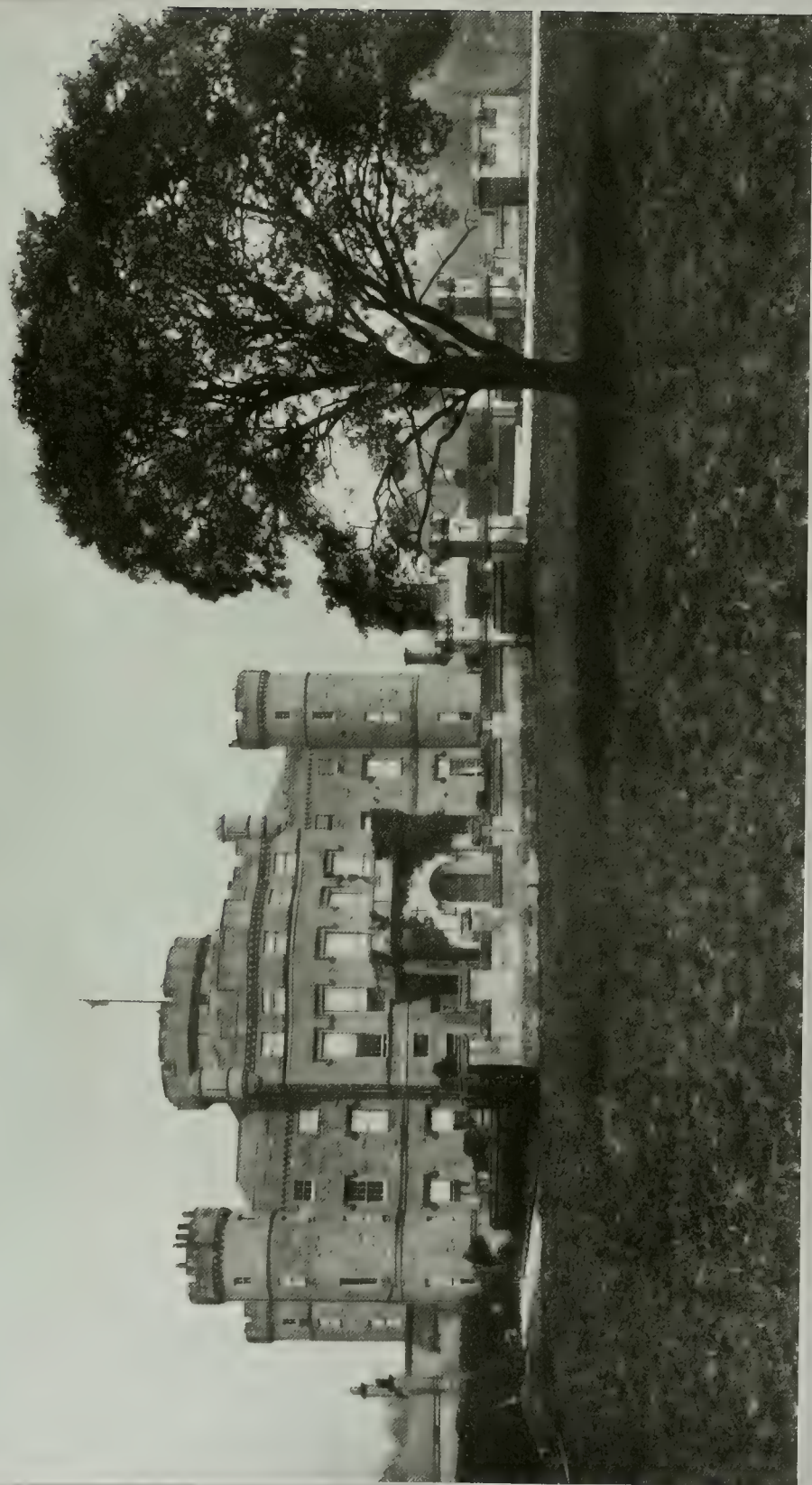


Photo. by

EGLINTON CASTLE.

Eglinton Castle was built in 1798 and is situated 1½ miles south-east of Kilmarnock. The style of a feudal fortress is well combined in it with the light and conveniences of a modern dwelling-house, though its rows of sash windows detract from the effect somewhat. The Eglinton Tournament which was held in the Deer Park in 1839 was an attempt to reproduce the chivalrous ceremonies of olden times. Prince Louis, afterwards Napoleon III, was one of the knights at this tournament, and banners carried by the different knights are hung in the castle.



Photo by

LOUDOUN CASTLE.

This is comparatively a modern structure, the front having been built in 1811. The old part of the castle consists of the large square tower, with battlements and turrets, built probably in the fifteenth century. The whole singularly combines the massiveness of ancient architecture with the lighter gracefulness of modern. The 1st Earl of Loudoun was a staunch Covenanter and became Chancellor of Scotland in 1641.

It was at Tarbolton, too, that Burns made himself an indispensable member of the local freemasons' lodge, which met in a public-house. Whether he was a toper at all, and if so a toper by nature or a toper by contagion, is no doubt a vexed question. Some say that the lines

The wife of my bosom,
alas! she did die;
For sweet consolation to
church I did fly;
I found that old Solomon
provèd it fair,
That a big-bellied bottle's
a cure for all care,

are a revelation of Burns the man and others a joke of Burns the *littérateur*. More probably there is something of both about them.

But whether a toper or not the poet was cer-



[Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

BURNS' MONUMENT, KILMARNOCK.

Erected in 1879 in the Kay Park through the munificence of a rich native of the town. The structure, which also comprises a "Burns' Museum," is built of red sandstone. In an alcove is a marble statue of the poet.

tainly no Puritan, and great indeed was his wrath at the horrid persecution of his dearest friend, Gavin Hamilton, by the elders of the Kirk of Mauchline in 1786. One of the charges against him was that "on the Last Lord's Day he caused his servant, James Brayan, to dig some potatoes in his garden." Hamilton's explanation that "I was walking with my children in the forenoon in the garden, when some of them petitioned for a few new potatoes, having got none that season . . . nor had I an idea that raising a few potatoes in a private garden would have given offence to any person, more than pulling any garden stuff" —was not accepted as satisfactory by "Holy



[Photo by]

DUNDONALD CASTLE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

The castle, s'tuated near Kilmarnock, is now reduced to a mass of masonry standing on some rising ground. Dundonald of old belonged to the Stewarts, and King Robert II made it his retreat in 1388, dying there two years later. Near it are the remains of an ancient church called "Our Lady's Kirk of Kyle," to which James IV often made offerings

*Postcard***THE OLD BRIDGE, NEAR MAUCHLINE.***Valentine & Sons Ltd*

Ayrshire is known for its many old bridges made famous by Burns. Mauchline and its environs are much associated with the life and works of the poet.

of Burns which cling tenaciously in spite of its activities as an industrial and manufacturing centre. All the northern division of Ayrshire, ancient Cunningham, is now a hive of industry, with important coal- and iron-mines and various other forms of commercial activity. The ports of Ardrossan, Irvine,

Willie " and his friends.

" Holy Willie's " grave is to be seen in Mauchline churchyard, along with those of " Daddy Auld," " Mary Morrison," and others who have been rescued from a decent obscurity by their associations with the poet. Here, too, is the public-house which was once the home of " Poosie Nansie " and witnessed the revelries of the " Jolly Beggars " in its kitchen.

Kilmarnock too has many memories

Troon, and Ayr perform valuable services as maritime distributing centres. But though all this region has to some extent lost its picturesqueness in the sacred cause of utilitarianism, Cunningham still preserves many impressive memorials of its past in the fine castles with which it is dotted: Rowallan, Hessilhead, Kilbirnie, Portincross, Blair House, Eglinton, and many others.

Eglinton, the home of the earls of that name, and dating from the end of the eighteenth century, is a curious

*Postcard***CASCADE AT LYNN FALLS, DALRY.***Valentine & Sons Ltd*

Dalry is beautifully situated on rising ground on the right bank of the Garnock, immediately below the confluence of the Rye with that river. Its environs are washed on three sides by mountain streams which flow through rough-wooded country.



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MAP OF AYRSHIRE.



Photo by

THE MAIDEN ROCKS.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd

A striking view of the treacherous strip of rocks off the Ayrshire coast opposite Maidens.



Photo by

KELBURN CASTLE.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd

Kelburn Castle is a sixteenth-century erection and is prettily situated to the south-east of Largs on the banks of a stream. It has been modernised by enlargement. Immediately behind the castle, in the grounds, is a glen of great beauty.



Photo by]

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BATTLE OF LARGS MEMORIAL.

This tower commemorates the battle between Alexander III of Scotland and Hakon IV, King of Norway, in 1263, in which the latter was defeated with great slaughter.

soned steed, himself in a suit of gilt armour, and in a richly embroidered surcoat. A band of halberdiers preceded the King of the Tournament, also on a steed richly caparisoned, and himself clad in robes of velvet and ermine, and wearing a golden crown.

"Then on a barded Arab, herself dressed in cloth of gold, parti-coloured with violet and crimson, came, amidst tremendous cheering, the Queen of Beauty herself" [Lady Seymour, subsequently Duchess of Somerset]. "Twelve attendants bore aloft a silken canopy, which did not conceal from the enraptured multitude the lustre of her matchless loveliness. . . .

"The bells of a barded mule announced the Jester, who waved his sceptre with unceasing authority, and pelted the people with admirably prepared impromptus. Some in the crowd tried to enter into a competition of banter, but they were always vanquished."

But Disraeli (not having acquired the twentieth-century idiom) does not tell us, as he might, that the most interesting guest (and jousting) was a young Frenchman who was one day to become the second Emperor of the French.

Of the ancient and important ecclesiastical foundations in the county, very little is left. The once great abbey of Crossraguel is an irregular wreck, and substantially all that remains of the fine priory of Kilwinning in the north is the gable end of the south transept. Kilwinning is, in fact, more

mixture of antique and modern. The most famous of the Earls of Eglinton was undoubtedly Archibald William Montgomerie, the 13th Earl, a true "milord magnifique" whose grandiose ideas in sport and entertainment made him the talk and idol of three nations. His masterpiece in sumptuous extravagance was the famous Eglinton Tournament of August 1839, which was very nearly the event of the year in Europe and is supposed to have cost the Earl more than £30,000. At any rate, the scene was so sensational as to have captured the imagination of Disraeli, who describes the tournament as "Montfort Tournament" in his novel *Endymion*:

"The jousting-ground was about a mile from the castle, and though it was nearly encircled by vast and lofty galleries, it was impossible that accommodation could be afforded on this spot to the thousands who had repaired from many parts of the kingdom to the Montfort Tournament. But even a hundred thousand people could witness the procession from the castle to the scene of action. That was superb. The sun shone, and not one of the breathless multitude was disappointed. . . .

"Then came the Knight Marshal on a capari-



Photo by]

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THE FOG HOUSE, BALLOCHMYLE, MAUCHLINE.

The scenes of some of Burns's most admired lyrics are to be found in the romantic country of Ballochmyle, which is the subject of the poet's two songs "The Braes o' Ballochmyle" and the "Lass o' Ballochmyle."

famous as the first home of Freemasonry in Scotland. It also derives a little lustre from its association with the Reverend Robert Baillie, a divine whose *Letters* are one of the important original documents for the study of Scotch and English religious and political history in the seventeenth century. Carlyle's reference to him is eloquent enough: "Strafford's Trial being ended, but no sentence yet given, Mr. Robert Baillie, Minister of Kilwinning, who was here among the Scotch Commissioners at present, saw in Palaceyard, Westminster, 'some thousands of Citizens and Apprentices' (Miscellaneous Persons and City Shopmen, as we should now call them), who rolled about there 'all day' bellowing to every Lord as he went in or came out, 'with a loud and hideous voice—*Justice on Strafford! Justice on Traitors!*'—which seemed ominous to the Reverend Mr. Baillie."



Photo by

CULZEAN CASTLE.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

This castle is situated on the verge of a steep cliff, 100 feet high, overhanging the sea, near Maybole. It is constructed in the Gothic style, the main portion of it having been built in 1777. Under the rock on which the castle stands are caves which were used as hiding-places during the Civil Wars.

The hilly region north and north-east of Kilwinning provides splendid vantage-points for fine views in all directions, and its natural attractions would be greater if they had not had to pay such heavy toll to industrial development. Most of the towns and villages are of great antiquity, but the "Industrial Revolution" seized upon them and, for a period at any rate, made them important at the expense of their looks and health. As late as 1842, for instance, it could be said of Dalry that "the streets indicate the want of police, yet enjoy the luxury of being lighted up at night with gas." To some extent the industrial wave has passed over this region, for many of the industries which kept it busy in the first half of the last century have fallen into decay with changing needs and fashions. But civilisation's blight (for so Nature must ever regard it) leaves its mark everywhere, and this quarter of the county has lost a good deal of the picturesqueness and romance that were associated with it just over a century ago.



Photo by]

CROSSRACUEL ABBEY, MAYBOLE.

This abbey was founded about 1240 by Duncan, Earl of Carrick, for Cluniac monks from Paisley. The approach to it lies beneath a turreted gatehouse in the west of the abbey. The remains display a combination of the semi-Baronial and Ecclesiastical styles. The walls have crumbled down considerably and the abbey has long been unroofed, but it still presents an imposing front and is one of the most complete ecclesiastical structures of the period.

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Photo by

ROARING LINN, AFTON WATER, NEW CUMNOCK.

This rivulet Burns' "Sweet Afton"—has a rapid current, and its course lies along a very beautiful valley. It is the chief tributary of the Nith, which it joins at New Cumnock, and rises among hills on the border of Kirkcudbrightshire. In its upper parts the Afton passes between very rocky banks until it reaches the foot of Blackcraig Hill. Blind Harry the Minstrel associates the wanderings of Sir William Wallace with this romantic district.

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BANFFSHIRE

IN the variety of its physical characteristics Banffshire has a good deal in common with Aberdeenshire. In both counties the great mass of the Grampian Mountains provides a rugged apex to the county inland boundaries, and the general elevation falls progressively as those boundaries approach the sea. The southern portion of Banff is composed of the northern slopes of the Cairngorm range in Aberdeenshire, and as might be expected the scenery is very similar and almost equal to the more famous scenery of the upper valley of the Dee. Cairngorm itself, over four thousand feet in height, is in the county,



Photo by,

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

BRIDGE OF ALVAH, BANFF.

This bridge, constructed by one of the Earls of Fife, adds picturesqueness to the famed "Craigs of Alva," rugged precipices 50 feet in depth, between which the River Deveron flows. The Craigs check the flow of the stream considerably, so that higher up the river inundations are frequent in rainy periods.

and the three fine and wild lochs of Avon, Builg, and Etchachan show Grampian scenery at its ruggedest and best.

BANFF itself, the capital of the county, is on the coast, and is a very ancient town which has not so much achieved greatness as occasionally had greatness thrust upon it by its associations with the great. At one end of the scale one might mention King Edward I of England, who made Banff Castle his headquarters on two visits at the end of the thirteenth century; at the other there would be a place for Archbishop Sharp, who was born there on May 4, 1618. In his epitaph at St. Andrews, the archbishop is referred to as "a most pious prelate, a most prudent senator, and a most holy martyr," but there are few Scots living or dead who would admit that there is little more than a grain of truth in it. The fact is that in his efforts to trim his sails to *every* wind that blew in the stormy seventeenth century the dexterous archbishop succeeded in arousing the hatred of all classes, and his brutal murder in 1679 was regarded by the Covenanters as nothing less than the work of the Lord.



Photo by

ENTRANCE TO HARBOUR, MACDUFF.

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Up to the middle of the eighteenth century Macduff was an inconsiderable fishing hamlet, but to-day its harbour ranks as one of the best on the Moray Firth. Previous to 1782 the name of the place was "Down," but in that year a charter from the Crown altered its status, and the name was altered at the same time. Macduff's export of cured herrings used to be one of the principal sources of prosperity for the town and harbour.

But Banff Castle has vanished from human sight, together with almost everything else that proclaimed the great antiquity of the town, and the architectural lion of the place is now Duff House, the eighteenth-century mansion which was presented to Banff and Macduff by the late Duke of Fife. It used to be also famous for its pictures.



Photo by

THE NEEDLE'S EE', TARLAIR, MACDUFF.

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An old "statistical account" of the wonders of this romantic coast describes this as "a cave about 20 feet high, 30 broad, and 150 long. The whole is supported by immense columns of rock, is exceedingly grand, and has a wonderful fine effect. This place has got the name of the "Needle's Ee'." Not far away is an ancient ruin known as Wallace Castle, of which the history is unknown.



Photo by

CULLEN HOUSE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

An ancient mansion, set on a perpendicular rock of which the base is washed by Cullen Water ; the present Cullen House is slightly altered in situation from the ruins of the older building in which Elizabeth, Robert Bruce's queen, died. The mansion is famous for its collection of paintings, and from it is obtainable a beautiful view of the Moray Firth, to northward. The park surrounding the mansion occupies the old site of the town of Cullen.

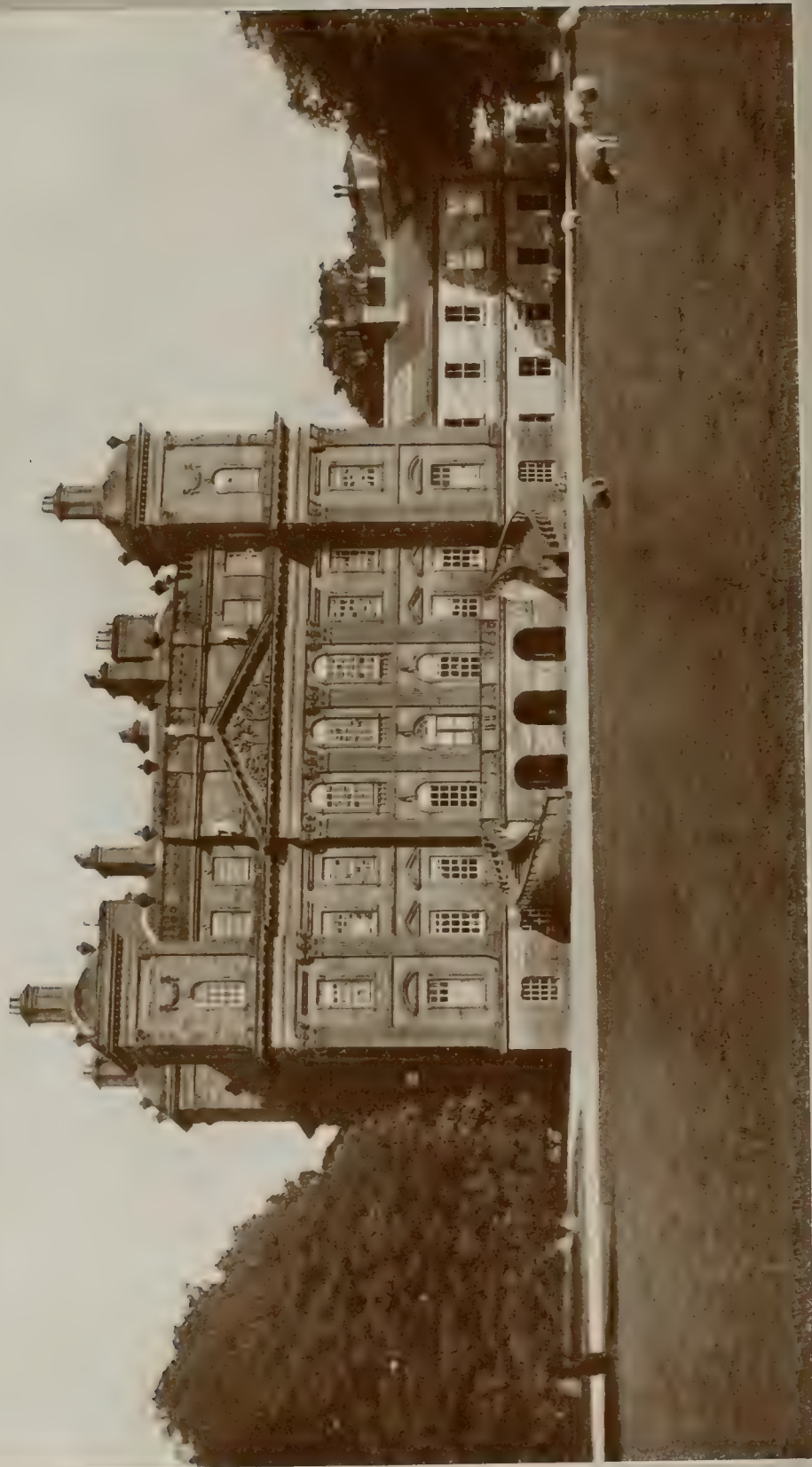


Photo by]

DUFF HOUSE, BANFF.

This splendid mansion overlooks the romantic waters of the River Deveron, and has been noted for one of the greatest collections of pictures in the country, including specimens of the work of Vandyck, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Sir Godfrey Kneller. The park surrounding the mansion is 14 miles in circumference. It was originally granted to the order of Carmelites in 1324 by Robert Bruce, and a stone urn in the park contains all the bones of the monks that were found when their cemetery was disturbed. The vaulted sepulchre of the family of Fife occupies the site of the old Carmelite chapel in the park.

As is said in Fullarton's *Gazetteer* (1842): "Internally—to borrow a new coined expression from a late lively tourist—it is perfectly Louvrized with pictures—chiefly portraits. There are the two mistresses of Louis XIV, Madame de Montespan and the Duchesse de la Vallière, with the grand monarch himself; also Lady Castlemain, and Lady Carlisle, Jane Shore and Nell Gwyn, with some others equally respectable, and forming 'a pretty set' in every sense of that equivocal term . . ."

Banff was also the scene of the tragedy of the execution of James Macpherson, "the Banff Freebooter" in 1700. In November of that year he and some of his companions were found guilty "to be knave, holden and repute, to be Egyptians and vagabonds and oppressors of his majesty's free lieges in ane bangstrie manner." Macpherson was condemned to suffer for the sins of the lot. The gallows was erected at the Cross of Banff on the 16th, and the crowd got more than their money's worth, as it is said that the culprit, a famous

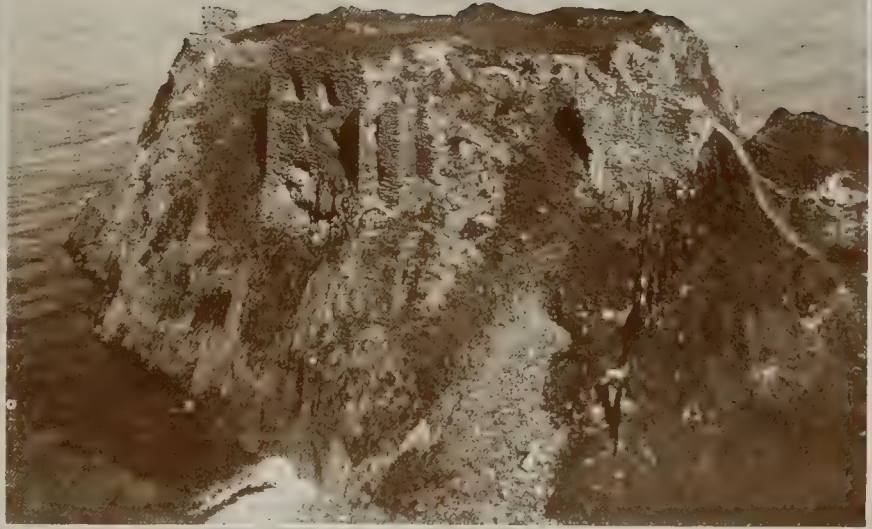


Photo by

FINDLATER CASTLE, NEAR CULLEN.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The old castle, situated on a peninsular rock, was formerly a place of great strength and strategic value, and in the feudal wars of early Scottish times it was of considerable importance. Findlater was one of the places to which the ill-fated Mary Queen of Scots was refused entrance, on her visit to the north of her realm.



Photo by

AULD BRIG O' KEITH.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The "Auld Brig" spans the Isla River, and is one of the picturesque features of a town which in old days was of far greater importance than at the present time, exceeding Banff and Cullen and Fordyce then the only other towns in the county—in importance.



Photo by

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

MACDOWALL'S BRIDGE, CRAIGELLACHIE.

This bridge is characteristic of Craigellachie, and especially in summer, when the foliage of the district is at its best, it affords a view of rare natural beauty. From its single span lovely views of the stream are obtainable from either side.

The only other town in the county is Keith, but neither Keith nor the large village of Dufftown can claim to be either beautiful or particularly interesting. The latter, however, is almost at the junction of two pretty valleys, Glen Rinnes and Glen Fiddich, of which the latter, says an old book, "contains many mixations of the sweet and the wild, the bold and the beautiful—many blendings of those features of landscape which invite the pencil and play upon the imagination." The district of Mortlach (whose most ancient church is very poorly represented by the existing, viciously modernised building) is full of history. Here it was that Malcolm II won his great victory over the Danes in a battle which was signalised by a reversal of fortunes even more dramatic than that of Marengo. It is said that three of the Scottish generals were slain in the first onset, and Malcolm's army was stricken with a panic which was fast involving the whole force in disorderly flight. The King

violinist *inter alia*, entertained them with an impassioned speech, the performance of an original composition (subsequently known as "Montgomery's 'rant'") on his instrument, and a dramatic interlude in which he offered the violin to anyone willing to say a kind word for him and, getting no answer, threw it into the open grave which gaped at his feet.

The other towns on the coast are in the main engaged in the fishing industry and of little historical importance or renown. Portsoy is best known for a local product, "Portsoy marble," a species of serpentine, beautifully coloured and of such fine texture that we are told it has been used for the manufacture of the most delicate objects, and even tea-cups.

Six miles west of Portsoy is the very ancient little town of Cullen, though relics of its great antiquity are somewhat scarce, as what was known as the "Old Town" was demolished when the great mansion of Cullen House was added to and improved.



Photo by

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

LINN OF RUTHRIE, ABERLOUR.

About a mile above the point where it falls into the Spey the burn of Aberlour forms a beautiful cascade of about 30 feet in depth, known as the Linn of Ruthrie.

struggled in vain to restore the battle, but the tide of retreat swept him back to the little chapel which was then on the site of the church of Mortlach. Here Malcolm invoked the aid of the saints to such good effect that he succeeded in rallying his beaten host and transforming defeat into the most brilliant of victories.

The ruin of Auchindune Castle is the relic of a fortress which was perhaps built by Robert Cochrane, the stonemason or architect



Photo by

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

ARNDILLY HOUSE, CRAIGELLACHIE.

Arndilly House commands one of the most romantic prospects of the scenery of the Spey, between Craigellachie and the picturesque little town of Rothes. Not far away rises Ben Aigan, 1544 feet in height.

who became the favourite of James III of Scotland. It was this unhappy man who was enticed by his enemies into Lauder church and hung over the Bridge of Lauder under the very eyes of the distracted King.

Balvenie Castle is not known to be associated with any incident as sinister, but the motto of the Stuarts, Earls of Atholl, above its gates shows that its owners lived in moving times:

FVIRTH. FORTVIN.
AND. FIL. THI.
FATTRIS.



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MAP OF BANFFSHIRE.

GEOGRAPHIA 1923, 155 FLEET STREET LONDON E.C.4



Photo by

OLD BRIDGES, ABERLOUR.

The "brigs" of Aberlour are justly noted for the views they command of the picturesque Spey and its tributaries, of which the Fiddich and the Burn of Aberlour are the chief. The streams intersect the parish, and include among their features the beautiful "Linn of Ruthrie" or cascade of the Burn of Aberlour. Craigellachie Bridge, commanding a view of the most beautiful reach of the River Spey, is near by.



Photo by:

DRUMMUIR CASTLE, DUFFTOWN.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

This splendid castellated mansion stands in the heart of the finest scenery in Banffshire, and from it a magnificent prospect of the scenery along the banks of the River Isla is obtained. Aberlour with its beautiful glens, Craigellachie, and other beauty spots are in the neighbourhood. The park and gardens of the castle are of great natural beauty.

The vale of Glen Livet is noted on two remarkably contrasted grounds. It is the home of the celebrated distillery from which comes a famous and superlative brand of whisky. It is also the scene of James IV of Scotland's great victory over the Earls of Huntly and Erroll, whose attempt at rebellion came to a well-merited end.



Photo by

BALVENIE CASTLE AND COURTYARD, DUFFTOWN.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Balvenie Castle dates back to the days of Malcolm II, who gained a famous victory over the Danes in A.D. 1016 a few hundred yards to the south-west of the castle; it is closely connected, too, with the history of Margaret the "Fair Maid of Galloway," through whom it became the property of John Stewart, Earl of Atholl. The present castle of this name was built by James, second Earl of Fife.

The wild but fine country in central and southern Banffshire is not so well known as it deserves to be, as it is rather off the beaten track. But all readers of Queen Victoria's Highland journals know how much it appealed to her (though she is not always altogether kind to places such as Tomintoul and Dufftown), and her very simple and unsophisticated accounts of her excursions from Balmoral into this region are a key to its character no less than to the mind of its royal visitor.

There are many spots in the county which might truthfully be described as the back-end of nowhere, but perhaps no spot in Scotland can put forward a better claim to be the edge of the earth than Gamrie, close to the Aberdeenshire border. An old account tells us that the three great natural curiosities which are "not far from the House of Troup" are (1) a perpendicular rock "possessed by thousands of birds



Photo by

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

BALLINDALLOCH CASTLE.

The ancient house of Ballindalloch is set in the shadow of Ben Rinnes (2,755 feet high) near the junction of the Rivers Avon and Spey. The house was formerly a fine specimen of the old Scottish stronghold, consisting of a square building flanked by three circular towers, the central and largest of which was surmounted by a square watch-tower, called the "Cape House," built in 1602. The castellated additions were made early in the nineteenth century, altering the character of the mansion entirely.

called kitty-weaks. Some people are fond of eating the young Kittys"; (2) a cave with a subterranean passage "through which the waves are driven with great violence and occasion a smoke to ascend from the den. Hence it has got the name of Hell's lumb, i.e. Hell's chimney"; (3) another subterranean passage "through which a man can with difficulty creep," leading to a cave which "has got the name of the Needle's Eye."

All the coastline in this region is magnificent in its severity and desolation, and Troup Head, its monarch, has a character all its own. The little seaside villages of Gardenstown and Pennan seem an unwarranted intrusion of humanity into Nature's fastnesses, and the Spirit of the locality, if there is one, must look far more tolerantly on the ancient church (so ancient as to have had its beginnings almost in the age of mythology), which seems to stand sentinel in the midst of its "lone Kirkyard," waiting for the sound of the Last Trump.



Photo by

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, BEDFORD.

The Photographic Co., Ltd.

Situated in De Parys Avenue on the north side of the town, the Grammar School ranks high among the public schools of the country, having accommodation for nearly 700 boys. The fine buildings were designed by E. C. Robins in 1891.

BEDFORDSHIRE

WITH its real towns—Bedford, Luton, Dunstable, and Leighton Buzzard; its toy towns—Woburn, Potton, Ampthill, and Shefford; and its galaxy of villages, large and small, Bedfordshire presents the picture of one of the few genuinely rural and agricultural counties in England, a county which has had little or no real history for hundreds of years, though its recorded history dates back to pre-Roman times. One reason for the uneventfulness of life in this charming and characteristically English region has no doubt been its comparative remoteness from the great highways of communication until the last century. History is apt to be made in the neighbourhood of roads and railways, and, as has often been pointed out, the great roads of earlier times, the British "Icknield Way" and the Roman "Watling Street" and "Ermine Street" more or less gave Bedfordshire a miss. The district comprising the Chiltern Hills and their northern slopes in the south has had its fair share of historical



Photo by

THE OLD BRIDGE, BEDFORD.

The Photographic Co., Ltd.

This five-arch stone bridge spanning the Ouse was reopened in 1913, having been built on the site of one which did duty for 600 years. On the former bridge stood the Town Gaol, in which Bunyan served one of his terms of imprisonment.

happenings, and Bedford on its water highway, the River Ouse, was always accessible enough to arouse curiosity and attract attention; but for all that, the county as such has played a small part in English history, and such fame as it enjoys rests on its associations with historic men and women rather than historic scenes.

The town of Bedford itself, widely and deservedly famous as a great educational centre, is mainly associated with the name of a great sinner, a great saint, and a great philanthropist. The great sinner was the notorious Fulk de Bréauté, a bosom friend of King John, who was presented with Bedford Castle and the Barony of Bedford by King John. Of the infamies and villainies of this robber-potentate the chronicles are full.



Photo by The Photocolor, Co. Ltd.
BUNYAN'S STATUE, BEDFORD.

This statue of John Bunyan (by Boehm, 1874) stands at the north end of High Street, facing the site of the County Gaol where he was at one time imprisoned.

In Lyson's *Magna Britannia* (1806) it is said that "Faukes de Brent, when he was in possession of this castle, presuming upon its impregnable strength, set at nought all law and authority; and having been fined by the King's justices itinerant at Dunstable, in the year 1224, for his various outrages and depredations upon the property of his less powerful neighbours, he sent a party of soldiers, who seized Henry de Braybroke, one of the King's justices, and treating him with great barbarity, brought him prisoner to the castle at Bedford. The King, hearing of these outrages, marched to Bedford in person, attended by Stephen Langton, archbishop of Canterbury, and the principal peers of the realm."

An account of the siege, given



Photo by

BUNYAN'S COTTAGE, ELSTOW.

[H. N. King.]

The village of Elstow, one and a half miles south of Bedford, is noted as the birthplace of John Bunyan in 1628. The cottage in the illustration is that occupied by the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress" after his marriage, though the building has been much altered.

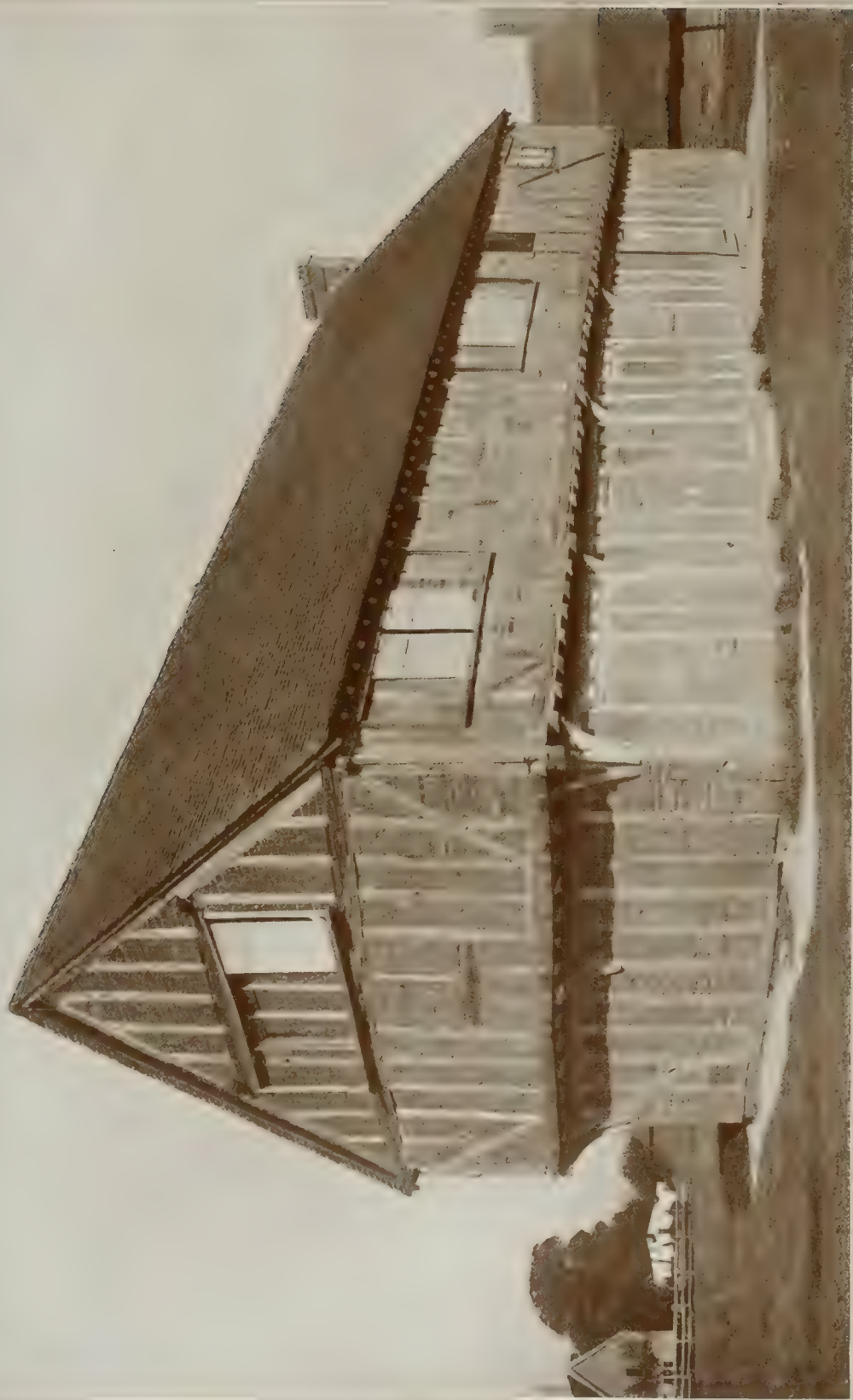


Photo by

MOOT HALL, ELSTOW.

This quaint old structure, facing the village green, was utilised by the Bunyan congregation as a Sunday School and meeting-place until 1910, when the Bunyan Memorial Hall was opened. It is recorded that Bunyan's conversion followed a vision which he had while playing tip-cat one Sunday on the village green.

H. N. King.



Photo by,

ELSTOW CHURCH.

H. A. King.

At the time of William the Conqueror, a Benedictine nunnery was founded at Elstow, by Judith, the niece of the Conqueror and Countess of Huntingdon. The present church embodies the nave and part of the abbey church connected with the nunnery. It is partly in the early-Norman and early-English styles, and was restored in 1880. Bunyan found much pleasure in ringing the bells of this church when a young man, but it is recorded that he gave up this hobby on account of a superstition that a bell or even the tower itself might fall on him. The tower stands detached from the main structure of the church.

by an eye-witness, is recorded in the *Chronicle of Dunstable*: "On the east side was one *Petraria* and two *Mangonella* which daily battered the town, and on the west side two *Mangonella* ruined the old Tower, and one *Mangonell* the south. . . . There was also a machine called the Cat under which miners had free passage to sap the walls of the tower and castle. The castle was taken by four assaults. In the first was taken the barbican, in the second the outer into a number of schools which have become in their respective classes some of the best and most famous educational institutions in the country.

But the chief name with which Bedford is associated is that of the immortal John Bunyan, who wrote a book while undergoing imprisonment which has been translated into tongues innumerable and still enjoys a



Photo by

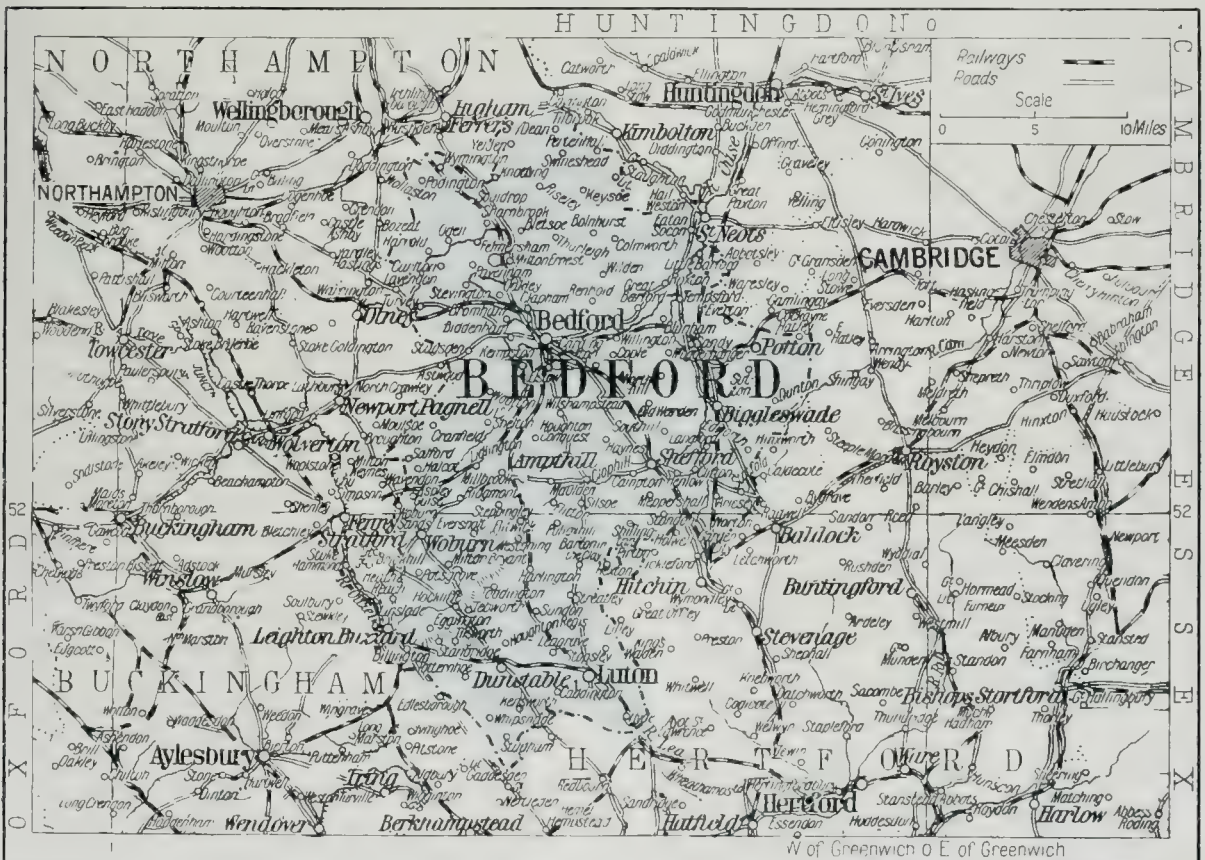
The Pantochrom Co., Ltd.

THE MODERN SCHOOL, BEDFORD.

The Modern School in Harpur Street is one of the four schools in the town which are controlled by the Harpur Trust founded by Sir William Harpur in 1566. It was established in 1827, and accommodates over 470 boys.

bail, in the third the wall near the old Tower was overthrown by the miners, through the breach of which they with great danger made themselves masters of the inner bail: on the fourth assault the miners set fire to the tower, and when the smoke burst out and great cracks appeared in the tower the besieged surrendered."

The great philanthropist referred to was Sir William Harpur, whose munificence in 1566 endowed a school, subsequently developed



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MAP OF BEDFORDSHIRE.

popularity only second to that of the Bible itself. Opinion seems more or less agreed that *The Pilgrim's Progress* was not written during Bunyan's first, twelve-year, period of confinement in the guard-house on Bedford Bridge which served as county gaol until that curious structure was washed away by a great flood in 1672. It was almost certainly in another gaol that Bunyan produced his *magnum opus* in 1675.

The Bunyan Meeting House is a Victorian successor on the same site of the barn in which the great man preached. It has some interesting relics of him. But the real Mecca of Bunyan pilgrims is not so much Bedford itself as the village of Elstow, a mile and a half with me about a month or more: But one day, as I was standing at a neighbour's shop-window, and there cursing and swearing, and playing the mad-man, after my wonted manner, there sate within the woman of the house, and heard me; who, though she was also a very loose and ungodly wretch, yet

south of the town, where he was born and spent his "sinful" youth and the early years of "salvation." It was on the village green that, as he tells us in *Grace Abounding*, he first saw the light: "But the same day, as I was in the midst of a game at Cat, and having struck it one blow from the hole, just as I was about to strike it the second time, a voice did suddenly dart from Heaven into my Soul, which said, *Wilt thou leave thy sins, and go to Heaven: or have thy sins and go to Hell?* At this I was put to an exceeding maze. . . ."

But notwithstanding this warning—"I went on in sin with great greediness of mind, still grudging that I could not be so satisfied with it as I would. This did continue



Photo by,

[H. N. King.

ELSTOW CHURCH: OLD DOOR.

This old door, known as the "wicket gate," was probably often used by Bunyan, who used to ring the bells of Elstow Church.



Photo by]

[H. N. King.

ELSTOW VILLAGE.

Elstow is situated on a branch of the River Ouse about a mile and a half south of Bedford, and is celebrated as the birthplace of Bunyan. It was originally called Helenstow. Its main street is typical of the English country village.



Photo 5.

WREST PARK FROM SOUTH-WEST.

Wrest Park was the mansion of the de Greys, Earls of Kent, in old time, and Flitton Church, near by, contains their monuments. The mansion, a magnificent structure, is in the Italian style, and was built by Earl de Grey, from whose family it passed to the possession of the Countess Cowper. Not far distant is a memorial cross, erected by Horace Walpole, marking the site of the residence of Catherine of Aragon, Henry VIII's first wife.

protested that I swore and cursed at that most fearful rate, that she was made to tremble to hear me ; and told me further that I was the ungodliest fellow, for swearing, that ever she heard in all her life ; and that I, by thus doing, was able to spoil all the youth in the whole Town, if they came but in my company."

But before long all this was changed and Bunyan could say of the good people of Elstow that they "were amazed at this my great Conversion ; from prodigious prophaneness, to something like a moral life ; and truly, so they well might ; for this my Conversion was as great, as for Tom of Bethlem to become a sober man."

The little village of Harlington has also some claim to fame as the scene of Bunyan's appearance before a magistrate after his arrest. Of that occurrence no account could be more descriptive than Bunyan's own :

"Upon the 12th of this instant November, 1660, I was desired by some of the friends in the country



Photo by

THE YEW HEDGE, WREST PARK.

[H. N. King.]

This fine hedge in the grounds of Wrest Park the mansion of which is illustrated on the preceding page, is over 350 years old and 25 feet thick.

to come to teach at Samsell, by Harlington in Bedfordshire. To whom I made a promise, if the Lord permitted, to be with them on the time aforesaid. The justice hearing thereof (whose name is Mr. Francis Wingate) forthwith issued out his warrant to take me, and bring me before him, and in the mean time to keep a very strong watch about the house where the meeting should be kept, as if we that was to meet together in that place did intend to do some fearful business, to the destruction of the country ; when, alas, the constable, when he came in, found us only with our Bibles in our hands, ready to speak and hear the word of God. . . . But the constable coming in prevented us. So that I was taken and forced to depart the room. But had I been minded to play the coward I could have escaped, and kept out of his hands."

Unlike Bedford, Luton, the largest town in the county, is of modern growth, the rise and development of the place being attributable to the expansion of the hat-making industry. Straw-hats are Luton's speciality—so much so that it might almost be said that "a red sky at night is Luton's delight." But though industry touches the town at many points, History has touched it at few, and its sole substantial

link with the past is its fine parish church, St. Mary's, which contains some remarkable chapels, monuments, and brasses, and a unique font, crowned with an extremely elaborate and beautiful canopy.

The Wenlock Chapel in this church and the remains of Someries Castle, a short distance from Luton, are memorials of Sir John Wenlock, subsequently Lord Wenlock, who has a fair claim to be regarded as the prince of "turncoats." Even in an age when political principles were fairly elastic, it was something of a record in the fifteenth century to have fought for the Lancastrians at St. Albans (1455), for the Yorkists at Towton (1461), and for the Lancastrians again at Tewkesbury (1472), where Wenlock's capacity for adapting his professions to the needs of the moment cost him his head.

The very ancient town of Dunstable, high up on the northern slope of the Chiltern Hills, is by far the most historic spot in southern Bedfordshire and perhaps in the whole county. The Romans were probably the first to grasp the military advantages of the site,



Photo by,

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, LEIGHTON BUZZARD.

The Photochrom Co., Ltd

All Saints is principally early-English in design, and contains a massive central tower, with an octagonal spire 195 feet in height. There are an ancient font, several ancient monuments, and on the west door some fine thirteenth-century ironwork.



Photo by]

HOUGHTON TOWERS, NEAR AMPHILL.

[W. Page Stuart.

Standing on a hill overlooking the Vale of Bedford, "the Houghton Ruins" are reputed to have given to Bunyan his conception of the House Beautiful. The house was built between 1615 and 1620 for the Countess of Pembroke, brother of the famous Sir Philip Sidney.

and here, where Watling Street crosses the old British "Icknield Way," they built *Durocobrivæ*. After the Roman garrisons were withdrawn this town vanished, both literally and figuratively, into the dim obscurity of the Dark Ages, and the new town Henry I founded somewhere about 1130 had about as much in the way of ancestry as Peter the Great's Petersburg. In the twelfth century the house built by Henry became a kind of royal Chequers, the country resort of tired and jaded monarchs, but it was left for the astute King John to arrange a profitable "deal" with the Augustinian priory Henry had founded. John gave the royal house to the priory apparently on the terms that he and his successors should in future enjoy the hospitality of the religious foundation whenever they so desired. He could thus enjoy the sylvan beauties of Bedfordshire at someone else's expense, a feature which never failed to appeal to the business side of the Angevins.

Be that as it may, Dunstable was frequently honoured with royal visits and soon attained a



Photo by

LUTON HOO.

[The Photogram Co., Ltd.

Luton Hoo was built by the Earl of Bute, Prime Minister in the days of George III. It had a splendid chapel of richly carved wood, as first constructed, but the house was almost destroyed by fire in 1843, and the chapel was completely ruined. Subsequently the house was restored to its present state. The mansion stands in a magnificent park over 1,600 acres in extent.

European celebrity for the magnificence of its tournaments. There were other, more pathetic, incidents with which it was connected.

In the *Magna Britannia* it is said that "when the corpse of Queen Eleanor was deposited one night at the priory of Dunstable, in 1290, two bawdekyns or precious cloths were given to the convent, and 120 pounds weight of wax. As it passed through the town, the bier stopped in the middle of the market-place whilst the chancellor and nobility marked out a proper spot for the erection of a cross, the prior assisting at the ceremony, and sprinkling the ground with holy water." Unfortunately this "Eleanor" cross fell a victim to Puritan iconoclasm in the Civil Wars.

But Dunstable is even more closely associated with another royal lady, the unfortunate Catherine of Aragon, first wife of Henry VIII. In May 1533 the inquiry into the validity of her marriage to the King—the final act of perjury—was conducted by Archbishop Cranmer in the chapel of Our Lady in the church of the priory. Catherine, refusing to admit the jurisdiction of the Court, ignored the proceedings altogether and was accordingly declared "contumacious" and the marriage invalid. Memories



Photo by

THE CHILTERN HILLS FROM TOTTERNHOE.

Underwood Press Service.

While the central portion of Bedfordshire is mainly flat, the south-western area abuts on the Chilterns, of which some fine views are obtained from the neighbourhood of Dunstable. Totternhoe lies about 2 miles west of the latter town.



Photo by

WOBURN ABBEY.

[Aero Aerials, Ltd.]

A Cistercian abbey once occupied the site of this present building, the seat of the Duke of Bedford, which was built by Henry Flitcroft in 1744. Among its treasures is a famous collection of paintings and sculptures. The abbey which it replaced was founded by Hugh de Bolebec in 1145, and suffered the fate of most monastic establishments at the dissolution ordered by Henry VIII. The building was given to Lord Russell, and was visited by Queen Elizabeth and by Charles I. The park surrounding the mansion is twelve miles in circumference.



Photo by]

SOMERIES CASTLE, LUTON.

Somerries Castle is situated $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles south-east of Luton on the east side of the valley of the Lea. It was erected in 1448 by Sir John afterwards Lord Wenlock, who enclosed it with a wall and a moat. There are considerable remains of a red-brick gateway, flanked by massive octagonal towers, and vestiges of a chapel on the east side and a hall on the west.

of the unfortunate woman are also evoked by the monument at Ampthill, which marks the site of the ancient castle of Ampthill, in which Catherine was living at the time of her divorce. Who can forget the famous scene of Mountjoy's visit to her there after the sentence, his purpose being to convey the King's peremptory order to her to discontinue using the title of Queen? On being addressed as "Princess Dowager," Catherine flew into a very natural passion, and being presented next day with the report the King's messengers proposed to make to their master, she struck out those obnoxious words wherever they occurred.

Another great lady whose memory Bedfordshire holds in honour is Lady Margaret Beaufort, the mother of King Henry VII. She was born in Bletsoe Castle, near Bedford, but that structure vanished long ago and of its successor nothing but fragments remains. To think of Lady Margaret as a "titled bluestocking" is to do her the greatest injustice, for though she was a sincere friend of learning and the



Photobry

PARK ROAD, LUTON.

The Photochrom Co., Ltd.

Luton occupies a gap in the Chiltern Hills, not far from the Herts border, and lies on the Lea, in a hollow surrounded by low chalk downs. The illustration depicts a pretty stretch of the Park Road.

arts she also had that vision, breadth of view, and worldly *savoir-faire* which characterised the outstanding art patrons of the Italian Renaissance. All Cambridge men know her as the founder of Christ's College and St. John's College.

Perhaps the most melancholy spot in the county is Southill, where the bullet-ridden corpse of Vice-Admiral the Honourable John Byng was laid to rest in March 1757. The story of this unfortunate officer's failure to relieve Minorca, and of how he was shot at Portsmouth (despite the honourable efforts of the elder Pitt and, *mirabile dictu*, Voltaire), is well known. Over his tomb can be read the words: "To the Eternal Disgrace of the British Nation. . . ." It seems a pity that appropriately adapted words cannot be found on the graves of de Beauharnais and other unsuccessful generals of the French Revolution; they might remind the countrymen of the wag who said that Byng was shot *pour encourager les autres* of the blind injustice of mob panic and the futility of searching for scapegoats.

It is quite impossible within the limits of this article to describe, or even enumerate, all the delightful village churches and fine country-houses which are a feature of Bedfordshire, a county which is almost purely agricultural, contains very few towns, and makes no claim to scenic interest apart from the quiet



Photo 1.

Continued from p. 179.

DUNSTABLE CHURCH: WEST FRONT.

The transition from Norman to early-English is well illustrated by the west front of Dunstable Church, which constitutes the remains of a Priory of Augustinian Canons founded by Henry I. In the picture can be seen the big recessed Norman doorway, flanked to the north by an early-English doorway, whilst above both doorways runs an excellent specimen of early-English arcading.

must be sacrificed to the exigences of available space.

But something more is due to the home and history of the great family to which the county owes much of its fame and prosperity: the Russells, Earls and Dukes of Bedford.

At the present time the word "Abbey" in "Woburn Abbey" is a picturesque inexactitude, as of the ancient structure which was given to the first Baron Russell on the dissolution of the monasteries fragments alone remain. The existing house, standing on its site, dates from about 1744 and has undergone several alterations. To the world in general it is perhaps best known for its magnificent collections of pictures (particularly portraits, with outstanding examples of nearly all the schools) and sculpture. The immense park, with its wonderful variety of vegetation, its herds of deer, and the gardens, makes a miniature Eden (though not too miniature, as the park is one of the largest in the British Isles), but a touch of tragedy is provided by the "Abbot's Oak,"

beauty of typical rural countryside. The picturesque ruin of Houghton Park House (where Sir Philip Sidney would no doubt have written "Arcadia" if his sister had not built it many years after his untimely death!); Chicksands Priory, the ancestral home of an historic family, the Osborns; the mausoleum of Flitton, with its tomb of Henry Grey, Earl of Kent, who watched the execution of Mary Queen of Scots with grim satisfaction and uttered the sinister words, "Such be the end of all the Queen's and the Gospel's enemies"; Ampthill village, with its eighteenth-century houses and coaching inns, vivid relics of a time when roysterers from Oxford and Cambridge kept the countryside awake; Ickwall, with its Queen Anne mansion and pigeon-house; Toddington Manor, to which Monmouth (after the failure of the Rye House Plot) retired to seek consolation in the company of his unfortunate mistress, Baroness Wentworth; Haynes, home of the House of Carteret and its courageous scion, the first Lord Carteret, who at the early age of eleven married an equally courageous lady of the age of eight; the stately pile of Woburn; all these and many other historic spots



Photo 2.

Photo 2004, C. 1. 11

DUNSTABLE CHURCH: SOUTH AISLE.

This picture shows the architecture of the south aisle to splendid effect. Of several monumental brasses in the church (the earliest of which dates back to 1450) two are contained in the south aisle.



Photo by

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, LUTON.

The Photochrom Co., Ltd.

Its style is partly Decorated English, partly later-English. The embattled tower in chequer-work, on the western side, is 90 feet high, and is surmounted at the corners by hexagonal turrets. Included in the south transept is a lofty stone baptistry with groined roof, around and about a famous baptismal font said to have been presented by Queen Anne Boleyn.

where Robert Hobbs, the last Abbot, was hanged by Henry VIII, *pour décourager les autres*, no doubt.

Of the Russell family and its eminent services to its country and county, it is impossible to give

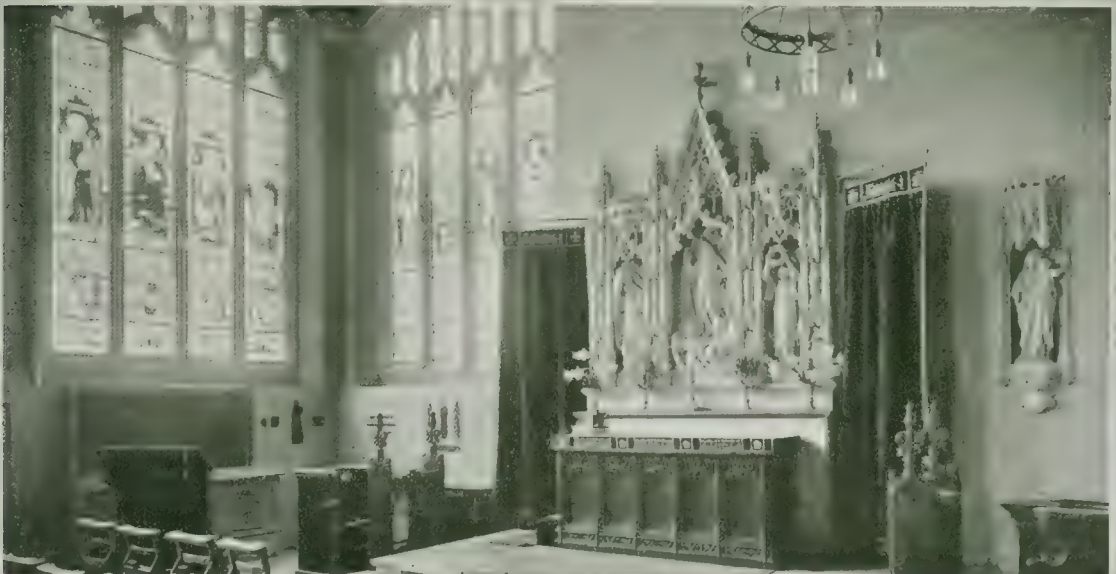


Photo by]

WENLOCK CHAPEL, ST. MARY'S CHURCH, LUTON.

The Photochrom Co., Ltd.

The chapel is in the north transept of St. Mary's Church, and is divided from the chancel by two beautiful pointed arches. It was built prior to 1461 by Sir John Wenlock, who was killed at the battle of Tewkesbury in 1472. Along the cornice are badges and heraldic devices, and in the east window is some ancient stained glass, representing St. George and other figures.

more than a sketch. The first earl made himself almost indispensable to Henry VIII both in the field and the council-chamber, and it was largely due to his efforts and influence that his daughter Mary secured and held her throne.

The 4th Earl of Bedford, one of the most sincere and moderate of Charles I's opponents was described by Clarendon as "a wise man, and of too great and plentiful a fortune to wish the subversion of the government." He and his son, the 1st Duke, were mainly responsible for the great drainage

scheme which brought the "Bedford Level" into existence

Perhaps the most variegated political career was that of the 4th Duke of Bedford, whose life covered four reigns, from Anne to George III. Although he became Horace Walpole's *bête noire*, he was in many ways ahead of his time, and also one of its most characteristic products. When Lord Lieutenant of Ireland he favoured religious concessions to Roman Catholics, and his opposition to high duties on imported silks—an anticipation of the free-trade movement of the next century—led to riots in which his house in London was attacked. But on the other side of the shield is his responsibility for the unsatisfactory peace which threw away much of the results of Pitt's genius in the Seven Years' War, and after George III's enmity secured his removal from office he descended to the leadership of an unprincipled party which rejoiced in the name of the "Bloomsbury Gang."



Photo by

DUNSTABLE CHURCH: WEST DOOR.

Underwood Press.

The western doorway has a Norman round arch in five orders, over an inserted Perpendicular door and three canopied niches.

esting, though mediæval domestic buildings are rare. Most of the churches date from the Decorated and, more especially, Perpendicular periods, but there are examples of all Gothic and pre-Gothic styles. The Norman style is particularly well illustrated in the church of Dunstable, where the development of architecture in the twelfth century is also emphasised by the juxtaposition of a huge Norman portal and characteristic arcading in the early-English style. The great parish church at Leighton Buzzard is particularly interesting to students of the latter style, which many regard as the high-water mark of native ecclesiastical architecture in Britain. Many of the Bedfordshire churches can show Decorated work, but the bulk of them took their present form (subject to restoration) in the Perpendicular period when there was a vast amount of remodelling to suit the taste and fashion of the day.

From an architectural point of view Bedfordshire is inter-

BERKSHIRE

WITH the smiling valley of the Thames for its northern boundary, the picturesque Vale of the White Horse, the grand chalk ridge between Wantage and Newbury in the west, and the pretty wooded stretch running along the whole of its southern border, Berkshire has all the scenic ingredients of a county worthy of a high place in *BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL*. To dispel all doubt on the point, if any exists, there is the compelling fact that the rising ground south of Windsor is rapidly becoming a kind of aristocratic Hampstead Heath, and when trains and cars go still faster and even the fastnesses of Royal Ascot have been stormed by advancing suburbia, no doubt King Alfred's strongholds on the Downs farther west will resound to the motor-horns of Mayfair's legions.

The conformation of the county is comparatively simple and determined largely by the fact that



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[The G.W. Railway Co.

WINDSOR CASTLE FROM THE THAMES.

A large portion of Windsor Castle was built under Edward III's directions by William of Wykeham, though there appears to have been a fortified mansion on this site since the time of Edward the Confessor, when it was subsidiary to a fine royal residence at Old Windsor. Most of the English monarchs from the time of William the Conqueror have contributed to the structure of the Castle, which, after the death of George III, was thoroughly overhauled and renovated at a cost of nearly £1,000,000. This work was largely completed about 1836.

the Thames and its tributaries, the Loddon, Kennet, and Ock, thrust lean, level arms into a region of which the elevation varies from a few score to close on one thousand feet.

Monarch of the whole county, and certainly of its eastern section, is royal Windsor, whose castle enjoys an unique position among the royal palaces of the world, especially now that Schönbrunn and Potsdam have followed the Louvre into the ranks of museums and the Kremlin has become a government office.

More than eight and a half centuries have elapsed since William, the "Bastard" and "Conqueror," whose eye for strategic positions and good hunting seldom betrayed him, realised the possibilities of the great forest which is now Windsor Great Park, and the hump of chalk on which the castle now stands

Of the fortress he built there nothing remains, but if it was anything like his great keep in the Tower of London it must indeed have convinced the unfortunate Saxons that the Norman Conquest had come to stay.

However that may be, the castle he built continued to be a royal residence and stronghold, and the efforts of his successors have been devoted to bringing it up to date in a military or social sense, a process in which the original structure vanished, unless the Norman gate rebuilt by Henry III and Edward III can be described as genuinely *onzième siècle*.

The earliest recognisable portion of the present castle, the "Curfew" or "Bell" Tower at the north-west corner, dates from the reign of Henry III: it is cold, draughty, and dismal enough to satisfy those



WINDSOR CASTLE: VICTORIA TOWER AND SOUTH FRONT.

H. A. King

This part of the Castle, in the pure domestic English style of architecture, contains the Visitors' Apartments. It is on the south side of the Upper Ward or Quadrangle and overlooks the Great Park. In the centre of the South Front, between the York and Lancaster Towers, is the main entrance to the Castle, George IV's Gateway, which faces the Long Walk.

whose ideas on past ages receive a rude shock when confronted with the splendours and elegance of most parts of the great structure.

The chronicler, Holinshed, says that "in 1359 the King set workmen in hand to take down much old buildings, belonging to the Castle of Windsor, and caused divers other fair and sumptuous works to be set up in and about the same castle: so that almost all the masons and carpenters that were of any account within the land were sent for and employed about the same works." "Sent for," it should be explained, is a polite euphemism for "impressed." The "clerk of the works," we are told elsewhere, was William of Wykeham, then one of the King's chaplains, and he was appointed "with ample powers, and a fee of one shilling a day, whilst at Windsor, and two shillings when he went elsewhere, on the duties of his office."

It is also said that to defray the cost of the great undertaking Edward insisted that all tenants holding lands of a certain value should choose between a knighthood and a heavy fine, perhaps the



Photo by

WINDSOR CASTLE: ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL CHOIR.

[H. N. King

St. George's Chapel, which has recently undergone extensive repairs, was chiefly built by Edward IV in the fifteenth century, and is dedicated to the patron saint of the Order of the Garter. For centuries the installation of Knights of this famous Order has taken place here, and their stalls, bannets, and coats of arms constitute an imposing display. Nearest the organ are the stalls of the Royal Family, adjacent to which are those of foreign monarchs. In the centre of the choir is the entrance to the vault where lie the remains of Henry VIII, Queen Jane Seymour, and Charles I.



Photo by]

WINDSOR CASTLE: THE GRAND CORRIDOR.

Constructed by Wyattville, the Grand Corridor stretches along two sides of the Quadrangle. It has a total length of 440 feet, but the angle in its course serves advantageously perhaps — to break the perspective. The corridor is 15 feet wide, about the same in height, and affords access to the chief apartments through folding doors.

[H. N. King.

first recorded instance of the "sale of honours." The great majority of persons concerned preferred the fine, the status and establishment of a knight then being a liability rather than an asset.

Long after the third Edward tottered into his more or less dishonoured amazing roof, with its fan-tracery vaulting, which is one of the architectural wonders of the world. No doubt there are critics who see in this last *floraison* of English Gothic something inherently tempestuous and decadent, but the fact remains that St. George's Chapel is still one of the few ecclesiastic buildings in England which can challenge comparison with the great

grave, the next of his name, his throne secure after the bloody victory of Tewkesbury, built the larger portion of one of the world's greatest ecclesiastical monuments, St. George's Chapel. His work was continued by Henry VII and Henry VIII, who also contributed the



Photo by]

CRANBOURNE COURT, WINDSOR FOREST.

[H. V. King.

This picturesque residence in Windsor Forest is situated about three miles from Ascot Station and near the Forest Farm.



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MAP OF BERKSHIRE



Photo.

VIRGINIA WATER: THE COLONNADE.

London Press

This picturesque colonnade, whose peculiar semi-Oriental aspect often puzzles visitors to Virginia Water, was brought from the ruins of Leptis Magna, near Tripoli, by George IV. It stands on the south bank of the lake.

sorrows of a worldwide Empire, and that at the burial of Charles I on that snowy morning of February 8, 1649, when a few shivering ecclesiastics and faithful friends murmured inwardly the

mediæval churches of France.

The history of the chapel is in some ways an epitome of the history of England. Here lie Edward IV, his queen, Elizabeth Woodville, Henry VIII and his queen, Jane Seymour, Charles I, and in the royal vault under the adjoining Albert Chapel lie George III, George IV, William IV, and Edward VII. What greater contrast can be imagined than the scene at the entombment of Edward VII, followed to his grave by the sighs and

prayers they were not allowed to utter openly.

The Castle suffered sadly in the civil wars of the seventeenth century, and Charles II found heavy work to his hand when the Restoration brought the political wheel full circle again. He it was who entirely remodelled what are now known as the "State Apartments," the north-east wing, which is something between a palace and a picture-gallery, and enjoys one of the finest views imaginable over the meadows of Eton. Most of the ceiling paintings in which



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VIRGINIA WATER: THE CASCADE.

The Southern Railway.

Virginia Water, situated at the south-east extremity of Windsor Park, is a favourite resort of pleasure-seekers from London. Its principal feature is an artificial lake 1½ miles long, adjoining which are picturesque grounds and the cascade shown in the illustration. Virginia Water was laid out for the Duke of Cumberland (Governor of Virginia and leader of the victorious forces at Culloden) in 1746.

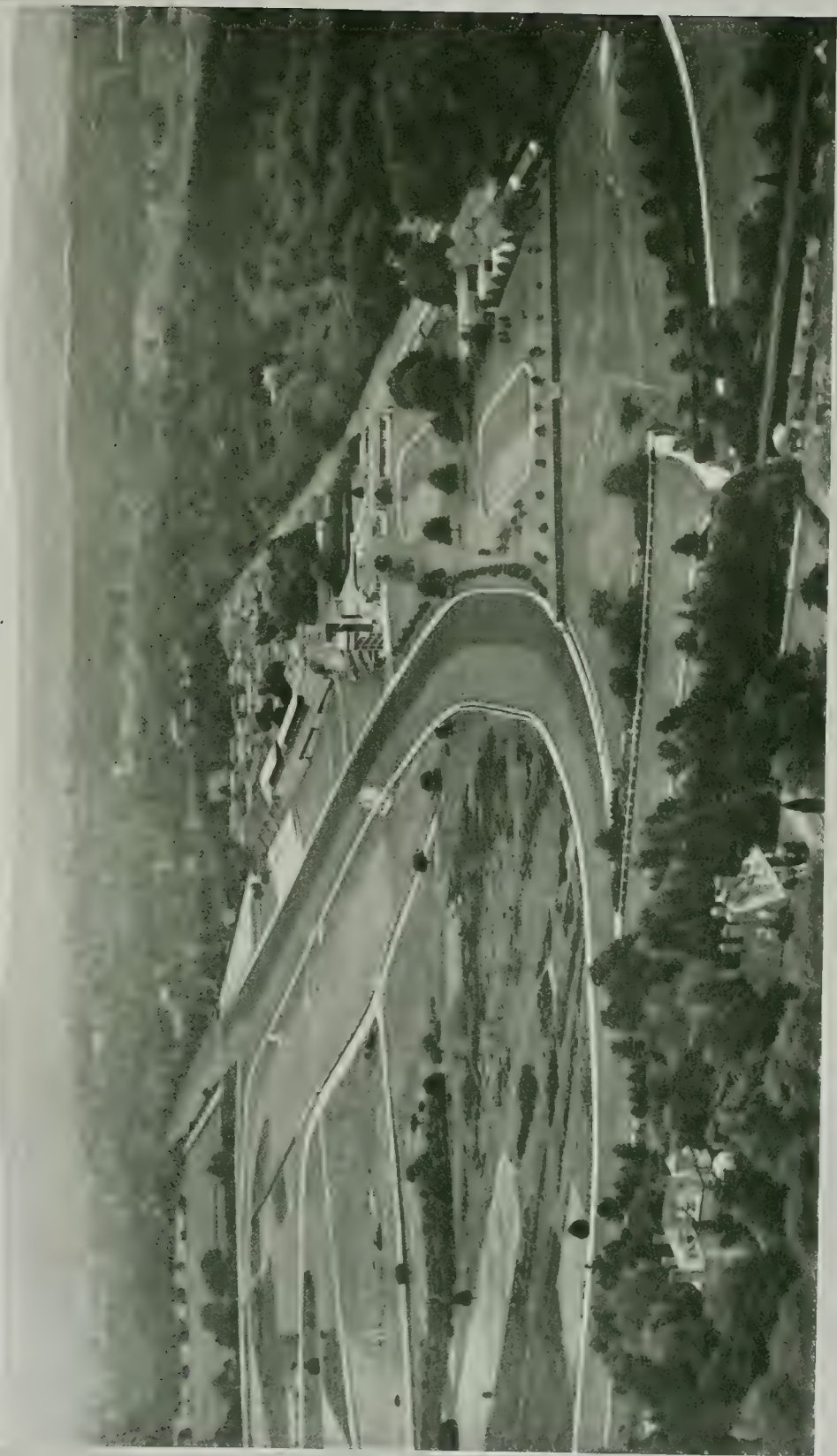


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ASCOT RACECOURSE: AN AERIAL VIEW.

The course on which the most fashionable race-meeting of the year is held is situated on Ascot Heath adjacent to the south-western border of Windsor Great Park. The Ascot meeting, which takes place early in June, owes its origin to the Duke of Cumberland, uncle of George III, and is generally attended by Their Majesties the King and Queen in State and members of the Court. The course is a little short of two miles in length, and the view from the grand stand is particularly fine.

Supplied by Lophus Press.

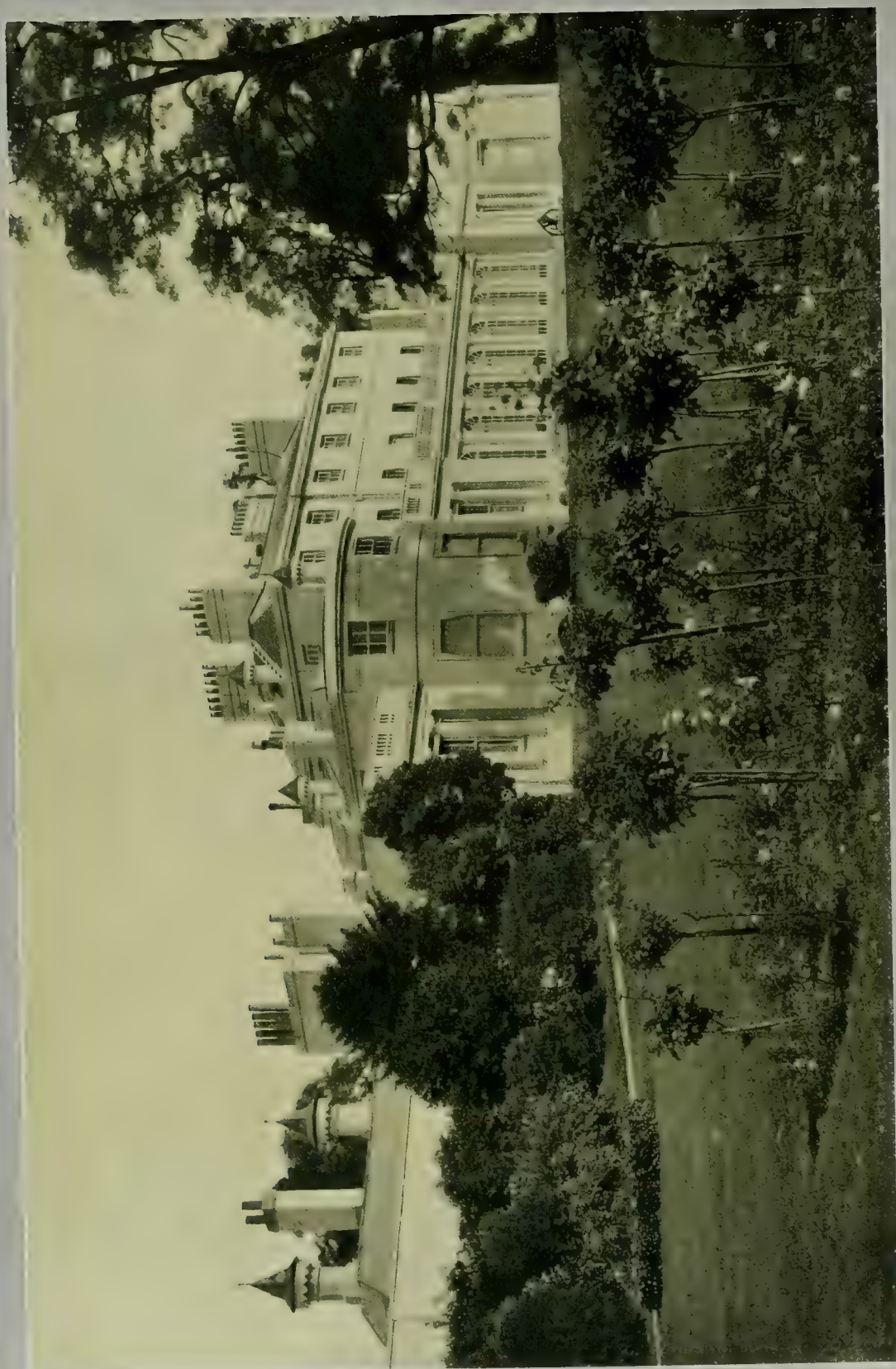


Photo by]

FROGMORE HOUSE, WINDSOR PARK.

Frogmore lies within the Home Park of Windsor Castle and was once the residence of Queen Charlotte, the Duchess of Kent, and other members of the Royal Family. The mansion was built by Wyatt, and in the grounds are the mausoleum erected by Queen Victoria to form the resting-place of the remains of the Prince Consort, a handsome structure which also now contains the remains of Queen Victoria herself.

H. N. King.

Charles II appeared in the guise of various classical deities have vanished with subsequent alterations and restorations. But there must have been something slightly incongruous in the idea of Charles II, *deus*, looking down on the antics of "the Merry Monarch," *homo*.

Perhaps the finest features of this wing are the magnificent St. George's Hall, the banqueting-hall of the Knights of the Garter (originally built by Edward III, but greatly altered by Charles II and George IV), and the so-called "Waterloo Chamber," a vast dining-hall built for George IV to commemorate the great victory of 1815 and adorned with portraits of almost all the most eminent personalities of the period in the ranks of the Allies.

All this part of the Castle took its present form at the time of the great alterations carried out by



Photo by]

COOKHAM CHURCH.

[H. N. King

Cookham Church, built in early-English style, is prettily situated by the River Thames. The ivy-covered western tower is composed of flint. Within the church, which was restored in 1860, are a fine canopied altar-tomb dated 1517, a beautiful marble monument to Sir Isaac Bocoek, by Flaxman, and a number of noteworthy brasses.

George IV and his architect Wyatt, who changed his name to Wyattville. The wags of the time found the transformation of the Castle and Wyatt's name a fitting butt for their pleasantries:

"But let us hope that their united skill
Will not make Windsor Castle-Wyattville."

On the other sides of the Upper Ward are the private apartments of the Royal Family and the "Visitors' Apartments," the former being world-renowned for their library and art treasures of all kinds.

Of the many historical scenes which the royal and ancient castle has witnessed, it is impossible to speak within the limits of this book. The famous names with which its history is intertwined would make a catalogue far too long for insertion here. But an exception must be made in the case of one of the world's most gallant lovers, King James I of Scotland, who spent nineteen of his forty-one years

of life in gilded captivity. When a youth of twenty-one Agincourt Henry brought him to Windsor from the Tower in August 1413, and it was during his residence there that he saw a fair young maid, Jane Beaufort, walking in the garden. Cupid smote the royal prisoner to such good effect that he promptly committed his feelings to paper, and "The King's Quair" has become quite a mine of inspiration and information to disconsolate lovers. It is refreshing to think that the young man's industry was not wasted, for in 1424 he wedded the object of his desire and she became the ancestress of all kinds of eminencies.

Windsor itself is not what it was. Most of its ancient houses and inns have vanished or "suffered



Photo by

CLIVEDEN REACH, MAIDENHEAD.

John Jones Ltd.

This is one of the most beautiful reaches of the Thames. Part of Maidenhead is seen in the foreground, and the observer is looking up-stream in the direction of Cookham. The famous Cliveden Woods are noted on the right, across the river in Buckinghamshire.

a sea change," and its "merry wives" of to-day sell buns and milk or engage in less doubtful occupations (at any rate, let us hope so) than those which William Shakespeare thought such a joke. Church Street, with its antique residences, is still a joy, and Wren's Town Hall a noble monument to his genius and sarcasm, if we can accept the story that he erected the outer columns, not to support the upper story—as they purport to do, but in fact do not—but to calm the fears of timorous burgesses who knew nothing of the laws of architecture and such complicated matters as thrusts and the distribution of weight. Windsor, as it is to-day, is one vast eating-house for tourists and visitors, and exists to provide innumerable points of view from which the noble pile of the castle (for it is noble, notwithstanding its unpleasant impression of cleanliness and newness) can be taken in at many angles.

Following the line of the Thames, the next spot of note in Berkshire is Bray, which—like many other



BISHAM ABBEY, BERKSHIRE.

This Tudor mansion on the Thames, some four miles from Maidenhead, incorporates an ancient monastic edifice, traces of which are a pointed doorway and an octagonal tower. A Preceptory of Knights Templars, which was early founded here, was converted into an Augustinian priory in 1338, and changed into a Benedictine Abbey by Henry VIII a short time before the dissolution. Many historical personages were buried in the abbey, including Neville the King maker, the famous Marquess of Montague, and Edward, the last Plantagenet, but their monuments have now all disappeared. The scenery of the mansion-grounds has engaged the brush of some eminent artists.



Photo by]

A BACKWATER ON THE THAMES.

[H. N. King.

The charm of the River Thames is by no means confined to the main stream ; throughout its course are innumerable shady backwaters into which picnic parties love to steer their punts, and where one finds many an artist's easel or photographer's tripod.

villages—once had a vicar. This vicar—like many other vicars, or ordinary human beings for that matter—thought that the spiritual interests of his flock were best served by his rigid refusal to quarrel with the powers that be. But whereas an elastic and chameleon conscience keeps most men in obscurity rather than raises them out of it, Simon Aleyn's adaptability to political exigencies has given him undying fame in choirs and places where they sing :

“ That whatsoever King shall reign
I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.”

After all, there was some advantage to the country in the fact that while stiff-necks in London kept the Tudor blocks, gallows, and stakes busy, a clerical rubberneck by the silvery Thames taught his parishioners the common virtues and the merits of obedience to constituted authority.



Photo by]

OCKWELLS MANOR, NEAR MAIDENHEAD.

[H. N. King.

A mansion two miles from Maidenhead, is one of the few timbered houses now remaining in the South of England. It dates from the time of Henry VII, and is a beautiful old structure, exhibiting an artistic taste and vigour of design not often met with in the present day.

Beyond Bray and Cookham lies Bisham, in one of the most beautiful reaches of the Thames, and indeed a centre of some of the finest sylvan scenery in the four kingdoms. Ancient Bisham Abbey and the church are full of memories, and illustrious names give them an aura of romance which Time has only intensified. Here (in April 1471) the corpse of Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, the "King-Maker" of history, was laid to "rest," if the word "rest" can properly be associated with either the body or spirit of that ambitious and tempestuous personality. And here, too, Princess Elizabeth, better known as Queen Elizabeth, spent three years, a captive in disguise, in charge of Sir Thomas Hoby, Lady Bacon, and Lady Cecil.

Continuing up stream and threading many a lovely reach (but leaving Henley, with its beauties and horrors, to the biographer of Oxfordshire), Reading soon thrusts its bustling and, æsthetically speaking, offensive presence upon the traveller. No one of temperate views and even a modest standard of taste



OCKWELLS MANOR: THE GREAT HALL.

[H. N. King

An excellent specimen of the old-fashioned Great Hall of a country mansion, with its fine panelling and huge open fireplace. The original manor house was granted in 1267 to Richard de Norreys, whose family motto was "Feythfully serve."

would recommend Reading as an art centre or as picturesque in itself. Its biscuits are good and no doubt it is a model community, as modern communities go, but industrialism has its stranglehold on the town, and there is far too high a proportion of what some call suburbs and others slums. Even the fragmentary remains of its once great and glorious abbey are utterly uninteresting and uninviting. But if civic memories are a greater inheritance than fine buildings, Reading has every reason to rejoice. For centuries she played a part, and a telling part, in that queer jumble of more or less incongruous happenings which men call history. Long before the Norman Conqueror set his unwelcome foot on our shores, the Danish conquerors realised the strategic importance of the town and held it or sacked it as occasion required. It was the scene of famous trials, European conferences, royal visits, and meetings of parliaments.

The abbey was founded by Henry I in 1121, and here he was buried, his funeral being attended, as Lysons tells us, "by King Stephen, William, Earl of Warren, and four other earls." In 1140, when



Photo by

BOULTER'S LOCK.

One of the most popular reaches of the Thames is at Boulter's Lock, where, on fine Sundays in summer—particularly on "Ascot Sunday"—gaily dressed crowds line the banks of the river, watching the endless stream of boats pass through. Above the lock extend the beautiful Cliveden Woods.

Judges', Ltd.



Photo by]

LOOKING DOWN THE THAMES FROM COOKHAM.

This photograph, taken from an aeroplane flying over Cookham, shows a stretch of the Thames as far as Maidenhead, whose two bridges (the nearer carrying the London Road and the other the railway) are just discernible in the distance. Skirting the river on its right bank is the road from Maidenhead to Cookham, Boulter's Lock being just hidden between this road and the island. Taplow lies on the left bank of the river.

[Aero Aerials, Ltd.]

Stephen visited it, and 1141, when his rival, the Empress Maud, was given a roval reception, the town would appear to have set the fashion which the Vicar of Bray has made so memorable.

In the reign of Henry II, Reading witnessed a singular method of trying a libel action when Henry de Essex, the royal standard-bearer, engaged in single combat with Robert de Montfort, who had accused him of cowardice in battle. Robert's victory made the verdict of a jury superfluous, especially as Essex was "left on the field as dead." But the "dead" man came to life, and spent the rest of it in Reading Abbey reflecting on the vanity of human existence.

In 1314 we get a horrid revelation of the rapaciousness of man and the gluttony of the feathered species. "Edward II was then at Reading," says Lysons, and "his officers seized 23 quarters of oats, belonging to Nicholas At-Oke, of Stratfield Mortimer, for the King's chickens, and as much litter as was valued at 13s. which he had provided for the reception of his landlord, the Bishop of St. David's.



Photo by]

COOKHAM CUT.

[Judges', Ltd.]

Few reaches of the Thames are more attractive than the neighbourhood of Cookham, which lies between Maidenhead and Marlow. The river banks are here embowered with luxuriant foliage, the towering woods of Cliveden being near by.

The sovereigns of England continued to honour Reading with their visits, but Parliament seems to have had more selfish reasons for deserting London for the Berkshire town; at any rate, most of its appearances there coincided with an outbreak of plague in the capital.

At the time of the dissolution of the monasteries the great abbey shared the fate of its kind, and the last abbot, like his brethren of Glastonbury and Woburn, was hanged, drawn, and quartered to serve as an example to any others disposed to question the eighth Henry's evil will. But though the abbey might be dissolved, its possibilities as a residence were not lost on the King and he made it one of his palaces.

In the civil wars of the seventeenth century, Reading's military importance was well illustrated by the number of times it changed hands. Originally a parliamentary garrison, it was lightly abandoned to the King in 1642, and was only recovered by the Roundheads in April 1643, in a siege which looms quite large in the annals of civil warfare in England, though the loss of the besiegers is said to have been only forty men! Of course, during this game of battledore and shuttlecock the abbey went to ruin and

the unfortunate inhabitants suffered great misery and privations. No wonder that when Charles II visited the town in 1663 "the corporation presented His Majesty with 50 pieces of gold, the queen with 30." In 1688 Reading had its last snuff of powder, when the Prince of Orange's advance-guard had a smart brush with some Irish Dragoons in James II's army, an event which was commemorated in an old ballad, called the "Reading Skirmish, or the bloody Irish routed by the victorious Dutch."

But there is little about the present appearance of the town to recall all these stirring happenings. Most of the churches have suffered grievously from that species of restoration which maketh the heart sick. St. Laurence, once much battered by the cannon of contending enemies, is now a rather ugly ghost of its former self. It shelters the bones of one John Blagrave, who must have turned in his grave when the recent commission on domestic servants was holding its sittings. His will embodied a novel scheme for encouraging godliness and fidelity among that section of the community: it took the shape



Photo by

BISHAM ABBEY, FROM NORTH-EAST.

[H. N. King.]

This view, compared with the frontispiece, gives a better idea of the style of architecture and shows the tower in clearer relief. In the church, which dates back to Norman times, are several fine tombs, chiefly to members of the Hoby family, and a rich armorial window of enamelled glass. Sir Thomas Hoby was guardian to the Princess (afterwards Queen) Elizabeth when she was detained as a prisoner for three years in the Priory which then existed here.

of a legacy, and candidates who were fortunate enough to be selected by the churchwardens of the parishes had then to throw dice for a purse of £10 on Good Friday.

Upstream from Reading the quiet beauty of the Thames valley is full of charm, and there are many points, Stratley Hill being perhaps the most renowned, from which delightful views of the river can be obtained. This is the point where the stream forces its way through the gap between the downs country (which forms the western half of Berkshire) and the Chilterns in Oxfordshire; the scenery is extremely picturesque, and the whole region is rich in historical associations. The great name of Alfred would alone suffice to shed a lustre upon it.

The northern slopes of the Berkshire Downs is Alfred's country *par excellence*. It was at Wantage that he was born in 849, in a palace which has vanished from human sight, as has the manor house which succeeded it. The bare chalk hills all around are the scene of many events of his extraordinary career, and above all his ceaseless tussle with the Danes. It was a country to inspire him to great



Photo by

BISHAM ABBEY : THE GREAT HALL.

The Great Hall is part of the ancient monastic edifice incorporated in the present structure, and was tastefully restored in 1859. At one end is a dark oak gallery, and at the other a beautiful ancient lancet window. Associated with the abbey is the superstition that Lady Hoby haunts one of the bedrooms, attired in the dress then allowed to a baronet's widow, and with a self-supported basin moving before her, in which she is perpetually trying to wash her hands.

[H. N. King.]

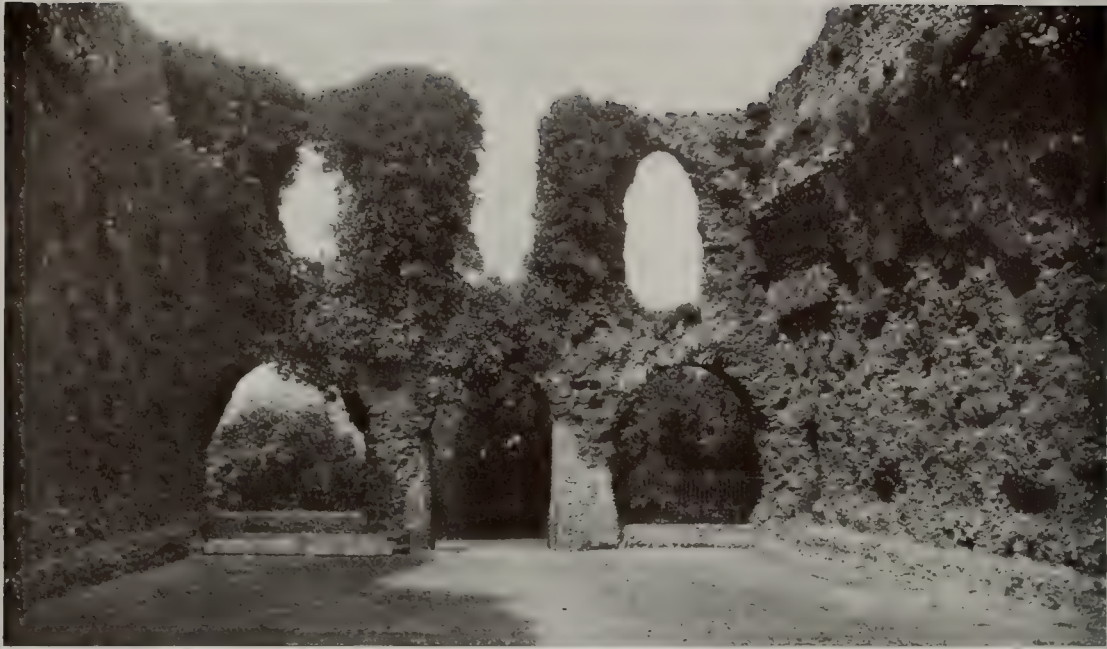


Photo by

THE ABBEY, READING.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

This was a famous Benedictine Abbey at the time of its foundation by Henry I in 1121 and took third rank among the abbeys of England. It stood on an eminence overlooking the Kennet and was endowed with much land and with the privilege of coining. The abbey was the burial-place of Henry I, his queens and the Empress Maud. It suffered great damage from artillery at the siege of 1643, and was subsequently demolished by Parliamentary troops.



Photo by

OLD ARCHES, READING ABBEY.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The portions of the abbey that still remain have been stripped bare of their exterior stones and look like masses of rock. The great gateway—a large circular arch in a massive square tower—was built in 1220-30 and was restored in 1861. "Sumer is icumen in," the earliest known piece of music for several voices, was composed by one of the monks in 1240 and is commemorated by a tablet in the chapter-house.

efforts. Many of the hills are crowned with entrenchments, or camps which mark some desperate effort of the unfortunate Britons to stay the tide of Roman invasion. Somewhere on the ridge west of Aldworth was fought the great battle of Assendun, Aescendun, or Ashdown, in which King Ethelred and his brother Alfred inflicted the severest defeat on the Danes that they had yet suffered. "Alfred's Castle," "Alfred's Well," and "Alfred's Bath" keep the name of the hero green, but except for a modern statue Wantage itself has nothing but memories to recall its noble son.

Ashdown Park, almost on the Wiltshire border, is associated with the name of another great Berkshire warrior, William Craven—a very inappropriate name!—who became first Earl of Craven and took a high place among the stalwarts of the seventeenth century. Macaulay's famous reference to him in connection with the last resistance of James II to the victorious advance of Dutch William is too vivid to be omitted. "They [the Coldstream Guards] were commanded by William Earl of



Photo by

SONNING BRIDGE.

John L. L.

Sonning is a charming little village on the right bank of the Thames and has many quaint old houses. It is noted for its ancient bridge and its church containing eight brasses of the fifteenth to the seventeenth centuries.

Craven, an aged man who more than fifty years before had been distinguished in war and love, who had led the forlorn hope at Creuznach with such courage that he had been patted on the shoulder by the great Gustavus, and who was believed to have won from a thousand rivals the heart of the unfortunate Queen of Bohemia. Craven was now in his eightieth year; but time had not tamed his spirit." He was summoned to surrender by the "foreigners," but "Craven swore that he would rather be cut to pieces; but when the King, who was undressing himself, learned what was passing he forbade the stout old soldier to attempt a resistance which must have been ineffectual." How the mind springs involuntarily to Louis XVI issuing that famous order too late to the Swiss Guards to cease the defence of the Tuileries!

North of the chalk ridge is the famous "Vale of the White Horse," at the eastern extremity of which lies Abingdon.

The great glory of Abingdon in ancient days was the Benedictine abbey which originally came into existence in the seventh century. By the time of the Conquest it was already an extremely

important and wealthy foundation, and it was here that the young Prince Henry (afterwards Henry I) received his education and earned the nickname of "Beauclerc." Various vicissitudes notwithstanding, the abbey continued to accumulate wealth and influence until it was dissolved in 1539. Of the abbey church nothing remains, but there are picturesque relics of other portions of the foundation. The last abbot escaped the fate of his brother of Reading by prompt acquiescence in Henry VIII's demands, and instead of being hanged, drawn, and quartered, was presented with the manor of Cumnor, in the centre of the Berkshire peninsula formed by the great bend in the Thames west of Oxford.

The celebrity of Cumnor is due to its association with one of the world's minor sensations—the



Photo by]

ALDERMASTON COURT: ROCK GARDEN.

[H. N. King.

Aldermaston stands at the influx of the Emborne to the Kennet, and is a remarkably pretty spot. The park of Aldermaston Court is very extensive and is one of the wildest and most diversified in the South of England. The mansion, a Tudor edifice built in 1851, contains many interesting relics. An ancient camp occurs near Aldermaston Soak.

death of Lady Amy Dudley, better known as Amy Robsart, at Cumnor Place (of which fragments still remain), on September 8, 1560. Thanks to Sir Walter Scott and *Kenilworth*, the tragic story can still draw tears, and the inviting and perplexing problem of the Earl of Leicester's responsibility still tantalises the amateur detective, and probably will continue to do so till the end of time. The story is one of Berkshire's claims to world renown, and the admitted facts are few and simple.

Amy, daughter of Sir John Robsart, was married to Lord Robert Dudley on June 4, 1550. In 1558 Elizabeth ascended the throne. Dudley at once became her favourite, and soon had some reason for thinking that he might have become her husband if he had been free. In 1560 he asked Amy to reside at Cumnor, which his agent, Anthony Forster, had rented. On September 8 she was found dead. Dudley's guilt was assumed by everyone, but in the absence of any real evidence of murder a coroner's jury found a verdict of death by accident.



Photo by

STREATLEY MILL.

[H. Felton.]

Streatley stands on the Thames at a convergence of Roman roads some miles south of Wallingford. It is a picturesque place much frequented by artists, and has been identified by some writers with the ancient Calleva. Opposite, on the Oxfordshire border, is Goring, a favourite boating resort.



[Photo by]

THE THAMES AT PANGBOURNE.

Judge's, Ltd.

Pangbourne is an attractive riverside village, standing on the River Pang, near its confluence with the Thames. It is connected by a wooden bridge with Whitechurch, in the neighbouring county of Oxford, and is much frequented by artists and anglers. The Nautical College affords training for cadets as officers for the merchant marine. Pangbourne Church, in the early Decorated English style, was rebuilt in 1866. During the formation of the Great Western Railway, Roman coins, urns, and other relics were found in the neighbourhood.

Ashmole, in his *Antiquities of Berkshire*, will not hear of Dudley's innocence. "At the west end of the church," he writes, "are the ruins of a manor, anciently belonging (as a cell, or place of removal, as some report) to the monks of Abington. . . . In the hall, over the chimney, I find Abington arms cut in stone, viz. a patonce between four martlets; and also another escutcheon, viz. a lion rampant, and several mitres cut in stone about the house. There is also in the said house, a chamber called Dudley's chamber, where the Earl of Leicester's wife was murdered; of which this is the story following." The learned antiquarian goes on to give the preliminaries of



Photo by]

[The Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

THE BRIDGE, NEWBURY.

Newbury stands on the Kennet, and has many historical associations. King John was a frequent visitor to the town; and two sanguinary battles were fought in the vicinity during the Civil Wars of Charles I.

the drama and suggests that Dudley first instructed Sir Richard Varney to poison Amy. That design miscarried, and the deed had to be done otherwise:

"For Sir Richard Varney above-said (the chief projector in this design) who, by the Earl's order, remained that day of her death alone with her, with one man only and Forster, who had that day forcibly sent away all her servants from her to Abington market, about three miles distant from this place; they (I say, whether first stifling her, or else strangling her) afterwards flung her down a pair of stairs and broke her neck, using much violence upon her; but, however, though it was vulgarly reported that



Photo by]

DONNINGTON CASTLE, NEWBURY.

[Judges', Ltd.]

The castle is situated one mile west of the town. It belonged to the family of the poet Chaucer, who is erroneously said to have been born here. At the time of both the first and second battles of Newbury, Charles I concentrated his supplies in the castle, which was engirt with entrenchments. It is now represented by an ivy-clad gateway flanked with tall towers.

she by chance fell downstairs (but still without hurting her hood that was upon her head), yet the inhabitants will tell you there, that she was conveyed from her usual chamber where she lay, to another where the bed's head of the chamber stood close to a privy postern door, where they in the night came and stifled her in her bed, bruised

afterwards taken for a felony in the marches of Wales, and offering to publish the manner of the aforesaid murder, was privately made away in the prison by the Earl's appointment; and Sir Richard Varney the other, dying about the same time in London, cried miserably, and

her head very much, broke her neck, and at length flung her down stairs, thereby believing the world would have thought it a mischance, and so have blinded their villainy. But behold the mercy and justice of God in revenging and discovering this lady's murder, for one of the persons that was a co-adjutor in this murder was



Photo by

[Underwood Press,

WALLINGFORD CHURCH AND TOWN HALL.

Wallingford, on the right bank of the Thames between Reading and Oxford, was a fortified town before the Conquest, and was the most important burgh in Berkshire at the time of the Domesday Survey. The Town Hall dates from 1670.



Photo by]

Judges', Ltd.

THE THAMES, WALLINGFORD.

Wallingford signifies the Welshman's or the Stranger's Ford. In the year 1066 William the Conqueror crossed the Thames at this point, and here Stigand, the primate, made submission to him in the name of the clergy. This spot is also associated with Stephen and Prince Henry, who met here in 1153, and agreed that the former should occupy the throne during his life, and the latter should be his successor. Sir William Blackstone, the eminent judge (d. 1780), lies buried in St. Peter's Church.



Photo by]

SUTTON COURTENAY CHURCH.

[Underwood Press.

Sutton Courtenay, on the Thames, is a delightful village two miles south of Abingdon, and connected by a bridge with Culham. The manor house, a curious edifice of the time of Edward III, belonged to the Abbots of Abingdon. The church here illustrated is an imposing structure and of ancient date.



Photo by]

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, ABINGDON.

Abingdon, an agricultural town of ancient origin, derives its name from Abbandun, "the town of the Abbey." It was a place of importance in the time of the Britons and became a royal residence in Saxon days. Christ's Hospital, a curious cloistered edifice of brick and timber, with turret and dome, was founded in 1553 by Sir John Mason, an eminent statesman who served Henry VIII, Edward VI, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth. It contains an oak hall with pictures and stained glass, and has at the east end of its cloister a representation of a famous octagonal market-cross which was destroyed in 1644.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

blasphemed God, and said to a person of note not long before his death, that all the devils in hell did tear him to pieces."

All readers of *Kenilworth* know how Walter Scott decorated this version and took great liberties with it. An element of Borgian cunning was introduced which makes a much better story. A trap-door was arranged, the withdrawal of which meant a fall into "the abyss, which was dark as pitch and seemed profoundly deep, going, as Foster informed his confederate in a whisper, nigh to the lowest vault of the Castle." The result was that when the unfortunate lady left her chamber, "there was a rushing sound—a heavy fall—a faint groan—and all was over."

Many of the Berkshire villages north of the downs afford an excellent picture of mediæval times with their ancient churches and houses. Fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately, their attractions



Photo by,

ABBEY GATE, ABINGDON.

[Valentine & Son Ltd.]

The original abbey was founded by Cissa, Viceroy of Centurin, King of Wessex, in 675, but was completely destroyed, in the reign of Alfred, by the Danes. The subsequent edifice, which was founded at Abingdon by King Edred, and completed in the reign of King Edgar, was dissolved in 1539. A graceful gateway, in the Perpendicular style, adjoining St. Nicholas' Church, is one of the chief remains of the abbey, the chronicle of which was published about the middle of the nineteenth century.

have been found out, and places such as Steventon or the two Hendreds are becoming too popular to be altogether picturesque, at any rate in the summer-time.

The southern slope of the downs is also dotted with relics of British and Roman occupation, but is less abrupt than the northern; and on this side the valley of the Lambourn and a series of spurs break the chalk mass into ridges and hollows in which many delightful villages nestle. A familiar sight in this part of the county is that of racehorses being trained and exercised, Lambourn being a Berkshire Newmarket, and a famous centre for that industry—if "industry" is the proper term. The little town is an ancient one, though its association with King Alfred and several great Norman and Anglo-Norman families evidently did not prevent it from falling into decay, and has left little in the way of permanent record. Its fine Norman and Transitional Norman church more or less escaped the ravages of Puritan iconoclasts, but was mercilessly ill-used, under the guise of "restoration," by the architectural iconoclasts of the last century.

Hungerford has a name with an old English ring about it, but belongs to that class of town or village which the guidebooks damn with faint praise by describing as "clean," and then stopping short. In other words, it has little or nothing to show its lineage or associations, which date back at least to John of Gaunt. The fishing in the neighbourhood has always been renowned. Evelyn talks of Hungerford as "famous for its troutes," and Pepys writes (June 10, 1688): "So

come to Hungerford, where very good trouts, eels, and crayfish. Dinner: *a mean town*. At dinner there, 12s." The old "Bear Inn" has seen history both made and in the making. King Charles I was here in November 1644, after the second battle of Newbury. (Incidentally, quite a large number of inns hereabouts claim the honour of having housed the monarch the night before the second battle of Newbury. If they are *all* right, it looks as if Charles would have been more successful on the battlefield if he had spent the night pondering his order of battle, instead of sampling lodgings!) It was at the "Bear," too, that the wily Prince of Orange received James II's commissioners in 1688, and offered terms so reasonable that no one but the blind and stiff-necked Stuart could be relied upon to reject them.

South of Hungerford, the chalk hills



Photo by

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

ABINGDON BRIDGE.

The bridge across the Thames at Abingdon is a picturesque structure, with six pointed arches, erected in 1416 by Henry V. So opportune was its construction, in the estimation of the inhabitants of the surrounding country, that some quaint verses were written commemorating the occasion, and these are preserved in Christ's Hospital.

of Berkshire brace themselves for a mighty effort and attain a height of close upon 1,000 feet at Inkpen Beacon, on the borders of Hampshire and Wiltshire.

Newbury, and the surrounding district, has played a significant part in history, and Nature obviously intended it to do so. The valley of the Kennet forms a highway through the downs, and both the old Bath Road and the modern railway avail themselves of it. As one of the approaches to

London, its strategic importance was great, as both sides realised well enough in the civil wars of the seventeenth century.

Speen is now an insignificant little village, but it represents the Roman settlement of Spinis, at the fork of the roads from London and Silchester to Cirencester and Marlborough.

Donnington Castle, now a picturesque gateway between two fine

valour of the Roundheads so successfully that its surrender was brought about, not by the force of arms, but only on a special order from the King.

Shaw House, an Elizabethan mansion close by, and one of the most beautiful and characteristic architectural achievements of the period, also illustrated the defensive value of bricks and mortar in an age when high explosives were unknown. During the second battle of Newbury it was the object of a tremendous attack by the Parliamentarians. Throughout the day of October 27, 1644, wave

towers, is all that is left of a fourteenth-century fortress which defied the scientific developments of siege warfare until well into the seventeenth century. It was garrisoned for the King and sustained a famous and picturesque siege by the Parliamentary forces for nearly two years (1644-6). During the operations the castle was slowly dismembered, but it defied the disciplined



Photo by

EAST HAGBOURNE.

[Underwood Press Service.]

This quaint village, situated five miles from Wallingford, is one of those retired little places, off the beaten track, which appeal to lovers of old-fashioned England. Its ancient cross, mounted on high steps, is overlooked by many a picturesque gable. In 1644 the troops of the Earl of Essex were quartered here on their way to Abingdon from Reading.



Photo by

MOULSFORD VILLAGE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

A pretty spot on the Thames between Streatley and Wallingford. A bridge here crosses the river, and on the Oxfordshire side is the village of South Stoke. The church of Moulsoford is in the modern Decorated English style and has a wooden tower.

after wave of attackers surged against the house, only to be broken by the deadly hail from the windows and the entrenchments in the garden. The fine old house still shows its wounds, and many other relics of that fierce contest.

The two battles of Newbury were fought on September 20, 1643 and October 27, 1644, respectively, and both were in a tactical sense indecisive, though strategically the Parliamentarians were successful in the former, owing to the Royalist failure to intercept their march to London. At the second battle many of the greatest protagonists of the drama were present, notably Cromwell, Manchester, Essex, and Skippon on the Parliamentary side, but their united efforts did not prevent a very sanguinary engagement from having no appreciable result.

Newbury itself is somewhat of a "has-been," but its old Cloth Hall, now doing duty nobly as a



Photobry

A BERKSHIRE LANE.

Underwood Press Service.

This view of a sylvan glade near Ascot is typical of the charming woods which are to be found throughout Berkshire. The county, bounded as it largely is by the beautiful Thames, attracts many Londoners in summer-time.

museum, is a delightful and attractive example of domestic architecture at the opening of the seventeenth century. It was built by the Guild of Clothworkers of Newbury, a number of gentlemen active in the interests of a very important industry which has now deserted the town.

East of Newbury, the road runs along the line of the ancient Roman highway, and when the Roddon is crossed we are in the heart of what was once the "Forest District," where chalk gives way to clay and sand, and prolific vegetation, and the whole character of the county changes. Windsor Great Park, one of the minor, if not major glories of Britain, is substantially all that is left of the immense forests which in ancient times covered all this region. There are many places of great renown from an historical, literary, or scenic point of view in this quarter. Most people have heard of ancient Wokingham, Bagshot Heath and its highwaymen, Caesar's Camp, Sandhurst and Wellington College, Virginia Water, and so forth, but if a census were taken it would probably appear that the fame of this south-eastern corner of Berkshire rests on Ascot and its famous race week.



Photo by

J. H. Robinson

THE RIVER TWEED.

This fine stretch of the Tweed, a few miles from Coldstream and near Twizell (in Northumberland), affords an idea of the stately grandeur of the Border river. The Tweed rises in the south of Peeblesshire, at a spring called Tweed's Well, and has a total length of ninety-seven miles.

BERWICKSHIRE

A PLEASANT parallelogram, wedged in between the Lammermuir Hills and the beautiful valley of the Tweed, Berwickshire is a border county in every sense of the word, the quiet, peaceful relic of a "no-man's land," which was for ages the bone of contention between two proud, fierce races. The passage of invading armies and raids and forays innumerable have destroyed almost all the memorials of its importance in mediæval times, and played havoc with its castles and churches, but the mass of story and legend which has effaced the harsher memories of black deeds has given the region a picturesque and romantic atmosphere which is all its own.

Of those relics the greatest and fairest is Dryburgh Abbey, on the banks of the Tweed where that beautiful river makes a huge bend. Almost every part of this ancient and famous monastery has something left to give an idea of its former glory. Architecturally it is very interesting, but the hand of destruction was laid on it so long ago that the very extent of the present ruin is somewhat a matter for surprise. As George Smith remarked: "These aged trees on the summit of the walls are the surest records we have of the antiquity of its destruction." It



Photo by

Valentine & Sons, Ltd

DRYBURGH ABBEY: CLOISTER DOORWAY.

Beautiful examples of Norman and early English arches are to be found in these superb twelfth century ruins on the Tweed. The cloisters occupy the greater portion of the west side of the abbey, between the refectory and the nave, and contain the remains of statues and a font.

seems only appropriate that the abbey should be the last resting-place of one who brought all the borderland to life again in the pages of his classic historical romances. In St. Mary's aisle Sir Walter Scott lies in the burial-place of his ancestors, the Haliburtons of Newmains.

If tradition is right, Dryburgh owes its two great visitations to a lack of statesmanship on the part of the ecclesiastics. In 1322 Edward II's beaten army was sullenly retreating southwards, passing Dryburgh *en route*. The sulky host was not out of earshot before all the bells of the abbey were pealing in triumph. A sense of humour was not Edward's strong point, and he returned and burned a large part of the monastery to the ground.



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

ST. CATHERINE'S WINDOW, DRYBURGH ABBEY.

This beautiful window, 12 feet in diameter, is in the western end of the refectory, or dining-room of the monks—a large building occupying almost the whole south front of the abbey. The refectory is 100 feet long, with a breadth of 30 feet and a height of 60 feet. The wine and almonry cellars are located below this part of the monastic buildings.

In 1545 the clerics were even less tactful. They organised a raid into England, and the inevitable reprisals took the form of an attack in force by the Earl of Hertford and his men, in the course of which the abbey was probably reduced more or less to its present state.

Berwickshire is divided into three districts, Lauder on the west, Lammermuir (taking its name from the famous hills) on the north, and the Merse, i.e. the March, or border, on the south and east.

The district of Lauder, watered by the River Leader and its tributaries, lies remote from the bustle and stir of human life, though by no means unknown to those who do not spare the rod and spoil the fish. The little town of Lauder (strictly entitled to be styled a town, though its population would only justify the description of village) has an ancient town hall and church to guarantee its historical respectability. But its decorum must have been sadly shaken by the picturesque but brutal piece of ruffianism it witnessed in 1482, when James III's disgruntled nobles hanged his favourite



Photo by

DRYBURGH ABBEY, FROM EAST.

The abbey was founded by Hugh de Moreville, Lord of Lauderdale and Constable of Scotland, about the year 1150 in the reign of David I. The ruins stand amid beautifully wooded surroundings within a bend of the Tweed at the extreme south-west corner of Berwickshire. The monks who once tenanted the abbey came from that at Alnwick, in Northumberland, and were of the Premonstratensian order. The monastery was burned down by Edward II during his retreat after the futile invasion of Scotland in 1322, when his troops camped in the grounds. Though Robert I did much to restore the abbey, there is no authority for saying it was ever completely reconstructed. Several styles of architecture are traceable in the remains, notably Norman and early-English. Sir Walter Scott was buried here on September 26, 1832.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]



Photo by,

THIRLESTANE CASTLE, LAUDER.

Thirlestane, a commodious mansion situated near Lauder on the right bank of the Leader Water, dates (as it stands to-day) mainly from the reign of Charles II, though its origin is traceable to a formidable tower built by Edward I when he invaded Scotland. Chancellor Maitland rebuilt and gave its present name to the castle, and the Lauderdale family have effected great improvements to the structure and to its fine grounds.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

before his eyes on Lauder bridge. We are told that the unfortunate man (Robert Cochrane, an architect whom the King made Earl of Mar) was wearing a beautiful cord round his neck when he entered the church where the conspirators were gathered, presumably fortifying themselves spiritually for their fell design. The Earl of Angus playfully toyed with the cord and equally playfully suggested that it could be put to a far better purpose, whereupon the victim was hustled out and suspended from the bridge with six of his friends. Angus has gone down to history as "Bell the cat" in view of his courage (?) in being the first to seize the obnoxious favourite.

The Lammermuir Hills, made immortal by Scott, if not otherwise immortal, are a wild range of heights attaining their highest elevation at Says Law. On the east the valley of the Pease burn provides some delightful scenery, and the coastline, where the range meets the sea, is exceedingly fine. So rugged is the coast of Berwickshire that it acted as a natural barrier to the Danes,



Photo by

THIRLESTANE TOWER, LAUDER.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

This tower was once the residence of Chancellor Maitland, who either renovated or rebuilt the ancient fort which forms the nucleus of the present Thirlestane Castle near by. Chancellor Maitland transferred the name of his tower to the castle when he completed his work.



Photo by

LEADER BRIDGE, LAUDER.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

The Leader Water rises (under the name of Kelfhope Burn, on Lammer Law in the south of Haddingtonshire. It is a fine trouting stream and its course of twenty-one miles lies through the district of Lauderdale, and forms part of the boundary between the counties of Berwick and Roxburgh. It joins the Tweed at Leaderfoot, after passing through some beautiful scenery.

and the county suffered correspondingly less from their ravages.

St. Abb's Head, a promontory well known to schoolboys, is the culminating point of a range of cliffs which are as imposing as anything Scotland can show. Its north-western neighbour is crowned by the scanty ruin of Fast Castle, once a famous stronghold. During the many



Photo by]

(Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

ST. ABB'S HEAD, FROM NUNNERY POINT.

The headland, with its lighthouse, lies about two miles north-east of Coldingham, and is one of the best-known promontories on the east coast. St. Abb's Head is composed of two hills, that on the eastern side bearing the remains of a monastery and a church. The cliff scenery here is particularly grand.

border wars between the Scotch and English it frequently changed hands; Holinshed, the chronicler, specially mentions an occasion in 1548 when the Scotch recovered it through a stratagem not unrelated to the great horse of Troy. "The English commander had ordered the neighbouring farmers to bring thither great store of victuals.

The young men thereabouts having that occasion, assembled thither at the day appointed, who taking their burdens from their horses and laying them on their shoulders, were allowed to pass the bridge, which joined



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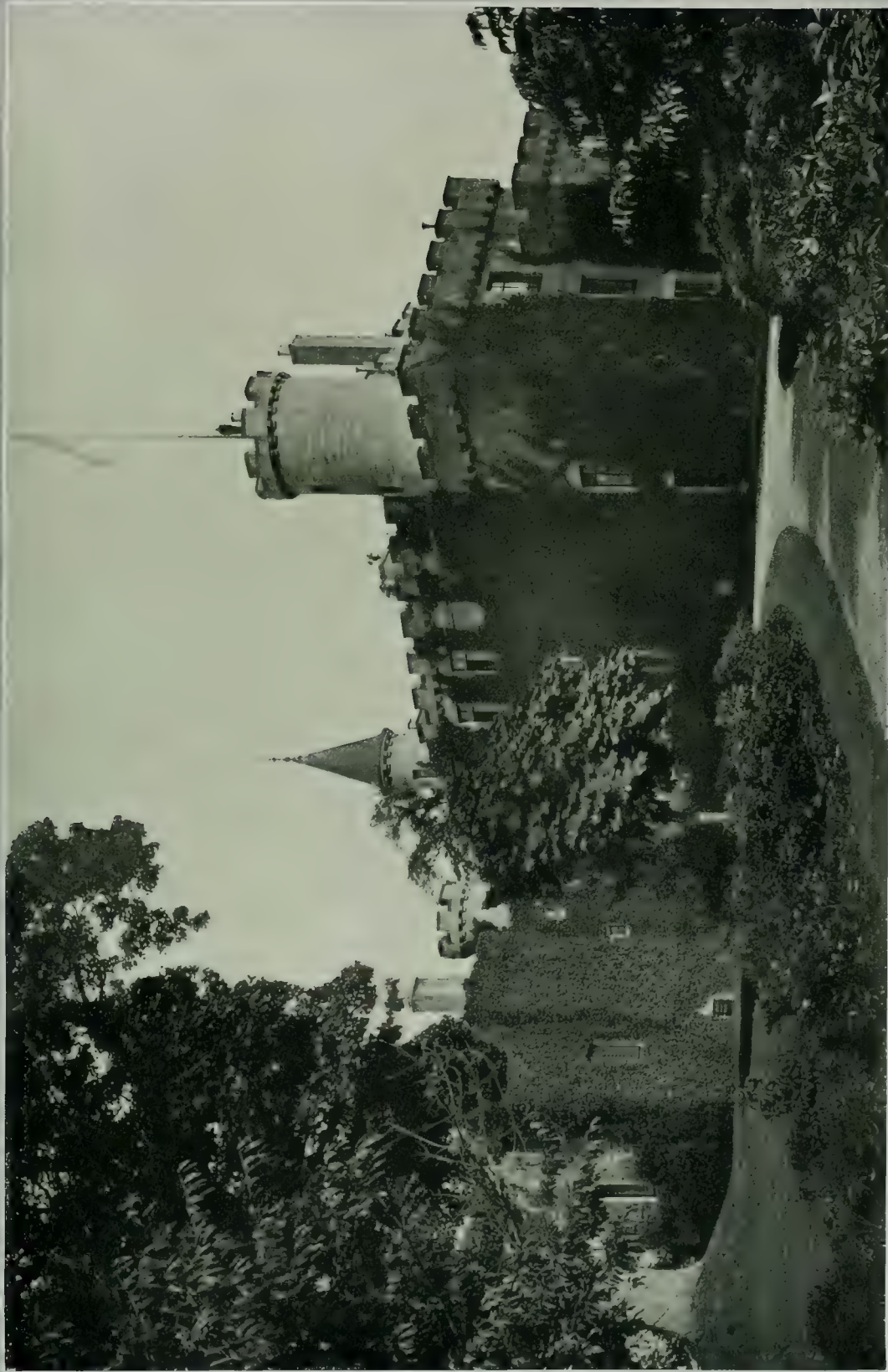


Photo by

HUTTON CASTLE, CHIRNSIDE.

The castle stands to the north-west of the village of Hutton, near Chirnside, and on the River Whiteadder. It is an irregular edifice, containing evidence that it was built at different times, one of its most noteworthy features being a square tower of great antiquity, though of uncertain date. Hutton Castle was presumably a Border stronghold of great strength at one period, judging from the appearance of its older portions.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]



Photo by

MILNE GRADEN HOUSE, COLDSTREAM.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

This is one of several fine country residences in the neighbourhood of the border town of Coldstream. The town itself will always be associated with the famous Guards regiment which bears its name, and which, it is believed, was raised here in 1660 by General Monk.



Photo by

MARCHMONT HOUSE, GREENLAW.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The family of Marchmont, who exercised great authority after the Revolution, did much to raise Greenlaw to a place of importance in the county, and in 1696 it was legally constituted the capital of Berwickshire — an honour which now falls to Duns. The house has been noted for its splendid collection of paintings, including works by Vandyck, Cuyp, Ruysdael, Teniers, Vandervelde, etc.



Photo by,

WEDDERBURN CASTLE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

This stately residence is situated south-east of Duns, the capital of the county, and is in the Grecian style of architecture. The grounds are very tastefully laid out.

two high rocks, into the castle ; where laying down that which they brought, they suddenly, by a sign given, set upon the keepers of the gate, slew them . . . and possessed the other places, weapons and artillery of the castle."

An even stronger candidate for historical renown in these parts is Coldingham, the church of which is the only substantial relic of a priory of European fame ; the rest of it could probably be pieced together from the stones of the cottages in the village. It was founded in 1098 by King Edgar of Scotland and soon attained such importance and wealth that, as Fullarton's *Gazetteer* quaintly remarks, " the priors of Coldingham mingled much in the political intrigues of their country, and figure somewhat flauntingly on some pages of its history ; yet they could not prevent the rebound upon themselves of detrimental and even devastating interference from at once freebooters, nobles, kings, and popes." The " devastating



Photo by]

DUNS CASTLE.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd

Duns Castle, which lies to the north-west of the town, is a fine modern residence in the Gothic style. Attached to it is a very old tower belonging to a more ancient castle, reputed to have been erected by Randolph, Earl of Moray.

interferences" of Hertford's troops in 1545 and Cromwell's in 1650 completed the ruin of the great foundation.

The central portion of the county is drained by the Rivers Whiteadder and Blackadder and their tributaries, but though the scenery lacks striking or impressive features it is not devoid of interest and there are many charming "bits."

Duns (which appears in Fullarton as "Dunse," with the footnote: "The name was *anciently* written Duns.") Fashion must have veered round again since 1842!) is the capital of the county, but not so famous as the local hill, Duns Law, which David Leslie and his Covenanters once converted into a formidable fortress. Among the historic homes of central and southern Berwickshire, Hume Castle,



Photo by]

TOLL BRIDGE, EYEMOUTH.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The fishing town of Eyemouth, situated on the coast at the estuary of the River Eye, was formerly notorious as a smugglers' haunt. At the mouth of the bay a great disaster took place in 1881, when practically the whole of the fishing fleet was destroyed by a gale, with much loss of life.

though a ruin, deserves a high place as the ancestral residence and fortress of the great Earls of Home who once figured largely in Scottish history, in a light which can best be described as *chiaroscuro*. One of them made himself obnoxious to Cromwell, who in 1650 sent a force to besiege the castle. On being summoned to surrender, the governor's defiance took the shape of a piquant note:

"I, Willie Wastle,
Stand firm in my castle;
And a' the dogs o' your town
Will no pull Willie Wastle down."

But when the English cannon began to play, there was no need for the dogs to display any great activity, as surrender was prompt and complete.

Of partial interest to Englishmen is the little town of Coldstream, if only because it gave its name to the regiment which was the start of a standing army in the southern country. Some maintain that the regiment was formed by General Monk in 1660, but the better view appears to be that it was recruited ten years earlier and was in a large measure responsible for Cromwell's successes in Scotland.



Photo by]

THE BRIDGE, BRECON.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.

Brecon, the capital of the county, is picturesquely situated on the River Usk, near its confluence with the Tarell and the Honddu. The Welsh name of the town is Aberhonddu. A post or town was constructed on the site of Brecon by the ancient Britons, and the Romans had a station on its western outskirts at Gaer-Bannan.

BRECKNOCKSHIRE

“**T**AFFY was a Welshman, Taffy was a . . . ,” but no one dares continue that libellous and scurrilous rhyme in Brecknockshire, one of the most Welsh of counties, well endowed with good samples of all the scenic beauties for which the principality is famous, and yet remote and inaccessible enough to leave Nature victorious in her eternal struggle with civilisation.

Geographically the county falls into three sections. The first is the nameless tangle of hills north of the Yrfon valley, a region so wild and desolate that the very presence of man seems an intrusion. Here the traveller can still enjoy the sensation—a sensation all too rare—of meeting natives who cannot speak a word of English and answer interrogatories with the verbal hieroglyphics of the Welsh tongue.

The second contains the great ridges of the Mynedd Epynt and the Mynedd Bwlch y Groes on the west and the Black Forest on the east, and lies between



Photo by]

LYCHGATE AND ST. JOHN'S PRIORY CHURCH, BRECON.

The Photochrom Co., Ltd

The Priory Church of St. John the Baptist is one of the principal churches of Wales, taking its place next after St. David's and Llandaff Cathedrals. The priory was founded in 1096 by Bernard de Newmarch, and was subject to Battle Abbey, but little remains of the original church, which was rebuilt in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.



Photo by

CHRIST'S COLLEGE, BRECON.

The Photachrom Co., Ltd.

Christ's College, in the suburb of Llanfaes, was formerly a Dominican friary and was refounded as a collegiate church and school by Henry VIII in 1542. Though principally modern, the buildings embody the thirteenth-century monastic church, the refectory being now the school dining-hall and the choir the school-chapel.

charm, the lure of the mountains around and the valleys of the Wye and the Yrffon, make it a popular resort. It has its little place in History, too. Some say that in pre-Conquest times it was the headquarters of an independent state, and after the Conquest brought the Norman invaders into the very

the valleys of the Wye and the Usk. The "Wye Valley," to the average tourist, means the well-known stretch of the river from Ross to the Severn, but the initiated know that its upper reaches form the most fascinating and delightful boundary between Brecknockshire on the one side and Radnor and Herefordshire on the other.

In one of the most charming sectors of the valley stands Builth, where evil-smelling waters of medicinal properties attract all sorts and conditions of men at certain seasons. Not that Builth is wholly given over to the "crops": its own quiet

heart of Wales it attained great strategic importance. Of the castle they built there nothing remains, but for centuries it was the advanced outpost of the hated foreign foe. The great Llewelyn, last of the native princes, could hold it in large measure responsible for his somewhat ignominious death. In 1260 he razed this symbol of foreign dominion to the ground, but another sprang from its ashes, and when the Welsh prince attempted to renew the feat of 1260 twenty years later he had the misfortune to be surprised and killed in a petty skirmish in the valley of the Yrffon close



Photo by

MEMORIAL COLLEGE, BRECON.

The Photachrom Co., Ltd.

Brecon is well supplied with religious institutions, most of the principal denominations having places of worship in or about the town. The Memorial College is a centre for Congregational ministers.



Photo by]

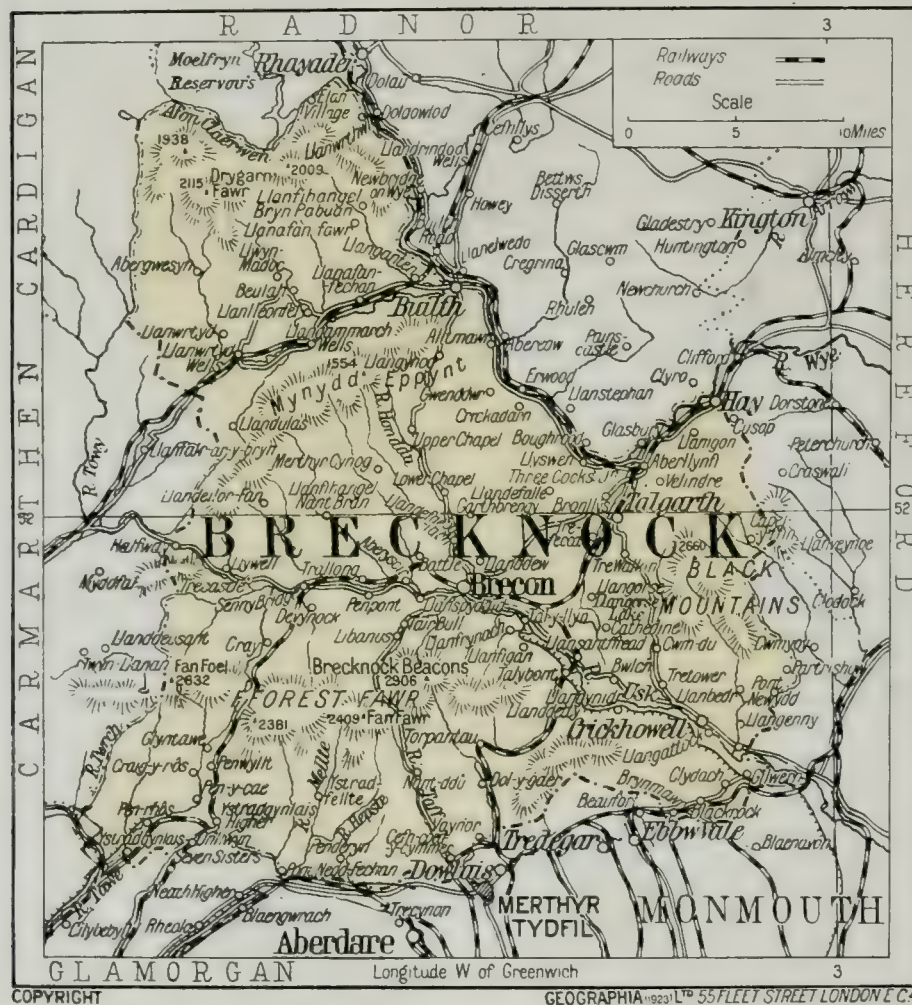
A RIVER SCENE NEAR BRECON.

The principal river of Brecknockshire, the Usk, is joined at the capital town by two important tributaries, the Honddu and the Tarell. It is from the former that Brecon derives its Welsh name of Aberhonddu.

[H. N. King.

to the town. Cefn-y-Bedd, the "Ridge of the Grave," still recalls a story of unutterable melancholy to Welsh ears.

No less beautiful than the valley of the Wye is that of the Usk which intersects the very heart of the county. Here the hills, especially the Brecon Beacons on the south, rise so steeply from the river that the valley forms a deep and highly picturesque trench. At the junction of the Usk with its tributary, the Honddu, is Brecon, or Brecknock, the capital of the county and as peaceful and picturesque a county town as one could wish to see. As might be expected, the hard and unmusical name of "Brecon" (and still more "Brecknock") does not commend itself to the Welsh, who call it, very appropriately, "Aberhonddu."



MAP OF BRECKNOCKSHIRE.

That Brecon and its neighbourhood had a certain military importance in early times is amply borne out by the existing traces of occupation for military purposes. At Gaer, three miles from the town, is the site of an important Roman station which some authorities pronounce to be the ancient Bannium. After the Roman garrison departed a veil is dropped, through which dim figures peer, half historical, half legendary, until after the Norman Conquest, when the stage is again occupied by thoroughly substantial and tangible people. Bernard de Newmarch defeated the Welsh in Brecon at the close of the eleventh century, and used the material of the Roman fort at Gaer to build his castle.

Such remains as there are of Brecon Castle give little idea of its military importance or the part it has played in history from time to time. The Ely tower, now in the grounds of the Castle Hotel, is called after Morton, Bishop of Ely, who was sent there as a prisoner by Richard III, his custodian being the Duke of Buckingham. Before long gaoler and prisoner were busily plotting the dethronement of the King, and the result of their machinations was that, though Buckingham lost his head, Morton escaped to France, invited Henry Tudor to claim the crown, and set in motion the sequence of events which led up to Bosworth field.

Brecon may well be proud of its parish church, once the priory church of a foundation which became one of the most famous and wealthy in Wales. The building of the church was begun just before the close of the eleventh century, but extension and alteration have left us with a structure which shows beautiful and characteristic work of the Norman, early-English, and Decorated styles.

A halo of glory of another kind rests on the place known as the "Siddons Vaults," and formerly the



Photo by]

AT SENNY BRIDGE.

[H. N. King.

Senny Bridge and Devynock are situated at the confluence of the Senni and the Usk, eight miles to the west of Brecon. Near the bridge are a few remains of Castell Ddu, formerly held by the Constable of Devynock Forest. The Usk has many pretty reaches in the neighbourhood of Senny Bridge.



Photo by]

BRECKNOCK BEACONS.

[The Photochrom Co., Ltd

A landmark for many miles around, Brecknock Beacons, five miles south of Brecon, rise to a height of 2,907 feet. They are the highest mountain group in South Wales, and are composed of sandstone. Their northern sides are steep, but on the southern face their slopes are more gentle. The Beacons are sometimes known by their older name of Arthur's Chair, or Cader-Arthan.

"Shoulder of Mutton." Here one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of English tragic actresses (or actors, for that matter) was born in 1755. Her name was Sarah Kemble, and as Mrs. Siddons she was destined to make both herself and Sir Joshua Reynolds immortal.

Everywhere in the Usk valley can be seen traces of the activities of Bernard de Newmarch and his Norman followers. If we push upstream towards the Carmarthenshire border, there is the great mound of Trecastle to recall how firmly the conquerors planted their feet on the necks of the Welsh. Indeed, one view of the functions of Breconshire in British history for more than four hundred years after the Norman Conquest is that it was a great *place d'armes* from which the Welsh could be kept in subjection.

On the other side of Brecon, the remains of the castle of Tretower afford an extremely uncommon example of a Norman keep being replaced by an early-English round tower. A Welshman must gaze upon Tretower with a certain feeling of quiet satisfaction, as its virtual destruction was one of the feats



By permission of,

LLANWRTYD, ABERGWESSIN, AND YRFON VALLEYS.

[The L.M. & S. Railway.]

One of the popular Welsh spas, Llanwrtyd, situated on the Yrfon and sheltered by pleasant hills, is noted for its chalybeate and sulphur springs. Abergwessin lies some five or six miles up the Yrfon, the glen of which is here rocky and picturesque.

of a national hero, Owen Glendower, who struggled so long and courageously in that revival of Welsh national spirit which kept Henry IV's hands full for several years.

Close to Tretower is another ancient little town, Crickhowell, with a castle which is one more relic of Norman military thoroughness, though the existing remains are two towers of Edward I's time.

Between the Usk valley and that of the Wye, farther north, the mass of high land which culminates in the Black Forest on the east is intersected by the valley of the Llyfni, which rises in Llyn Safaddan, better known as Llangorse Lake, and flows slightly north-east to join the Wye close to Glasbury.

This beautiful and highly fertile valley, with the Black Forest ridge rising straight from the river bank, is deservedly famous and rich in historical memories. The old market town of Talgarth has a tower of the fourteenth century which is a rarity in Wales, being an isolated structure and not merely a portion of a castle. At Bronllys, farther north, are the remains of another castle, the ruin comprising the ancient keep only.



By permission of,

ON THE WYE, NEAR BULT.

Few rivers in Great Britain possess finer scenery along their course than the Wye. Rising on Plinlimmon, the river has a length of 130 miles, entering the estuary of the Severn near Chepstow. It forms the north-eastern boundary of Brecknockshire, the principal towns in this county on its banks being Bult and Hay.

(The L.M. & S. Railway.

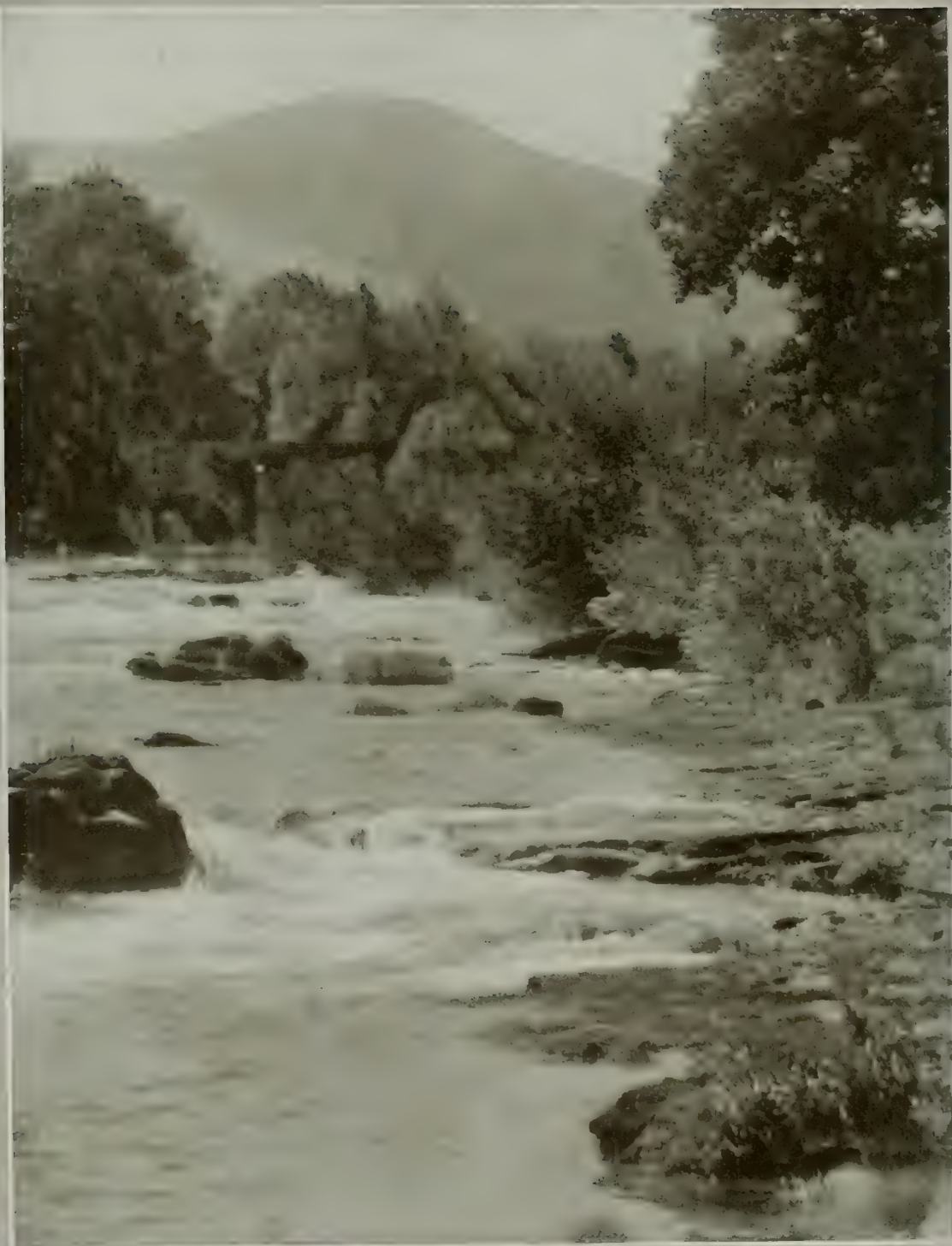


Photo by,

THE USK FROM LLANGYNIDR BRIDGE.

[H. Felton.]

Llangynidr is a village charmingly situated some four miles north-west of Crickhowell. The bridge from which the photograph was taken is a fine old structure of six arches, spanning the River Usk. In the vicinity of Llangynidr is the mountain mass known as Mynydd-Llangynidr, from which fine views of the valley of the Usk are obtained.

At the other end of the valley, the ruin of Blaenllyfni Castle, shows what a fine strategic eye the Normans possessed: the structure commanded the valley of the Usk and the road following the line of that river up to Brecon.

The old town of Hay, situated at the point where

and if the story of its castle is any test a history it has certainly had. The castle was originally one of Bernard de Newmarch's fortresses, but between the date of its erection and that of its destruction by Owen Glendower it passed through extraordinary vicissitudes, being repeatedly taken and retaken in various wars and more than once reduced to ruin.

The portion of Breconshire south of the deep trench of the Usk is not so renowned historically as

the Wye leaves the county to form the boundary between Radnor and Hereford, is a place of much antiquity. Its important position on one of the two avenues of communication between Brecon and the country to the east was always likely to give it a history,



Photo by]

PORTHMAWR GATE, CRICKHOWELL.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

This fine fifteenth-century gateway is the last of the remains of a castellated mansion of the Herbert family, of which it formed the entrance to the quadrangle. The site of the mansion is now occupied by a modern residence.



Photo by

CRICKHOWELL, FROM THE EAST.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The market town of Crickhowell is pleasantly situated in the valley of the Usk, near the south-eastern border of the county. The district is rich in antiquarian remains; a castle was founded here shortly after the Norman Conquest, but only the fragments of two towers remain. The Usk is crossed at Crickhowell by a bridge of thirteen arches.

the northern half, but few parts of the British Isles deserve so honoured a place in **BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL**. The scenic attractions are of the finest and most varied description. In the very centre, the Brecknock Beacons, the county's pride and joy, rear their noble heads. On their flanks a whole series of beautiful mountain rivers start life and gather force and volume as they make for Glamorganshire and the sea beyond.

Perhaps the most delightful region of all is that intersected by the Pyrddin, Fechan, Hepste, Mellte, and Sychnant, which ultimately combine forces on the very boundary of the county to form the River Neath. The wooded gorges and sparkling waterfalls which Nature has distributed with lavish hand in this part of Breconshire have a quiet beauty which is unrivalled of its kind and, with a lofty ridge for their background, present a picture which is not so well known as it should be, the district being somewhat inaccessible.



Photo by]

GWERNYFED OLD HALL, THREECOCKS.

[The Photochrom Co., Ltd.

This old hall, situated a few miles from Hay, dates from Elizabethan times, and originally belonged to the Cliffords and the Williamses. Charles I was entertained here in 1645. The courtyard is notable for its pair of curious round towers. On an eminence not far away is an ancient British camp known as "Gaer."

Quite a feature of this county (as of South Wales generally) is its monuments of the remote and remotest past.

Perhaps the earliest remains still met with are stone circles, presumably memorials of religious rites. There is an excellent example close to Trecastle. There are also numerous relics of ancient British encampments, and it would appear that the Romans frequently converted these camps into military stations, a conscious or unconscious compliment to the "strategic eye" of the conquered.

Brecon is particularly rich in a very interesting relic of the Roman occupation, i.e. large inscribed stones, the very presence of which throws a good deal of light on the nature and permanence of the Roman settlement. A peculiarly significant example is the great megalith known as the Maen-y-morwynion, or "Maiden Stone," near Brecon. This stone is sculptured with the figures of a Roman legionary and his wife, and bears an inscription which is all but obliterated.

Nor must the interesting and instructive remains of Roman roads through this county be forgotten, if only because Brecon lies on the confines of the regions effectively occupied by the Romans, and these great engineering works are a living testimony to the wonderful thoroughness of that great people.



Photo by]

CLIVEDEN: THE FERRY.

[H. N. King.

Few stretches of the River Thames in that part of its course which forms the southern boundary of Buckinghamshire surpass the Cliveden reach, where beautiful woods rise steeply from the water's edge and tower above the stream. Opposite, on the Berkshire bank of the river, lies the pretty village of Cookham, and a little lower down is Boulter's Lock.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

THE author of the Introduction to this work, *BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL*, pointed out that one compelling reason for its appearance was that many of the beauties of these Islands were fast vanishing before the progress of so-called civilisation. If he did not have Buckinghamshire in mind, he might well have had, for though it is one of the most charming and (beyond a certain radius) unspoilt of English counties, there is no doubt it lies too near London and presumably will become a suburb of that city in a not very distant future. When one remembers that only eighty years ago Chelsea and Kensington were pretty villages set in the midst of green pastures, one trembles to think what is likely to happen to the wooded Chilterns during the next eighty years. Even now suburbia has her foot firmly planted on their neck.

But when all due allowance is made for the encroachments of villadom on the southern slopes of the Buckinghamshire Chilterns, the county can still show an almost endless succession of beautiful landscapes, rolling hills and dales, and glorious beech woods which have never yet been violated by the spade of the jerry-builder. Its



Photo by]

TAPLOW COURT.

[H. N. King.

The picturesque seat of Lord Desborough is situated on the left bank of the Thames a short distance above Maidenhead Bridge at the beginning of a particularly charming stretch of the river, and almost opposite Boulter's Lock.

historical associations, too, seem to give it a link with all that has been best and noblest in English life through the centuries.

Where should one begin, if not with the country home of the Prime Ministers of the world's, and history's, greatest empire? Chequers Court, a mansion which is basically Tudor with later alterations and emendations, has recently leaped almost into line with Windsor or Hampton Court, but it was always one of the "show" houses of the country, if only for its famous Cromwell portraits and relics. The inspiration of the great revolutionary seems rather heady wine for a Socialist prime minister, but Oliver's association with Chequers is very indirect, or rather non-existent. It was not until his great-grandson married the heiress of the Croke family (in whose possession it was) that the house and these interesting memorials became one.



Photograph

CLIVEDEN.

[H. N. King

The residence of Viscount Astor, situated among beautiful woods on the Thames near Taplow, was erected in the middle of the last century to the designs of Sir Charles Barry. It stands on the site of an older one built for the second Duke of Buckingham, a house in which the national air "Rule Britannia," attributed to Dr. Arne, was first rendered in 1740. There is at Cliveden a touching reminder of the Great War in the shape of a memorial erected by the Canadian Red Cross to "Men who fought in France and died at Cliveden." The cemetery here in which the men are buried was formerly the Italian Garden.

It is not Cromwell, but another Parliamentary champion, John Hampden, who has shed perhaps the greatest lustre on the county, or—if that offends stout Royalists—at any rate, figures most prominently in its annals. A Buckinghamshire squire, he was a county man in every sense, and many of the scenes of his life which are really significant—with the exception of his death—occurred within its borders. He was Member for Wendover in Charles I's first three parliaments. Great Kimble, close to his home at Great Hampden, was the scene of his stand against ship money which provided the *cause célèbre* of 1635, and turned out to be a milestone on the road to the Civil War. When that war broke out he seems to have assisted in holding the Chiltern country for the Parliament, but it was at Chalgrove Field, in Oxfordshire, that he received the wound which caused his death.

As the result of a somewhat violent controversy as to the exact manner of Hampden's death, Great Hampden Church witnessed a gruesome and rather ludicrous scene on July 21, 1828, when Lord Nugent



Photo by]

ETON COLLEGE : AN AERIAL VIEW.

The famous college was founded in 1440 by Henry VI. The school itself and the residential quarters connected with it occupy a large part of the small town of Eton, and add a quiet charm and dignity to its main street. The college is now governed by a Provost, ten Fellows, the Headmaster, and the Master of the Lower School. The staff consists of about sixty-five masters. Among the distinguished Etonians of whom there are busts in the Upper School are Gladstone, Wellington, Fox, Chatham, Canning, and Peel.

[Aero Aerials, Ltd.]



Photo by]

ETON COLLEGE CHAPEL : THE CHOIR.

[Underwood Press Service.

The chapel, towering above the many other buildings which combine to form Eton College, is a beautiful example of late Perpendicular English architecture. Of similar appearance to King's College Chapel, Cambridge, it is 175 feet in length, including the nave, which is 104 feet by 32 feet. The choir is of seven bays and has a height of 80 feet. The interior of the chapel was restored between 1848 and 1860, and contains dark oak stalls and seats, an octagonal Caen stone font, a statue of Henry VI, and several fine brasses.

(who was engaged on a biography of the great man) and his party disinterred the corpse to ascertain whether Hampden had died from the effects of a shot in the shoulder or from his pistol accidentally bursting and blowing off his hand. The scene is solemnly described by an eyewitness in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August, 1828:

"The coffin was extremely heavy, but by elevating one end with a crow-bar, two strong ropes were adjusted under either end, and thus drawn up by twelve men, in the most careful manner possible. Being

placed on a trestle the first operation was to examine the arms, which nearly retained their original size, and presented a very muscular appearance. On lifting up the

right arm, we found that it was dispossessed of its hand. We might, therefore, naturally conjecture that it had been amputated, as the bone presented a perfectly flat appearance as if sawn off by some sharp instrument. On searching under the cloths, to our no small astonishment, we found the hand, or rather a number of small bones, inclosed in a separate cloth. For about six inches up the arm the flesh had wasted away, being evidently smaller than the lower part of the left arm, to which



Photo by

THE MANOR HOUSE, CHENIES.

[Underwood Press Service.]

One of the quaintest villages in the county, Chenies stands on the River Chess, a little more than four miles from Amersham. The manor was formerly held by the Cheynes and the Sapcotes, and the manor-house of the latter family was reconstructed by the first Lord Russell, to whom it ultimately passed. Queen Elizabeth was entertained here in 1570.



Photo by

MILTON'S COTTAGE, CHALFONT ST. GILES.

[Underwood Press Service.]

It was in this little half-timbered cottage that Milton lived during the Great Plague of London in 1665, and completed "Paradise Lost." Chalfont St. Giles stands on the Misbourn rivulet, three miles from Amersham.

the hand was firmly united, and which presented no symptoms of decay, further than the two bones of the fore finger loose. Even the nails remained entire, of which we saw no appearance in the cloth containing the remains of the right hand.

"At this process of the investigation, we were perfectly satisfied that, independently of the result of any further examination, such a striking coincidence as the loss of the right hand would justify our belief in Sir Robert Pye's statement to the Farleys, that his presentation pistol was the innocent cause of a wound, which afterwards proved mortal."

The old towns of southern Buckinghamshire have a great charm of their own, with many old houses to remind the visitor of what England looked like in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Wendover, with its half-timbered houses, is a true bit of the old world which has lingered on into the new.



Photo by]

DORNEY COURT, NEAR ETON.

[H. N. King

One of the oldest mansions in the county, Dorney Court dates from 1420 and has belonged to the Palmer family since 1629. The great hall contains many old masters, including one of Lord and Lady Castlemaine, the owners in the reign of Charles II. The first pineapple grown in England was raised at Dorney Court and was presented to Charles II by the gardener, the event being commemorated in a famous painting by Sir Peter Lely.

At Amersham the new, in the shape of acres of modern villas, has encroached heavily upon the old, but the town is even now full of memories of the great local family, the Drakes, and it still enjoys a certain sinister fame as the scene of the burning of several martyrs in the sixteenth century.

Beaconsfield is little more than a large village, but its eighteenth-century houses and cottages are a delight to the eye. The sixteenth century Rectory House is a particularly fascinating example of a half-timbered residence, and the church contains the earthly remains of Edmund Waller, the poet, and the great statesman Burke, who preferred the peace and serenity of Beaconsfield to that Madame Tussaud's-cum-museum Westminster Abbey.

High Wycombe, on the other hand, has never rested on its antiquarian oars. It is busily engaged, and has been for centuries, in providing chairs for the rest of Britain to sit on. Its political story has never been highly coloured or exciting.

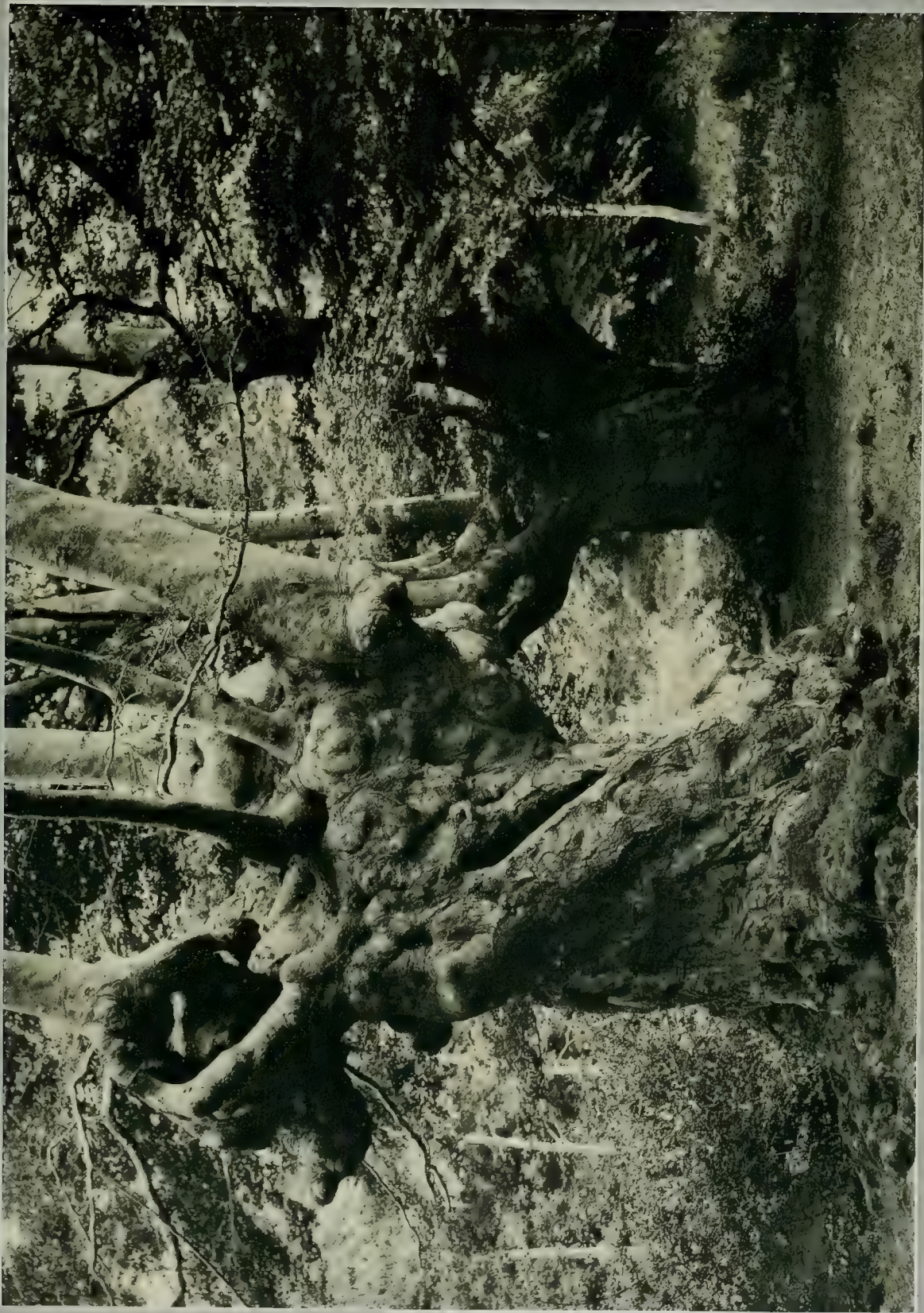


Photo by]

BURNHAM BEECHES.

The enormous old beeches which here constitute the remnants of an ancient forest are known far beyond the boundaries of Buckinghamshire, and particularly to Londoners, who make this a favourite picnic resort. The great trees, all of which are pollarded, have often formed a subject for artists; in autumn they present an especially fine sight. Burnham Beeches, now preserved by the Corporation of the City of London, lies in the neighbourhood of Slough and Taplow.

[H. N. King.

The great event in the history of High Wycombe must surely have been the two elections of June and December 1832. It was then a constituency of "the good old kind." The parish comprised 6,318 acres, but the municipal borough only 128, and those 128 acres sent two Members to Parliament, who were elected exclusively by the corporation and burgesses.

The borough was so deliciously "rotten" that it was the sitting Member's boast that he had never before addressed a meeting. Of course he scorned any and every form of advertisement. "But not so Mr. Disraeli," we are told. "He entered the town in an open carriage, drawn by four horses, and he was accompanied in his march by a crowd of admirers. This crowd was, either spontaneously or by arrangement, joined by another a mile outside the town, and so, escorted by a band, banners, and a



Photo by

STOKE POGES CHURCH.

[The Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

The quaint old church of Stoke Poges will for ever be associated with the poet Gray and his immortal "Elegy." The churchyard, with its venerable yew-tree and graves of the "rude forefathers of the hamlet," is exceedingly beautiful, and never fails to conjure up in the mind the scenes of which the poet wrote so tenderly. Gray himself is buried here. The church embodies different styles of architecture, from Norman to later English.

troop of admirers, Mr. Disraeli made his triumphal appearance. The candidate kissed his hand or blew kisses, we cannot say which, to all the females who were at the windows, bowing profoundly at times to his friends."

Mr. Disraeli then harangued the crowd, in a strain to which their bucolic ears were little accustomed, from the porch of the "Red Lion" Inn. There was a curious difference of opinion as to his success or otherwise. The Tory journal said that he "concluded a speech replete with talent, delivered with great energy, and produced a powerful effect." But the Liberal journal, adopting a tone which sounds a little personal, even in these days, called Disraeli an "Adonis of the sable cheek," and remarked that "he challenges attention to himself by adorning his wrists with cambric, his bosom with lace: he puts a blue band round his hat, where the vulgar puts a black one: he carries a black cane with a gold head:



Painted specially for "Britain Beautiful"

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE

[By F. C. Varley.]

To the north of the First Court of St. John's College stands the chapel, a large and handsome building, built by Sir G. G. Scott in an early-Decorated style. The elaborate interior of the chapel contains old and new monuments, and is ornamented with stained glass. This picture represents the chapel as seen from the Cam, which runs through "the Backs" of Cambridge.

his coat is lined with pink silk . . . and before he essays on the hustings he formally adjusts his ringlets, whose duty is assigned to them on his brow. Such a man, such a man we had said, such a popinjay, appears to say, 'Look on my antagonist and look on me. See him, plain in his attire, plain in his speech. Behold me: will you not vote for a person of my blandishments?' "

However that may be, High Wycombe, where Quaker influences were very strong, liked the "plain attire" and "plain speech" and disliked the "blandishments," and even at a third attempt in 1834 Disraeli failed to secure election.

Next to what we may thus call "Statesmen's Corner" of the county lies the "Poet's Corner," hallowed by the names of Milton, Dryden, Gray, and Shelley. (Cowper has a corner all to himself at Olney, away in the north, but of that more anon.)

Milton touches the county at two points. At Horton, in the extreme south-east corner, he lived from 1632 to 1637, a period which witnessed the appearance of *Lycidas*, *Il Penseroso*, *L'Allegro*, and *Comus*, not a bad feat for a young man of twenty-four just down from Cambridge! There is no trace of the house in which he lived, though the village probably wears much

the same aspect as it did in his day. His mother is buried in the chancel of the old church, under a stone bearing the inscription: "Heare lyeth the body of Sara Milton, the wife of John Milton, who died the 3rd of April, 1637."

Chalfont St. Giles, the poet's other Buckinghamshire home, has been more fortunate than Horton,



Photo by

THE LAKE, BURNHAM BEECHES.

[Underwood Press.

This sheet of water, in the fragment of an ancient forest now well-known as Burnham Beeches, always fascinates visitors to the spot by reason of its delightful setting among silver birch and other trees, and the perfect reflections to be seen in the mirror-like surface of the water.

for the cottage he occupied in 1665 is still standing, now jealously preserved as a museum. Milton's coming to Chalfont in that year was the result of the Plague, and the cottage was selected and taken for him by his friend, the Quaker, Thomas Ellwood, who read to him after he was stricken with blindness. It was here that Milton finished "Paradise Lost," and started on "Paradise Regained," as the result of a chance remark by Ellwood.

The poet Gray, a delightful character, who deserved better than to be secretly but heartily cursed by generations of schoolboys, who have to learn his "Elegy" by heart, was not born in the county, but spent a considerable part of his youth at Burnham, and wrote that famous poem at Stoke Poges, if the preponderance of opinion may be accepted. The scene which he immortalised is still certainly



Photo by]

JORDAN'S MEETING-HOUSE, NEAR CHALFONT.

[Underwood Press Service.

This house, with the tiny Quaker burying-ground adjoining, has become famous through its associations with William Penn, founder of Pennsylvania. Penn, his wife, and some of their children are buried here—a fact which yearly causes many American visitors to make a pilgrimage to this spot near Chalfont St. Giles. The house was built in 1687 by Isaac and Mary Pennington, the latter being the mother of Mrs. William Penn. The graves of the Penningtons are also here.

worthy of its fame. The church is a picturesque and attractive edifice of varying styles, the piers of the nave and part of the chancel being Norman, the tower early English, the east window and the Hastings Chapel Perpendicular. In the church are the tombs of the poet and his mother, "Dorothy Gray, the careful, tender mother of many children, of whom one alone had the misfortune to survive her," as her epitaph (composed by Gray himself) records.

Stoke Court is an enlarged and elaborate modern representative of West End Cottage, where Gray lived with relatives during his period of residence at Stoke Poges.

But the most interesting civil building at Stoke Poges is the Old Manor House, though it incorporates but a small portion of the famous residence in which Sir Edward Coke, when Attorney-General, entertained Queen Elizabeth in 1601. Gray is wrong in suggesting (in the "Long Story") that Sir



Photo by]

HALL BARN, BEACONSFIELD.

[H. N. King.

The principal title to fame of Hall Barn, a fine country seat near Beaconsfield, is that it was built by and formed the home of the poet Waller, who died here in 1687. He is buried in Beaconsfield Church, and his memory is perpetuated by a monument in the churchyard.



Photo by]

BEACONSFIELD CHURCH.

[J. F. Newman.

Beaconsfield Church, which is built of flint and squared stones, formerly belonged to an Augustinian monastery which was founded at Burnham in 1165. Buried here are the remains of Edmund Burke, who had a seat in the vicinity, and also the poet Waller, who lived at Hall Barn.



Photo by

HAMBLETON MILL.

Hambleton is situated at the extreme south-western corner of the county, some three miles from Henley-on-Thames, which is just over the Oxfordshire border. The Thames here flows through pleasant pastoral scenery, which becomes even more attractive as the river passes on to Medmenham and Marlow. Hambleton Weir is notable for its unusual length, and the view from the narrow bridge across it is very fascinating.

H. Felton

Christopher Hatton once occupied the house, but his innocent fib is clad in language far too charming to remain unpardoned.

"Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My brave Lord Keeper led the brawls;
The seal and maces danc'd before him."

Shelley's link with the county is through Great Marlow, where he lived during the summer of 1817, when the "Revolt of Islam" was the fruit of much meditation on and by the Thames. His

house in West Street and the Borlase School, which was founded in 1624, are the principal objects of interest in the little town, for the church is almost wholly modern, possessing one curiosity, however, in the shape of a monument to Sir Miles Hobart, who met his death on Holborn Hill in 1632, owing to an accident to his coach.

The Buckingham bank of the Thames between Eton and Marlow is deservedly famous as one of the finest stretches of the river. Burnham Beeches is a glorious relic of an ancient forest, but beautiful though the trees are, what must they have been before Cromwell played havoc with their timber to provide the material for the Commonwealth navy?

The old house of Hedsor has been rebuilt, to the loss of those who are curious to know how bad the taste of George III, its architect, really was.

Cliveden, too, is a nineteenth-century structure—the work of Barry—and has replaced the historic house built by that evil favourite of Charles II, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

For all his vices,



Photo by

THE THAMES AT GREAT MARLOW.

[Judges', Ltd.

Situated (according to the course of the river) between Maidenhead and Henley, Marlow is the centre for some of the finest scenery to be found on the lower reaches of the Thames. The view from the bridge either up or down stream is very charming, and the well-kept and prettily laid-out gardens that abut on the water (especially near the lock) add to the fascination of this river resort.



Photo by

GREAT MARLOW FROM THE AIR.

[Aereo Aerials, Ltd.

This aerial view is taken looking down the Thames, and shows Marlow on the left bank, with its fine church and bridge. Shelley had a house at this popular boating resort, and the town also possesses a well-known Grammar School.

Buckingham must have been a fascinating villain, for he won the hand of a daughter of that austere Presbyterian, Sir Thomas Fairfax. The most shameful episode in his more or less scandalous career has been related by Pepys in his inimitable fashion :

" Much discourse of the duell yesterday between the Duke of Buckingham, Holmes and one Jenkins, on one side, and my Lord of Shrewsbury, Sir John Talbot and one Bernard Howard, on the other side : and all about my Lady Shrewsbury " [who, disguised as a page, is supposed to have held her lover's

horse], " who is at this time, and hath for a great while been, a mistress to the Duke of Buckingham. And so her husband challenged him, and they met yesterday in a close near Barne-Elmes, and there fought : and my Lord Shrewsbury is run through the body, from the right breast through the shoulder ; and Sir John Talbot all along up one of his armes ; and Jenkins killed upon the place, and the rest all in a little measure wounded. This will make the world think that the King hath good counsellors about him, when the Duke of Buckingham, the greatest man about him, is a fellow of no more sobriety than to fight about a mistress."

Close to Cliveden is the beautiful park of Dropmore ; its wonderful trees are a monument to the taste of Lord Grenville, the well-known statesman of George III's time, who bought the estate when it was barren heath, and planted it thickly with trees, many of them rare and interesting foreign specimens of pine.

To give any adequate idea of the beauties and significance of Eton in the space available here is altogether impossible. Its architectural masterpiece is the Chapel, a building almost worthy to rank with King's College Chapel, Cambridge, or St. George's Chapel, Windsor, as a glorious example of the Perpendicular style. The building was begun by Henry VI about 1441, and if the Wars of the Roses had not upset his plans it is probable that the present chapel would have been only the choir of a monumental structure as large and magnificent as many cathedrals.



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MAP OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.



Photo by]

A THAMES FEEDER NEAR HAMBLEDEN.

[H. Felton.

This scene is typical of some of the flat, low-lying meadows through which the Thames passes near Hambleden.



Photo by

MEDMENHAM ABBEY.

Medmenham Abbey is situated on the Thames some three miles from Marlow. It was founded in 1204 for the Clisterians by Hugh de Bolihec, as an offshoot of Woburn Abbey in Bedfordshire. The ruins, now partly used as a dwelling-house, show that the abbey was a beautiful example of early-English architecture, but it was allowed to fall into decay, and at the dissolution was in a poor state. The tower and cloisters are of more modern date than the abbey itself. A mysterious community settled at Medmenham in the middle of the eighteenth century; they called themselves "Franciscans," after Francis Dashwood, their founder, who afterwards became Lord le Despencer.

[P. N. King.

Of the many eminent men buried in the chapel (most of them provosts or other officials of the school) none has a higher claim on the respect of posterity than the Marquess Wellesley, who was himself the author of his epitaph over the north door.

Of the other college buildings the most interesting are the school yard with the Upper School, the work of Sir Christopher Wren, the Cloisters, the Lower School, the Library, and the Provost's and Head Master's quarters.

From Pepys again we get an attractive glimpse of Eton as it looked in 1666.

"At Eton I left my wife in the coach, and he



Photo by

(Underwood Press Service

FINGEST CHURCH.

Fingest lies 6½ miles north-west of Marlow, in the Chiltern Hills. The Norman tower of the church is especially noteworthy; the nave is in the same style of architecture, but additions to the structure have been carried out in later styles.

and I to the College, and there find all mighty fine. The school good, and the custom pretty of boys cutting their names in the shuts of the window when they go to Cambridge, by which many a one hath lived to see himself a Provost and Fellow, that hath his name in the window standing. To the Hall, and there find the boy's verses, 'De Peste,' it being their custom to make verses at Shrove-tide. I read several and very good they were; better, I think, than ever I made when I was a boy, and in rolls as long and longer than the whole Hall, by much. Thence to the porter's, in the absence of the butler, and did drink of the College beer,



Photo by

MEDMENHAM VILLAGE.

(H. Felton

The village of Medmenham, on the Thames between Marlow and Henley, possesses in good measure that picturesque charm associated with most of the riverside villages. In addition to its abbey (illustrated on page 248), Medmenham bears traces of antiquity in a large entrenchment, presumably of Danish origin.

which is very good; and went into the back fields to see the scholars play. And so to the chapel. . . ."

The School Yard is to all Etonians what Trinity Great Court is to all Cambridge men; the buildings are of the greatest interest and beauty, the clock-tower in particular being an extremely delightful piece of Tudor work, and of course every stone of this court seems hallowed by historic associations and memories of famous figures in English history. For the whole of the eighteenth century and at least the first half of the nineteenth, it could be said with truth that Eton governed England, and perhaps nothing better illustrates the trend of the times than the fact that if Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton, the last great war was won in the backyards of Wapping and Salford.

The celebrations on the 4th June have considerable picturesqueness and *éclat*, but lovers of the



[Phot. O.S.]

STOWE HOUSE.

[H. Felton.]

This great eighteenth-century mansion, near Buckingham, is in the "classic" style of that period, the front having been completed by Earl Temple with Adam as architect, between 1760 and 1780. In its prime, it was noted for its great magnificence, both inside and outside, but in 1848 the fine interior contents were sold to pay off a mortgage. Stowe House was tenanted for many years by the Orleans royal family of France; it is now a public school.

quaint and curious must still deplore the demise of the custom of "the Montem," which Gorton describes as a ceremony taking place "triennially, on Whit-Tuesday, when all the scholars march in military procession with flags and music to the village of Salt Hill, about a mile and a half from Eton, headed by their captain, one of the King's scholars, for whom a collection is made of what is called Salt-money, from casual travellers, or persons drawn together by curiosity or other motives. The collectors are termed Salt-bearers, who as well as their servitors are habited in fancy dresses; and in return for the contributions which they levy, they deliver to the donors a small ticket on which is printed a Latin motto, and which is considered as an acknowledgment of the receipt of the donation, and as a security from further importunity."



Photo by

CHEQUERS COURT.

This fine Tudor mansion, 3½ miles north of Princes Risborough, is well known as the official country seat of the Prime Minister, for which purpose it was given to the nation in 1917 by Lord Lee of Fareham. Lady Jane Grey lived under restraint here for two years, and in 1664 the house was the property of Sir John Russell, who married Cromwell's youngest daughter. Chequers contains a noteworthy collection of Cromwellian portraits and relics. Since it became national property, the house has received many distinguished political visitors, both English and foreign.



Photo by

HUGHENDEN MANOR.

This was the residence of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, from 1839 until he died in 1881. The house is situated about 1½ miles from High Wycombe. Within the park is the village church, adjoining which is the grave of the former Premier. The manor-house was once held by the Montforts, who came to it after the Battle of Evesham. In 1795 coins of Hadrian, Trajan, and other Roman emperors were discovered here. In the park is a monument to Isaac Disraeli, father of Lord Beaconsfield, and author of "Curiosities of Literature."

H. N. King.

On the banks of the Thames beyond Marlow lie the remains of Medmenham Abbey, once a Cistercian settlement, but so decayed at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries that the report on its assets and standing ran curtly: "Monks, two; servants, none; debts, none; woods none; movable goods worth £1 3s. 8d., and the house wholly ruinous." But the abbey is famous mainly as the scene of the orgies of the "Hell Fire Club," a number of eighteenth-century rakes who inscribed their motto "Fay ce que veudras" over the door, thoroughly lived up to it, and whetted the tongue of scandal still more by shrouding all their doings in a veil of mystery.

North of the Chilterns the character of Buckinghamshire changes, the great beech woods ceasing to be the chief feature in the landscape. In contrast to the chalk escarpment the Vale of Aylesbury is exceedingly fertile, so that the town of Aylesbury has always had considerable importance as an agricultural centre. It is the county town and a very ancient place. Gorton writes:



Photo by]

AMERSHAM CHURCH.

[Underwood Press.

The church of Amersham is in the Gothic style and has a beautiful east window of old stained glass. It contains monuments to several well-known local families, including the Drakes, Dents, and Curwens.



Photo by]

AMERSHAM TOWN HALL.

[Underwood Press Service.

The Town Hall of Amersham, in the centre of the High Street, is a sturdy brick structure, erected in 1682 by Sir William Drake. The pillared and arched basement forms a market place resembling others in the county, and the whole is surmounted by a clock-lantern. The High Street contains many picturesque old houses.

" This town, the Aegelsberg of the Saxons, was a manor royal in the reign of the Conqueror, who granted parcels of it to different persons, under the curious tenures of furnishing straw for his bed-chamber, three eels for his use in winter ; and in summer, straw, rushes and two green geese, thrice in the same year, should he visit Aylesbury so often."

One of its archæological treasures is the picturesque *King's Head Hotel*, which came into existence as far back as the fifteenth century and still shows some of the original glass in its windows. The town was an important British fortress after the departure of the Roman garrison from England, and the military value of the site was again illustrated in the Civil War, when Aylesbury was held by the Parliamentarians against attacks by Prince Rupert.

Perhaps the most interesting house in the neighbourhood of Aylesbury is Hartwell, an early seven-



Photo by

AT CHENIES.

[H. N. King.]

Chenies, near Amersham, rarely fails to arouse the admiration of the passing traveller. With its quaint cottages and great trees, its old manor-house where Queen Elizabeth was entertained, and its fine old church, Chenies is the embodiment of the Old English country village.

teenth century mansion in which Louis XVIII resided with his family from 1809 until he returned to France in the spring of 1814. A picturesque feature of the house is the staircase, which has a large number of ancient carved figures on the balustrade.

Buckingham, which was for centuries the county town, until its remoteness from the real centres of county life caused it to yield pride of place to Aylesbury, is a quiet but charming old place which gives an excellent impression of the face of England in days gone by. Unfortunately, it suffered very severely in a fire early in the eighteenth century.

In the vicinity are some remarkable monuments of ecclesiastical and domestic architecture, notably the two beautiful churches of Hillesden and Maids' Moreton and the great mansion of Stowe.

Hillesden and Maids' Moreton churches are particularly interesting as very fine examples of the



Photo by]

GREAT HAMPDEN CHURCH.

[J. F. Newman

The church of Great Hampden, near the famous Hampden House (illustrated on page 256), is a picturesque structure, in good condition despite its antiquity. John Hampden is buried within the church, and on the grave being opened in 1828 his body was revealed in almost entire condition. Among the tablets on the walls is one erected by Hampden to the memory of his first wife. Hampden House is seen in the background of the illustration.



Photo by]

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, WENDOVER.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.

The old church of Wendover is principally early English, but has been restored. The town (or perhaps "large village" would be a more accurate description) is pleasantly situated between two spurs of the Chiltern Hills, from which splendid views are obtainable.



Photo by,

HAMPDEN HOUSE.

H. N. King.

Though principally an eighteenth-century structure, Hampden House embodies portions of older residences which dated back to the fourteenth century. In Elizabethan days it belonged to Griffith Hampden, and was visited by the Queen, for whose benefit, it is said, the splendid avenue in the park was especially cut. The house—



Photo by,

HAMPDEN HOUSE: THE PARLOUR.

H. N. King.

—descended to John Hampden, the great patriot, and remained in possession of the family through several generations. The entrance hall is a quaint old apartment with a wooden gallery, and Queen Elizabeth's room and John Hampden's library recall the ancient glories of the place. In the woods adjoining the house are remains of Grim's Dyke and other earthworks.

Perpendicular style of Gothic, a style peculiar to Britain. The latter took its name from the two ladies who built it in 1450, "sisters and maids, daughters to Lord Pruet." It is a beautiful building, with interesting remains of wall paintings.

Hillesden is equally attractive and has, in addition, some very early glass. Hard by the church is the site of Hillesden House, the siege of which was one of the most picturesque incidents in the Civil War.

Stowe, now a public school, was in the eighteenth century perhaps the most talked-of house in England. The main and earliest portion dates from the middle of the seventeenth century, but in the next century all sorts of additions were made in a debased classical style, and the immense grounds were sprinkled with odd temples and *folies*, styled the *Temple of Ancient Virtue*, the *Temple of Venus*, the *Temple of Concord and Victory*, and so forth. During the heyday of its fame Stowe was visited at some time by many Royalties and almost all the eminencies of the country, statesmen, artists, and men of letters predominating. But though memorable as a real history-maker, the great house and its



Photo by]

MAIDS' MORETON CHURCH, NEAR BUCKINGHAM.

[Underwood Press.

This fine church, in the Perpendicular style, was built in 1450 by two maiden sisters, the daughters of Lord Pruet—hence its name, which was also adopted by the parish. The interior is very beautiful, the features including a Gothic screen, three sedilia, an imposing font, and a number of ancient monuments and brasses.



Photo by]

WING CHURCH.

[Underwood Press.

The church of Wing, near Leighton Buzzard (which, however, is over the Bedford border), shows traces of different styles of architecture, the earliest of which are Saxon and early Norman. Beneath the chancel is a Saxon crypt—one of the six which are all that are known in England. The crypt can now only be seen from the outside, through windows at ground-level.

grounds cannot escape the reproach of being a mausoleum of English bad taste in a highly artificial period.

The north-eastern horn of the county, which is intersected by the valley of the Great Ouse, is *par excellence* Cowper's corner, for the poet lived at Olney and Weston Underwood for many years.

Cowper went to Olney in 1767, and of his manner of life there nothing could be more illuminating than his own words: "There is not a squire in all the country who can boast of having made better squirrel houses, hutches for rabbits, or bird-cages, than myself. I had even the hardiness to take in hand the pencil. Many figures were the fruit of my labours, which had at least the merit of being unparalleled by any production of art or nature." And his description in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of the taming of three hares is a delightful revelation of the man and his environment.



Photo by]

[Underwood Press Service

COWPER'S HOUSE, OLNEY.

This red-brick house in which the poet Cowper lived stands at a corner of the market-place of Olney, a small town at the northern extremity of Bucks, near Newport Pagnell. The summer-house used by the poet is still to be seen in the garden at the back, from which access is gained to the parsonage where lived the Rev. John Newton, who collaborated with Cowper in composing the "Olney Hymns."

He removed to Weston Underwood in 1786 and remained there for nine years. It is a beautiful old-world village which still seems to breathe the spirit of the dreamy and tender-hearted poet. There is hardly a spot here which he has not commemorated in one form or another in his poems. As at Olney, the house in which he lived still stands, "a neat and comfortable abode in one of the prettiest villages in the kingdom," as he described it. He was very anxious to be buried at Weston Underwood, but Fate willed otherwise, as he died in Norfolk.

Between Olney and Newport is the beautiful and historic Elizabethan mansion of Gayhurst, the finest of its kind in the county, with its memories of the unfortunate Sir Everard Digby.

Newport Pagnell still retains one ancient street, but little else to recall its part in history, and more particularly its military importance in the Civil War.



Photo by

ON THE ROSA BURN, BRODICK.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

Picturesque Glen Rosa is situated on the east side of Arran, facing Brodick Bay, which possesses a combination of scenery difficult to surpass.

BUTESHIRE

THE county of Bute is unique in one respect, consisting as it does of the islands of Bute and Arran, the two islets, Great Cumbrae and Little Cumbrae, and the intervening stretches of the Firth of Clyde.

Though Bute is the "county" island, so to speak, it pays for its political distinction with the drawback of decidedly playing second fiddle to Arran, where scenery and natural beauty are concerned. Even the name of the far-famed "Kyles of Bute" is somewhat misleading, as it is indubitably the Argyll shores which contribute the lion's share of the attraction of those beautiful channels. But though the less favoured sister, Bute is anything but the ugly duckling of the family. Even regarded as a step-ladder from which to view the glories of Arran and the neighbouring coasts, Bute has a great hold on the imagination, and if any one doubts it let him try to get a bed without notice in Rothesay in the height of the season.

Like Oban or Criccieth, Rothesay presents the clash of antiquity and modernity in its harshest forms. The guidebooks seem quite unable to resist the temptation to call it the "Margate of Glas-

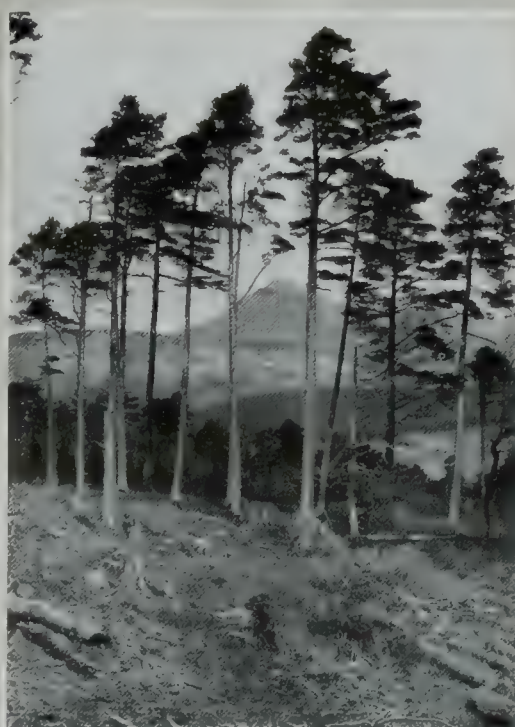


Photo by

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

PINE-TREES AND GOAT FELL, BRODICK.

This picture shows Goat Fell (2,866 feet) in the distance. Few mountains in Scotland afford such a magnificent prospect as the summit of this the highest mountain of Arran.

gow," and no doubt the most up-to-date enticements and attractions are part of its stock-in-trade in dealing with the swarms of trippers disgorged by the metropolis on the Clyde.

On the other hand, Rothesay Castle, the grim and silent spectator of all these frivolities, is a hoary and venerable relic of by-gone times. It came into existence, perhaps as early as the eleventh century, during the grim and protracted struggle between the Scots and the Kings of Norway. Whether any part of the existing ruin is work of that period is doubtful, for the bulk of it is unquestionably a relic of the palace which Robert III

established here in the fourteenth century. The structure fell upon evil days in the seventeenth century, when Cromwell occupied it with a garrison, and in Argyll's luckless rebellion of 1685 it was reduced to a state of ruin from which it was only reserved by the artistic energies of two successive Marquesses of Bute more than a century later.

The ancient church of St. Mary at Rothesay is interesting as containing the tomb of a daughter of Robert Bruce.

Other points of interest in the island are the delightful village of Port Bannatyne, Kames Castle (with a fourteenth-century tower), the fine beach of Ettrick Bay, Woodend Cottage (where the actor Edmund Kean once resided), Mount Stuart, the home of the Marquesses of Bute, and the ruins of the Chapel of St. Blane. But even though there is much to delight the eye in Bute, there is nothing which can compare with the views it gives of Arran.

Arran justly ranks as one of nature's masterpieces, the great charm of its landscape being due to the fact that though the island is only 20 miles long and just over 10 in breadth, its backbone consists of a large number of peaks between two and three thousand feet in height.

All good tourists make Brodick their jumping-off point for a tour of Arran. It is beautifully situated on a bay of the same name which crouches in the shadow of Goat Fell, the highest mountain in the island. The northern peaks of this great *massif* present the visitor with a dilemma; he must call them either by their jaw-breaking Gaelic name, *Cioch nah Oighe*, or their somewhat indelicate English one, *Maiden's Paps*. (Incidentally, it may be remarked that a large-scale map of almost any Highland county will reveal the poverty



Photo 6

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

BRODICK CASTLE.

Stands on the north side of Brodick Bay, of rather secluded aspect but in good repair. It incorporates a considerable portion of the old castle which was captured by King Robert the Bruce during his wanderings through the Western Islands; and it was from its battlements that he saw the flame on the coast of Carrick which led him to go over to the mainland to assert his rights. The grounds around the castle are well-wooded.

of the Scottish imagination when it comes to anatomical analogies.)

The fine Glen Rosa separates Goat Fell from the rugged humps of Beinn Tarsuinn and Beinn Nuis on the west, and on the north Cioch nah Oighe overlooks the wild Glen Sannox, scene of a murder which provided one of the criminal sensations of 1889.

Brodick Castle appears externally to be a recent production, but in reality it is the modernisation



Photo by]

GLEN SANNOX.

This glen, noted for its magnificent scenery, is about four miles long, and wends close round the north side of Goat Fell to the sea. It has been characterised as "the sublime of magnitude and simplicity, and obscurity and silence." In Glen Sannox there is a belt of black shales, cherts, and grits, with associated volcanic rocks similar in character to rocks found on the mainland at Aberfoyle.

[H. N. King.



Photo by

MOUNT STUART, BUTE.

The seat of the Marquess of Bute occupies a fine site on the east side of the Island of Bute, and commands a rich view of the Firth of Clyde, the Cumbræes, and the coast of Ayrshire. It was built in 1718 by James, second Earl of Bute, but was burnt down in 1876 and then rebuilt in Gothic style with high-pitched roofs, angle turrets, and corbelled oriel windows. The door has been converted into a glass window, and bears an inscription in doggerel verse written by Prince Charles when he was concealed on the island. There are many fine trees in the plantations around the house.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.,

of an ancient fortress, which had many links with history. It was in existence before the Edwardian invasions at the end of the thirteenth century, and for many years was held by an English garrison. Like Rothesay, too, it was occupied by Cromwell about 1650, and its decay dated from that time.

The next bay on the south is Lamlash, which had a certain naval importance during the war, being protected to a large extent by Holy Island, which shares the special characteristic of Arran itself—great height for its size.

It was to Lamlash Bay that King Hakon IV of Norway brought what was left of his fleet and army after his crushing defeat at the Battle of Largs on October 3, 1263, when Western Scotland at length freed itself from the stranglehold of the Northmen.

Holy Island gets its name from its supposed association with one of Columba's followers, St. Molus. The theory is supported by the existence of the *Saint's Cave*, on the walls of which are certain ancient and curious inscriptions, some of which are obviously of very early date. And of course human fancy has embroidered even what slight substratum of fact there may be; there is a well which is solemnly described as the saint's bath, and a recess—which might be anything—which the infidel must accept as his chair.

The next point of interest on the coast is King's Cross Point, which has nothing to do with the late lamented Great Northern Railway, but recalls Bruce's exploit in crossing from here to the Ayrshire mainland at the outset of the protracted campaign which was ultimately to terminate so gloriously at Bannockburn.

South of this point there is a fine stretch of cliffs where Dippin Head frowns down on the Firth of Clyde. On the shore close by is the ruin of Kildonan Castle, which looks across to the island of Pladda.



MAP OF BUTESHIRE.

Two of the greatest attractions of this southern portion of Arran are the twin valleys of Slidderly Water and Kilmory Water.

The east coast, which faces the Mull of Kintyre across the fine channel of Kilbrennan Sound, is full of interest from many points of view. The views of the rocky coasts and mountainous background of the Mull are delightful, and the island itself has almost every variety of scenery that stops short of the merely grand and impressive.

This is also the side of Arran where the antiquarian gets his turn, for close to Tor-more lie the very interesting prehistoric remains which are known as the *Standing Stones of Tor-more*. They consist of a number of stone circles which "whisper the last enchantments" of the Bronze (or



[Photo by]

ROTHERSEY CASTLE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

Is said to have been founded in the eleventh century by Magnus Barfod, King of Norway. The existing castle, not older than the fourteenth century, has been a ruin since 1685.



[Photo by]

LOCH RIDDON.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

Opens from the bend or elbow of the Kyles of Bute, penetrating the mainland for a distance of 4 miles northwards.

maybe some other) age to the initiated, the only difficulty being that there is a considerable difference of opinion as to what the true interpretation of the enchantment is. For the moment the theory holds the field that these circles were burying-grounds,

and there we may leave it until the next change of archæological fashion propounds some other view.

The stories attaching to the so-called *King's Caves* near by stand in a different category. These caves are, to some extent at any rate, artificial, and as Robert the Bruce and his followers undoubtedly skulked in Arran for some considerable time prior to his descent upon Carrick, the tradition that these caves formed his hiding-place may well have some foundation in fact. A rough figure of a sword has



[Photo by]

LOCH FAD, NEAR ROTHERSEY.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

The rocky and picturesque appearance of the hills which surround this inland loch renders it very attractive. Edmund Kean made it a place of repose.



Photo by]

THE MARBLE HALL, MOUNT STUART, BUTE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

A central view of the magnificent Hall (60 feet square), lined profusely with costly foreign marbles of exquisite beauty. The drawing room and principal dining-room lead off from the Hall to right and left, and one of the large apartments has a frieze, 5 feet deep, of wall paintings, executed by Mr. W. H. Lonsdale, illustrating the life of St. Margaret. The picture gallery is completely panelled over with portraits of celebrated persons, including one of Rubens, by himself.

been cut in one of the walls, and there are also crude representations of scenes of the chase. But the learned—who are always putting their finger into the pies of legend and fancy—say that these decorations cannot possibly be the work of Bruce and his men. There certainly are times when one wished Truth would stay at the bottom of her well!

At the north-east corner of the island is perhaps Arran's *chef d'œuvre*, the beautiful Loch Ranza, dominated by a graceful and commanding hill with the poetical name of Torr-Nead-an-Eoin, or "Bird's Nest Hill." On the shore stands the ruin of Ranza Castle, the history of

which also goes back at least to the time of the Bruce.

The county is completed by the two islands of Great Cumbrae and Little Cumbrae, which all but close the Firth of Clyde between Bute and the Ayrshire coast. The smaller island has little but antiquarian relics, and wonderful views of Arran and Bute. Great Cumbrae, on the other hand, has a real town, Millport, a real cathedral, and the memory of a real celebrity, a Presbyterian minister, whose patriotism was of a fiercely local type. We are told that he always prayed for the Island of Cumbrae and "the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland."



Photo by,

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

GREAT CUMBRAE CATHEDRAL.

Is a graceful Gothic structure built in the style of the thirteenth century. It was consecrated as a cathedral in 1876.



Photo by

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

THE LION ROCK, NEAR MILLPORT.

Great Cumbrae is interesting for the enormous trap-dykes with which it is traversed. To the south-east of the island is the "Lion Rock," so called from its distant resemblance to a lion couchant. It is upwards of 200 feet in length, and from 12 to 15 in thickness.



Photo by

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

FISHING BOATS, WICK.

Wick is a thriving town and an important seat of the herring fishery, the season of which begins about the middle of July and lasts until the middle of September. Rows of women in strangely-shaped canvas garments preside over the gutting troughs during the season.

CAITHNESS

TIME was—and not very long ago—when the county of Caithness was placed by Englishmen, and even Lowland Scotchmen, as somewhere within the confines of barbarian Outer Darkness. In 1769 the traveller Pennant visited this remote region and described it as “little better than an immense morass, with here and there some fruitful spots of oats and bere, and much coarse grass, almost all wild, there being as yet very little cultivated. . . . The tender sex are the only animals of burden ; they turn their patient backs to the dunghills and receive in their caosties or straw baskets as much



Photo by

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

“THE OLD MAN OF WICK.”

Otherwise called “The Castle of Old Wick” or “Castle Oliphant,” dates from the twelfth century. It is a primitive square tower without window or loophole, said to have been the stronghold successively of the De Cheynes, Sutherlands, and Oliphants.

as their lords and masters think fit to fling in with their pitchforks, and then trudge to the fields in droves."

A somewhat woeful and backward picture, and fortunately almost wholly untrue, or at any rate its implications!

But there is some slight excuse for the foreigner from the south regarding Caithness as part of heathendom, for its eastern half might certainly be described as part of Norway. It was conquered and colonised so thoroughly, and over so long a period, by the Northmen that the present inhabitants of that portion have more affinities with Norway than anywhere else. Names like Scrabster, Ullster, Lybster, and even Thurso and Wick are eloquent reminders that eastern Caithness is a detached portion of the Scandinavian Peninsula.

And again, there is much evidence even now that the county has a civilisation distinct from, and in some senses alien to, the civilisation of



Photo by

"THE BRIG O' TRAMS," WICK.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

This curious natural bridge, formed by a slab of rock connecting the mainland with a tall "stack," is situated a little to the south of the "Old Man of Wick." The chasm below the slab—which is seen near the top of the illustration—is about 300 feet deep.

the south. Nor has material progress really set its mark on the face of this region.

In *From John o' Groat's to Land's End*, Mr. John Naylor, speaking of his great walk in 1871, says that "the people in the north of Caithness in directing us on our way did not tell us to turn to right or left, but towards the points of the compass—say to the east or the west as the case might be, and



Photo by]

THE BROUGH, WICK.

This is a tall isolated rock rising out of the sea. At its base the waves have bored an immense tunnel from end to end, through which they dash with terrific force during a storm. It is a singular natural formation characteristic of this rude, rocky coast.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.



Photo by

Valentine & Sons, Ltd

BUCHOLY CASTLE, NEAR WICK.

Built 1155, this castle now presents the appearance of singularly-shaped ruins, and is perhaps the oldest and most interesting of the Caithness castles. Bucholy belonged to the Mowats, who claim descent from the Montebellos



Photo by

Valentine & Sons, Ltd

GIRNIGO CASTLE.

Formerly the residence of the Earls of Caithness, Castle Girnigo is in close juxtaposition to Castle Sinclair, near Noss Head. A chasm in the rock, spanned by a drawbridge, separated the two castles. Girnigo was besieged about 1672 by Lord Glenorchy at the head of the Campbells; and the well-known song "The Campbells are Coming" is said to be a reminiscence of this incident.

then turn south for a given number of chains. This kind of information rather puzzled us, as we had no compass, nor did we know the length of a chain. It seemed to point back to a time when there were no roads at all in the county."

Another reason for the somewhat bleak and bare aspect of the county is the extraordinary scarcity of trees, though it is not really extraordinary—so fierce is the battle between the

as passion ran high and feuds were incessant in the Middle Ages, it is not surprising that more than one of these ruins has been the scene of grim and gruesome happenings.

Castle Girnigo, for instance, whose ruins and the adjoining remnants of Castle Sinclair are such a picturesque feature of the coast near Wick, could tell a terrible story of a sixteenth-century Earl of Caithness who did his own heir to death in one of its dungeons under the most atrocious circumstances. The wretched man is said to have been deprived of food for several days and then given a large quantity of beef, which was heavily salted. When his ensuing thirst made him almost mad for water, no water

elements at this storm-tossed corner of Scotland. Mr. Naylor notes that between John o' Groat's in the extreme north of the county and Berriedale in the south he only saw trees five times in a walk of over thirty miles!

The glory of the county is its splendid coast, dotted with the fragmentary remains of ancient castles. Many of them were at one time strongholds of the great local families, particularly the Sinclairs, and



Photo by

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

SITE OF JOHN O' GROAT'S HOUSE.

The house once stood on a site between the two buildings illustrated. Two documents dated 1678-99 prove that such a person as John o' Groat actually existed.



Photo by

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

KEISS CASTLE

The modern castle of Keiss is a very substantial mansion, and has beside it, on a rock jutting out to the sea, the ruins of an older castle. Excavations on the property of Keiss disclosed valuable prehistoric remains—human bones and flint implements.

was forthcoming and he was left to die amidst horrible sufferings. And the Earl's accomplices in this crime were his two younger sons!

Other interesting relics in this district are Ackergill Tower, an ancient keep which has been made the nucleus of a comfortable modern mansion, and the curious ruin known as the "Old Man of Wick," a rude and windowless tower on the cliffs.

For all its bleak and exposed position, the triangle of comparative lowland in north-eastern Caithness has always been extremely fertile; so much so that in the days of Norse supremacy it was neither more nor less than the granary of Norway, and of such economic and quarter and above that the better-class residential area. As Mr. John Sinclair remarked in his *Scenes and Stories of the North of Scotland*, "to put the matter plainly, the inhabitants consisted

mercial importance to that country that the Jarl of Caithness was perhaps her most eminent public official.

Wick, the present capital of the county, has little or nothing to recall its antiquity and owes its considerable commercial importance to the herring industry. Thurso, on the other hand, lives to some extent on its reputation in the past, for in the Norse period it was a trading centre having sea communications with the Scandinavian Peninsula and the Baltic Ports. A few traces of bygone days are still to be found in the town. The oldest portion is the rather squalid complex of fishermen's dwellings at the mouth of the river. Above them lies the commercial



Photo by]

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OLD KEISS CASTLE.

A nearer view of Old Keiss (also illustrated on p. 271), showing its remarkable position on the cliffs.



Photo by

DUNBEATH CASTLE.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The castle stands one mile south of Dunbeath on a lofty cliff, on one side overlooking the sea, and on the other commanding a deep chasm, into which the tide flows. It dates from 1633, but was much enlarged during the last century. The oldest part, which includes a fifteenth-century keep, was besieged and captured for Montrose in 1650.



Photo by

CLEFT ROCK, THURSO.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

This huge, tower-like, detached rock, rising vertically from the sea to the height of about 150 feet, is a most singular formation. Between it and the mainland the sea rages at times with terrible fury, plunging violently into the caves behind and sending clouds of spray high into the air. During the breeding season sea birds crowd the top of the rock in great numbers.

of first, second, and third class passengers on the journey of life."

The existing remains of the Old Bishop's Palace are meagre and not exactly eloquent, but like many other decayed monuments of a lawless past it could tell of at least one shocking tragedy—an occasion about 1198 when Bishop John, sent by the uncompromising Churchman who insisted that the Church must have every penny he considered her due, and thus came into collision both with the spirit of the times—which was rather anti-clerical—and the spirit of economy, which is alleged to be eternal in Scotland. The people made representations to the Earl of Caithness, who lived in the Castle of Brawl, close to the Bishop's residence

zens of Thurso to intercede with Jarl Harold, was seized by that impious barbarian and had his tongue and eyes torn out.

Another Bishop of Caithness suffered an even more terrible fate some twenty years later, though this time the victim was to some slight extent the architect of his own misfortunes. Bishop Adam was a thoroughly



Photo by,

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

STACKS OF DUNCANSBY.

These are pointed isolated rocks like obelisks, rising precipitately out of the sea in a bay a little to the south of Duncansby Head.



Photo by,

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

RUINS OF BISHOP'S PALACE, THURSO.

Bishop's Palace was once a residence of the Bishops of Caithness, but the ruins are now very scanty. It was here that in 1222 Adam, Bishop of Caithness met his death, by burning, at the hands of the enraged population, who resented his enforcement of tithes.

and a mile or so from Halkirk. A chance remark of the Earl gave the insurgents their cue, and they attacked the palace and roasted Bishop Adam to death in his own kitchen.

It is melancholy to record that this barbarous spirit persisted until well into the seventeenth century, owing to the internecine feuds of the clans which distracted this part of Scotland for centuries. As an old rhyme puts it :

“ Sinclair, Sutherland, Keith, and Clan Gun,
There never was peace when these four were in.”

The scenery of the northern coast from Thurso Bay round by Dunnet Head to Duncansby Head is of the finest description, and nothing can be more impressive than the view from these gaunt cliffs over the swirling waters of the Pentland Firth to the Orkneys.

The *chef d'œuvre* of Caithness, John o' Groat's House, is a non-existent edifice, and though a model of the famous octagonal building was exhibited in London in the sixties, the only thing certain about the whole matter is that an individual with some such name undoubtedly once lived on this spot.

An account of the house, written in 1698, says that: “The land-
ing-place was called John o' Groat's House, the north-
ernmost house in Scotland; the man who now liveth in it and keepeth an inn there is called John Grot, who saith his house hath been in the possession of his predecessors of that name for some hundreds of years. . . .”

The western and south-western fringes of the county are formed of a bare bleak range of hills which separates it from Sutherland and enters the sea at that fine headland the Ord of Caithness. The outstanding heights of Morven and Scaraben—familiar objects to the fishermen out at sea—separate the two valleys of Berriedale and Langwell, which contain the only strips of real woodland in the county.

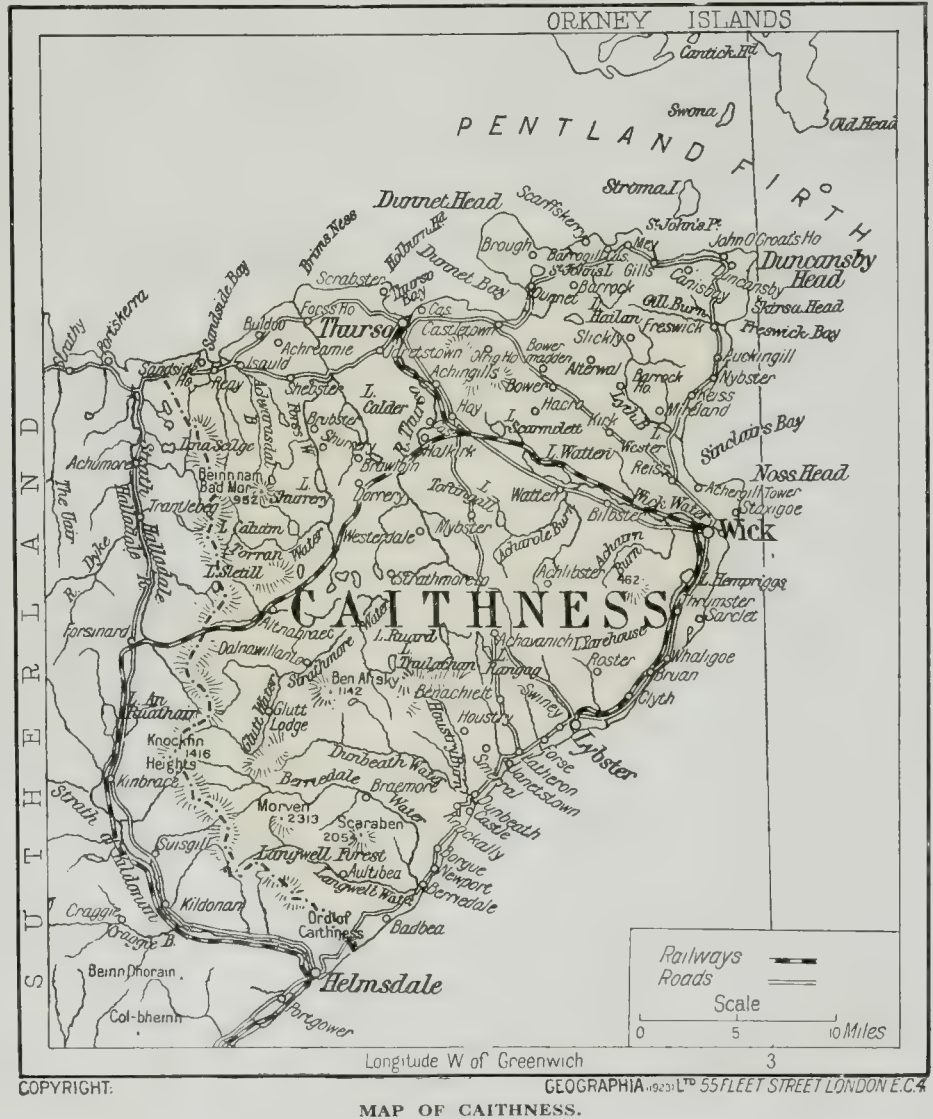




Photo by,

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, THURSO.

(Valentine & Sons, Ltd

This church is one of the most important historical remains of Caithness. The ruins mostly date from the sixteenth or even later centuries, but some portions are undoubtedly earlier.



Photo by

THURSO CASTLE.

(Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Stands on the east side of the bay, a little above the harbour. Built in 1660 by George, Earl of Caithness, it passed in 1718 into the possession of the Sinclairs, by whom it was rebuilt in 1874-6. It possesses much interest as the birthplace of Sir John Sinclair, a great benefactor of Scotland.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE

THE most rabid "Cantab." (and the writer of this article admits that he is in that category) will hardly challenge his decision in opening an account of the beauties of Cambridgeshire with the great and noble fane of Ely, if only because the view of Ely, particularly in the middle distance, is the scenic titbit of the county. No one with any eye for the beautiful is likely to forget his first walk into the little town over which the magic of lost causes still casts its spell.

Not that the great church is by any means proof against criticism on æsthetic grounds. In many ways it is a curious jumble of styles, and, externally, the absence of the north-western transept gives the building a remarkably irregular and lop-sided appearance. But its admitted deficiencies seem negligible when the church is seen as a whole from a distance, and internally its vastness, the perfection of its proportions, the wealth and variety of its detail produce an effect which is altogether satisfactory, while each architectural style is represented by an acknowledged masterpiece.

The oldest portion is the early Norman work in the transepts on either side of the octagon, and nothing better illustrates the improvement in taste in the first hundred years after the Conquest than the contrast between the comparatively crude work of those transepts and the perfection of the late-Norman nave. Looking at this avenue of plain and stately yet elegant columns, it is easy to realise how two generations sufficed to convert the rough followers of Rollo into a highly civilised and scientific people.



Photo by]

THE GRANTA.

[The Photo-horn Co., Ltd.

An early name of the River Cam, upon which Cambridge stands, seems to have been the Granta. It rises on the south-west border of the county, and flows north-east past Cambridge to its confluence with the River Ouse above Ely. The Cam or Granta is forty miles long and a rather sluggish stream.

The two doorways known as the "Monk's Door," and "Prior's Door," on the south aisle of the nave show that the Normans could also claim to be an artistic people.

Of the early English style there is a beautiful example in the Galilee, or west porch, which dates from about the beginning of the thirteenth century. The eastern half of the choir is also in that style, and has that perfection of proportions, grace, and elegance without undue adornment which many regard as the high-water mark of the art of architecture in this country.

The Decorated period presented Ely with three of its chief glories: the three western bays of the choir, a miracle of elaborate grace which seems to challenge comparison with the finest achievements of the French builders; the beautiful Lady Chapel with its wonderful carvings; the so-called "Octagon," which is a phenomenon unique in Gothic architecture, and the only Gothic dome in existence. The



Photo by]

THE ROUND CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE, CAMBRIDGE.

[H. N. King.

This is one of the only four round churches in England, the circular part probably dating from 1130 or thereabouts. At the beginning of the nineteenth century it still exhibited many traces of the Norman period, but in 1841 the upper story of the nave was removed by the Camden Society, and imitation Norman windows, in the style of an old one, replaced the fifteenth-century work.

manner of its coming into existence was an illustration of the proverb that "it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good." In the first half of the fourteenth century the tower over the crossing of the nave and transepts collapsed. The problem of its replacement was a formidable one, but fortunately a genius, one Alan de Walsingham, was at hand, and in his fertile brain originated the beautiful conception which materialised in the octagon and lantern, as we know them to-day.

Of the many monuments in the church, most of them ecclesiastical, one of the most interesting is the base of a pre-Norman cross which once adorned the church of Haddenham, and was rescued from base uses and brought here in the seventeenth century. It is dedicated to St. Ovin, the famous steward of Queen Etheldreda, and bears the pious inscription, "Lucem tuam Ovino da deus et requiem Amen." Of the celebrated shrine of St. Etheldreda nothing is left but the pedestal.

Little can be seen of the cloisters, but other remains of the monastic buildings are now incorporated in various edifices surrounding the cathedral.

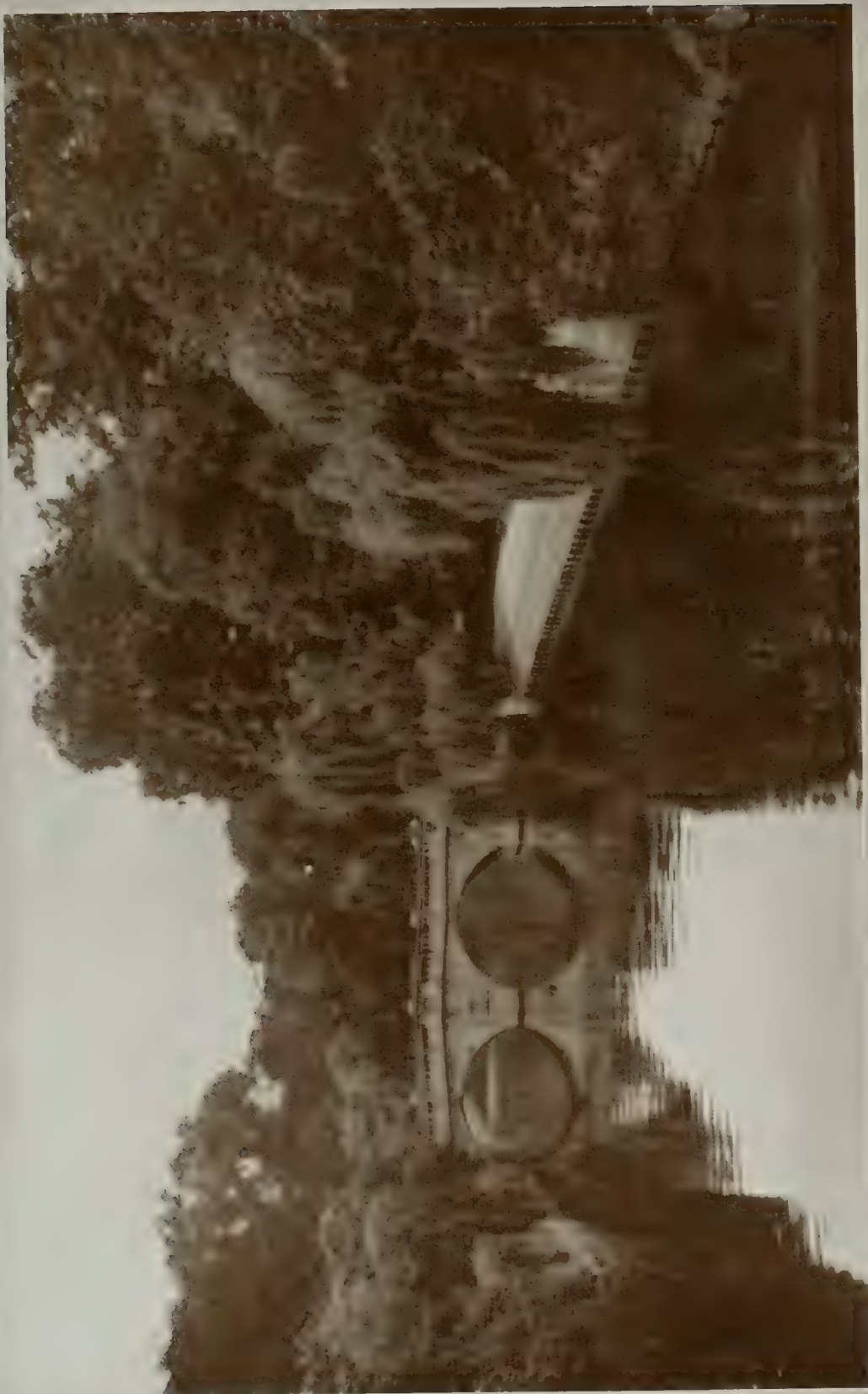


Photo

CHURCH OF ST. MARY THE GREAT, CAMBRIDGE.

This, a parish church but used also by the University, is a fine Perpendicular edifice built in 1478-1514, and restored by Sir G. G. Scott. Its conspicuous tower, surmounted by octagonal turrets, dates from 1593 to 1608, and it measures, within its walls, 120 feet by 68. St. Mary the Great contains the grave of Martin Bucer.

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Photos

CLARE COLLEGE BRIDGE.

Clare College stands on the east bank of the Cam and has over the river a fine old stone bridge, which leads to the beautiful Fellows' Garden and also to the "backs" of the Colleges, i.e. the tree-shaded grounds which have no rival at the sister University. The back of King's College is reached by means of this bridge, and from there charming views up and down stream are obtained.

Judges', Ltd.

Ely will always have one claim to fame as the scene of the exploits, partly historical and partly mythical, of the hero Hereward, subsequently styled "the Wake," whose defence of Ely against the Conqueror himself sheds the glamour of romance over the last stand of the Saxons.

That Cambridge was a place of importance from the earliest times we have ample evidence. It was probably not the Roman *Camboritum*, but its strategic significance is clearly emphasised by its geographical position, the fact that it was several times captured and destroyed by Saxons and Danes, was organised as a stronghold by the latter, and became the site of one of William the Conqueror's earliest castles in this country. The beginnings of the University are to be traced to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and it was sufficiently important and established by the end of the fourteenth for many of its colleges to suffer severely in a formidable "Town and gown" *fracas* in 1381. The University became one of the centres of the new learning in the late fifteenth century and the reforming movement of the sixteenth, and it is plain that at one time it was largely imbued with the Puritan spirit. In the troublous times of the first half of the seventeenth century the county and town supported the cause of Parliament, whereas the University was predominantly Royalist.

For Cambridge's share and attitude in the Civil War, we need look no further than Carlyle.

"Moreover, to



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THE FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM, CAMBRIDGE.

This massive building by George Basevi and C. R. Cockerell (1837-47) was erected to contain the valuable collections of paintings, sculptures, illuminated MSS., etc., of Richard, Viscount Fitzwilliam, who bequeathed £100,000 to the University for the purpose. Its aim is to present the widest possible appeal to members of the University.



Photo by

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CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

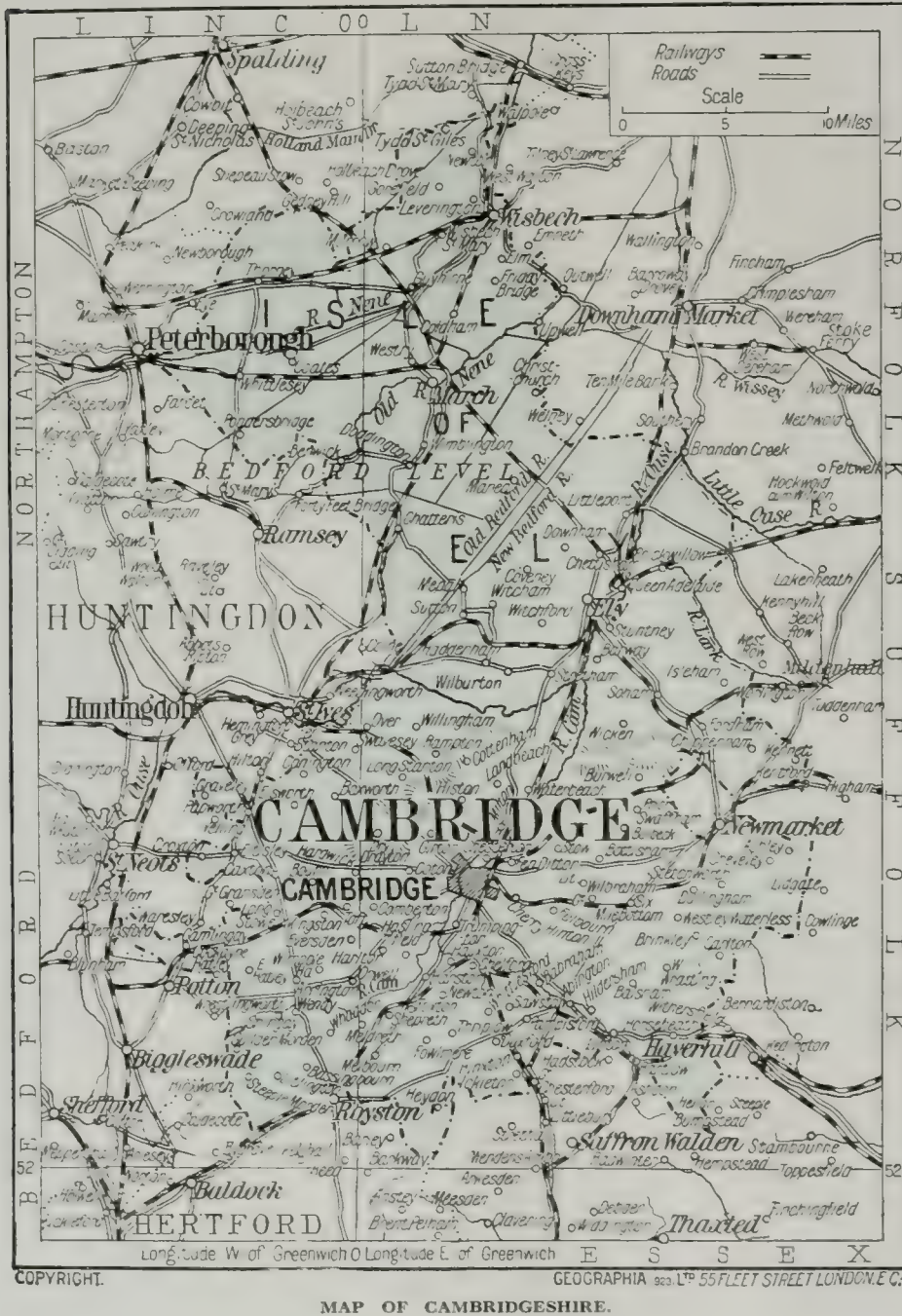
Was founded in 1352 by the aldermen and brethren of the united Guilds of Corpus Christi and the Blessed Virgin. Its Old Court is the earliest extant example in England of a complete mediæval academic quadrangle. The Library contains a priceless collection of MSS., bequeathed by Archbishop Parker, who was Master from 1544 to 1552.

avoid like perils in future, it is now resolved to make a garrison of Cambridge; to add new works to the Castle, and fortify the Town itself. This is now going on in the early spring days of 1643; and Colonel Cromwell and all hands are busy!

"A regular Force lies henceforth in Cambridge; Captains Fleetwood, Desbrow, Whalley, new soldiers who will become veterans and known to us, are on service here. Of course, the

Academic stillness is much fluttered by the war-drum, and many a confused brabble springs up between Gown and Garrison; college tippets, and on occasion still more venerable objects, getting torn by the business! The truth is, though Cambridge is not so malignant as Oxford, the Surplices at All-hallow-tide have still much sway there; and various Heads of Houses are by no means what one could wish: of whom accordingly Oliver has had, and still occasionally has, to send, —by instalments as the cases ripen,—a select batch up to Parliament: Reverend Dr. This and then also Reverend Dr. That; who are lodged in the Tower, in Ely House, in Lambeth or elsewhere, in a tragic manner, and pass very troublesome years."

The "Castle Mound," even in its present state a mute but eloquent witness of the military importance of Cam-



bridge in the Middle Ages, is a convenient starting-point for a survey of the town.

Close by is one of the earliest examples of domestic architecture in the British Isles, the so-called "School of Pythagoras." It is a stone-built residence dating from late-Norman times and by some supposed to have been the house of a wealthy citizen.

At the point of intersection of the road and river stands Magdalene College, which dates as such



Photo by

KING'S AND CLARE COLLEGES, CAMBRIDGE.

King's and Clare Colleges are shown here in fine relief. The former, founded in 1440 by Henry VI, occupies a central situation and consists of two courts, partly Italian, partly later English. Famous members include Edmund Waller, Sir Robert and Horace Walpole, and Rupert Brooke. The latter college was founded in 1326, but was destroyed by fire about 1342 and was begun to be rebuilt in 1638. Clare College is an admirable example of the period 1638-1715. Its famous members include Bishop Latimer.

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(The Photocolor Co., Ltd.)

KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.

King's College Chapel, a late Perpendicular building of 1446-1515, is considered one of the most perfect specimens in the world, and is regarded as the crowning glory of the University. The roof is made of stone, groined, with fan-tracery, in twelve compartments, without the support of a single pillar. The stalls are of the seventeenth century, and the modern organ screen incorporates a "Descent from the Cross" ascribed to Volterra. One of the most outstanding features of the chapel is its twenty-five magnificent stained-glass windows filled with Scripture subjects of the time of Henry VIII.

from the first half of the sixteenth century, though a hostel for Benedictine monks attending the University had previously been in possession of part of the buildings. Of the existing structure the most famous portion is the Pepys's library, containing the valuable collection of books bequeathed by the diarist to his college in 1724. As everyone knows, the diaries were written in cipher and it was only a century later that their contents could be made known to the world through the discovery of the key.

Continuing down Bridge Street, on our right is the extremely interesting Church of the Holy Sepulchre, popularly known as the "Round Church," one of the four in England, the most famous being the Temple Church in London. The circular nave is early-Norman work of about 1100, but the church has lost much of its external picturesqueness since the drastic "restoration" of 1841 removed an interesting Decorated superstructure.

Opposite the Round Church, St. John's Street runs due south and between it and the parallel course



Photo by

HILLS ROAD, CAMBRIDGE.

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Hills Road contains the Roman Catholic Church, with its tall spire and the wonderful chiming bells. Near by is Fenner's Cricket Ground, the official field of the University Sports.

of the Cam lie some of the most famous colleges of Cambridge with their beautiful lawns and gardens, world-renowned as the "Backs."

Nothing could be more picturesque than the old red-brick courts of St. John's College, particularly the second court which Ruskin, in one of his more discerning moments, pronounced to be the finest in the University. The splendid gateway, the hall, the beautiful "combination room," and the "Bridge of Sighs" (which will shortly celebrate its centenary) are all highly picturesque features of this college.

Next comes Trinity College, the largest college of which either Cambridge or Oxford can boast; which Henry VIII formed in 1546 out of a large number of halls and hostels. That monarch's statue adorns the great gateway, which is only second to that of St. John's. The pride and joy of Trinity is the immense quadrangle surrounded by buildings, which is known as the Great Court and dates from the last years of the sixteenth century and the first of the seventeenth. The chapel, a good Tudor building, is striking evidence of Queen Mary's great interest in her father's foundation. It was begun

in 1555 and finished in the early years of her sister's reign. The organ is one of the finest and most famous in the country.

The great hall, which is adorned with portraits of several of the most eminent Trinity men, dates from 1604, and Neville's Court takes its name and also derives its existence from Thomas Neville, the builder of the Great Court.



Photo by

A BIT OF OLD CAMBRIDGE.

Jarvis, Ltd.

There are few counties so rich in historic remains as Cambridgeshire. The old villages contain many old cottages and some remarkably beautiful half-timbered and moulded plaster-work. The snug thatched houses are, however, rapidly disappearing.

Clare College, founded in 1326 and therefore junior to Peterhouse only, is famous for its beautiful quadrangle, which, with the adjoining buildings, is seventeenth-century work and exhibits very well the changes in architectural taste and fashion which occurred in the course of that century. The famous bridge, crowned with large stone balls, is one of the most picturesque spots in Cambridge, with its charming views of the Backs and two stretches of the river.

Another striking feature of Trinity is the beautiful library which was commenced from designs by Sir Christopher Wren in 1676, and is adorned by charming and characteristic carving of Grinling Gibbons. The collection of books and manuscripts is of high importance.

No account of this great college would be complete which did not include a reference to the splendid avenue of limes across the river.

South of Trinity lie Trinity Hall and Gonville and Caius College, familiarly known as "Caius," to rhyme with "bees." The latter was originally founded by Edmund de Gonville in 1348 and was refounded more than two hundred years later by Dr. Caius, Queen Mary's physician. The most ancient of the existing buildings are of the Elizabethan period, and the college has preserved *in situ* two of its old gateways, the gate of Virtue and the gate of Honour, while the original gate of Humility has been transferred to the Master's garden.

Trinity Hall is unique among Cambridge colleges, as it has been associated since its foundation in 1350, at any rate nominally, with the study of the law. It has considerable remains of ancient buildings, on which the hand of the restorer has pressed somewhat heavily, and an Elizabethan library with bookcases with bars to which the books were secured in days when they were few and greatly coveted.



Photo by

BRIDGE OF SIGHTS.

The far-famed "Bridge of Sighs" leads across the Cam from the Third Court of St. John's College and connects it with the Fourth or New Court. The beautiful College Grounds may be entered from either the third or fourth court.

[Judge's, Ltd

King's College, a royal foundation owing its existence to the piety of King Henry VI, is renowned all over the world for its great chapel, one of the *finest fleurs* of the late-Perpendicular style. If, as is said, Ruskin described it contemptuously as like an "inverted billiard table," he was either singularly foolish or thinking of a Gilbertian billiard table, as the simile is particularly inapt. The great structure was begun in 1446 and the building, interrupted by the political and domestic distresses of the next forty years, was not completed for nearly a century, during which the Perpendicular style developed into something exceedingly elaborate.

Of the many exceptional features of this wonderful building the stained-glass windows are perhaps the most remarkable. Nearly all of them are English work of the sixteenth century and can challenge comparison with the finest achievements of foreign exponents of the art. The elaborate fan-tracery of the vaulting is related to that of Henry VII's Chapel at Westminster and St. George's



EMMANUEL COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

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Was founded in 1583 by Sir Walter Mildmay. It stands on the site and incorporates the buildings of a thirteenth-century Dominican priory, but its quadrangles are almost wholly modern. The chapel, finished after designs by Wren in 1677, contains an altar-piece by Amiconi and a memorial window and tablet to John Harvard, who was a graduate of the college.

Chapel at Windsor. It dates from 1515. The screen and stalls date from about 1536, the former being adorned with the arms of the Queen of the moment, the unfortunate Anne Boleyn.

The other buildings of the college are in no way worthy of this great chapel, though Gibbs' Building, facing the entrance gateway, is heavily characteristic of its time. But the large quadrangle and the splendid sweep of the lawn between Gibbs' Building and the river give King's a spaciousness which is a worthy setting for its Gothic masterpiece.

The Senate House, in which the university ceremonies take place, is another and happier effort of Gibbs, and dates from about 1727.

Opposite is the university church, St. Mary the Great, a characteristic but not particularly beautiful specimen of the Perpendicular style.

Market Hill, behind St. Mary's, has played a considerable part in the history of Cambridge and witnessed many scenes—not always of local interest only—in days gone by. Perhaps the most grim



Painted specially for "Britain Beautiful"

ELY CATHEDRAL.

This Cathedral is a huge cruciform structure whose architectural history extends over four centuries. A church with monastery and nunnery was founded about the year 673 by St. Etheldreda, Queen of Northumbria, on a site surrounded by willow marshes which formed an inaccessible retreat such as was commonly chosen by the Saxons for security. After having flourished for about two hundred years the church was destroyed by the Danes about 870, but repairs were soon effected. The church was later made an abbey by Bishop Ethelwold, and continued to flourish until the Conquest. In 1081 a magnificent new church was founded, which was raised to cathedral rank in 1109. The abbey continued to be a distinct establishment until the Dissolution.

[By F. C. Varley

and picturesque was the arrest of Northumberland a few days after the proclamation as queen of the innocent and unfortunate Lady Jane Grey. A year or so later the market square witnessed the burning of a Protestant "heretic," John Hullier.

The little church of St. Benedict, more popularly known as St. Benet's, is of high interest as possessing one of the best of the few Saxon towers remaining in England. It exhibits the "long and short work" and baluster windows which are most characteristic of pre-Norman architecture.

Queens' College may not be large, but it is a quiet and charming place where every visitor to Cambridge loves to linger. As its name implies, the college was founded by a queen, or rather two queens, Margaret of Anjou in the first place and Elizabeth Woodville in the second. Its quaint brick buildings, the "Great Court" and "Cloister Court," and the delightful eighteenth-century wooden "Mathematical" bridge supply all the ingredients for a perfect picture of mediæval studios-



Photo by]

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ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE AND DIVINITY SCHOOLS.

St. John's College was founded in 1511 by Lady Margaret Beaufort and replaced the Hospital of St. John, which dated from the early thirteenth century. It has three courts on the right bank of the Cam and one on the left. Ruskin praised the Second Court as the most perfect in the University.

ness. Of the eminent names associated with the college, none takes a higher place than that of the great scholar Erasmus.

St. Catherine's College was founded by a Provost of King's, Robert Wodelarke, as early as 1473, but its oldest existing buildings date from the end of the seventeenth century. The only excitement in its quiet career was in July 1553, when its Master, Edwin Sandys, took a minor part in Northumberland's visit to Cambridge to proclaim Lady Jane Grey and arrest Mary. When the Duke perpetrated his famous *volte face*, the unfortunate Sandys was involved in his fall, and though his life was spared he had to retire to Switzerland.

Corpus Christi College, the sixth of the University in order of date, was founded in 1352 through the joint efforts of the guilds of Corpus Christi and the Blessed Virgin Mary. Its best feature is the "Old Court," the most ancient in Cambridge, and possessing the distinction of having been built as a court from the start. But the great glory of the college is its superb library with the priceless collection of manuscripts bequeathed by Archbishop Parker in the sixteenth century. The college plate also is exceptionally fine.

Corpus Christi suffered very severely in the "Town and Gown" riot of 1381, when it was attacked by an armed mob and lost many of its most valuable documents and much of its plate.

Pembroke College beats Corpus in point of antiquity by but five years, and also has remains of its ancient buildings, though re-facing to some extent conceals its true age. It was founded by the widow of the famous Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke. This college's greatest claims to fame (and it has many) are its chapel, a very interesting and early work of Sir Christopher Wren, and the long list of men, distinguished in nearly every department of human activity, who have been its sons. The poets Spenser and Gray, and the jurist Sir Henry Maine, completed their education here, but the most eminent name on the list is that of William Pitt the Younger. Among its Masters perhaps the most familiar name is that of Bishop Ridley, the martyr.

St. Peter's College, or Peterhouse, commonly and irreverently known as "Pothouse," is the oldest



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"THE BACKS," CAMBRIDGE.

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"The Backs" of the Cambridge Colleges are famous for their beauty. Passing in a boat from Queens' to Magdalene a wonderful series of views of the colleges can be obtained. This photograph shows an avenue of magnificent trees on the farther side of the river.

college in the University, dating its foundation from 1286. Of the hall built in or about that year a considerable portion remains, in various states of partial disguise. The Combination Room is of the fifteenth century, the chapel of the seventeenth, and the view of the buildings from the Fellows' Garden is highly picturesque.

Thomas Gray, the poet, was an undergraduate of Peterhouse before migrating to Pembroke as the result of an occurrence which throws a good deal of light on his sensitive nature. As he was afraid of fire he always kept a rope-ladder hanging from his window. The alarm was given one night as an irresponsible "rag," and the young man hastily dropped down the ladder into a bucket of water, thoughtfully provided for his reception.

The Fitzwilliam Museum, named after Viscount Fitzwilliam, through whose munificence it came into existence, is a nineteenth-century building, the oldest part dating from 1837. It contains some



Photo by]

TRINITY COLLEGE : GREAT COURT.

Trinity College, established in 1546 by Henry VIII, is the largest college in the sister Universities and consists of five courts. A fine old gateway leads into the picturesque Great Court, in the centre of which stands a fountain erected by Thomas Nevile, Master 1593-1615. The chapel, on the north side, is Late Perpendicular, and has an altar-piece by West; the ante-chapel contains statues of Newton, Bacon, Macaulay, and Tennyson.

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TRINITY COLLEGE BRIDGE.

This view was taken from Garret Hostel Bridge, and shows a charming stretch of the Cam as far as Trinity College Bridge. The splendid lime-trees of the College grounds are celebrated in Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

[H. N. King.



Photo by]

[Judges' Ltd.

GATE OF HONOUR, CAIUS COLLEGE.

The exit from Caius Court is called the Gate of Honour. It is opposite the chapel and leads to Senate House Passage.

age have been almost completely obliterated. It was founded by the Lady Margaret Beaufort, Henry VII's mother, in 1505; she was also the foundress of St. John's College, and one of the most scholarly and enlightened representatives of the English Renaissance. If, and when, all other claims to fame of this college are forgotten, it will still be safe from obscurity through its connection with John Milton, who was in residence between 1625 and 1632. One of his greatest friends was one of the Fellows, Edward King, and out of that friendship sprang one of the greatest achievements of the English mind and language—*Lycidas*.

The "Fellows' Building" in Tree Court is a Renaissance edifice which has few equals in England, and is supposed to have been designed by Inigo Jones, though precise information is lacking.

If Milton is the "lion" of Christ's, the celebrity of Sidney Sussex is his political counterpart in the cause of Puritanism, Oliver Cromwell. The Countess of Sussex's foundation had only been in existence about twenty years when the future Lord Protector entered as an undergraduate. He was only there for a year, and probably occupied a room which still exists. Other prominent figures on the Parliamentary side are the Earl of Manchester, a somewhat unsuccessful general, and May, the secretary and chronicler of the Long Parliament.

Jesus College is unique in the respect that it is the sole example in Cambridge of a nunnery adapted to secular educational purposes. The convent in question was that of St. Mary and St. Radegund, and the existing chapel was the chancel of its church. At the end of the fifteenth century it had

valuable pictures, particularly a fine Rembrandt, a characteristic Veronese, and the collection of Turner water-colours, which were the gifts of Ruskin; the library houses one of the most important collections of prints in the world, and rare and valuable manuscripts, musical and otherwise.

Across the river and behind the "Backs" lie Selwyn College, Ridley Hall, and Newnham College, the last-named founded in 1875, six years after the equally famous Girton.

Downing College is fifty years younger than it should have been, thanks to the intricacies of the law, for though it came into existence by the will of Sir George Downing, who died in 1749, effect could not be given to the testator's intentions until 1800, when a charter was first obtained.

The buildings of Emmanuel College are not particularly interesting—with the exception of the chapel, which was built from a design of Sir Christopher Wren's—but there was an exceptional feature about its foundation, in that the purpose of Sir Walter Mildmay, Chancellor of the Exchequer to Queen Elizabeth, and the author of its being, was to establish a college which should be a *foyer* of Puritanism in England. The chronicler Fuller has reported the founder's own words to his sovereign: "I have set an acorn, which, when it becomes an oak, God alone knows what will be the fruit thereof."

Christ's College suffered "modernisation" in the eighteenth century to such an extent that the evidences of its



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TRINITY COLLEGE BRIDGE.

This view across the bridge shows in the distance the gateway of New Court, Trinity.

fallen on such evil days that John Alcock, Bishop of Ely, secured its dissolution and founded Jesus College in 1496.

The chapel, a charming example of Early English work, is the old conventual church deprived of most of its nave; the tower also is original. Of the other early buildings the most characteristic are the fine tower gateway of brick and the hall, which dates from Alcock's time.

Of the villages in the immediate vicinity of Cambridge, none has happier, and perhaps more poignant, memories than Grantchester. Rupert Brooke has made its name almost a household word wherever the English language is spoken, and he was only voicing what thousands of undergraduates have felt. The present writer could tell of idle but unforgettable hours spent with the poet in a boat at that idyllic spot.



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TRINITY COLLEGE CLOISTERS.

The entrance to the cloisters, commonly called Neville's Court, is gained by way of the "Screens," a passage between the hall and the kitchen. The court is Jacobean, having been completed about 1612.

A great feature of Grantchester is its ancient manor-house, surrounded by a moat, which sheltered the members of King's College when the plague made Cambridge too hot to hold them.

Hard by Grantchester is Trumpington, equally familiar to all Cambridge men, with an attractive church almost wholly in the Early Decorated style. It possesses a brass of Sir Roger de Trumpington which is the father-but-one of all the brasses in England.

On the other side of Cambridge, an object of considerable interest to antiquarian or historically-minded visitors is the Chapel of the Leper Hospital of St. Mary Magdalen at Stourbridge. It is a twelfth-century building which underwent restoration at the hands of Sir Gilbert Scott in the middle of the nineteenth century.

Going farther afield, Madingley has a fine Tudor hall which was the home of the late King Edward VII when he was an undergraduate at Cambridge. The village is both quaint and pretty, and gives one of the finest distant views of Cambridge, with its array of towers and spires.

Sawston Hall is memorable for the events of 1553. In its immediate predecessor the Princess



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ELY CATHEDRAL: WESTERN FRONT.

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The western front, including the castellated west tower, the Galilee porch, and the south arm of the west transept, is the most prominent part of the cathedral. The western tower is 266 feet high and belongs to the Transition Norman Period (1174-89); it received additions of lantern and angular turrets in 1382, and has an interior of arcaded galleries, with a modern roof painted by H. L. Le Strange. The Galilee was erected about 1215 and is Early English, in two stories. The western transept, which was built in 1170, contains some of the earliest specimens of the pointed arch in England.



Photo by]

ELY CATHEDRAL: CHOIR, LOOKING WEST.

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The choir, which is separated from the octagon by a modern oak screen, is chiefly Early English. Bishop Northwold (1229-54) added six exquisite bays in the Early English style; and in 1322-8, after the fall of the central tower, Alan de Walsingham was afforded the opportunity of erecting the beautiful Decorated octagon and the three west bays of the present choir, which Fergusson has said "are equal to anything in Europe for elegance and appropriateness." The division between the Early English and Decorated windows is very marked; and the choir possesses much beauty in traceries, statue-niches, and crocketed pinnacles. The clerestory portions are set flush with the outer wall.

Mary took refuge with Sir John Huddlestone, and she only just escaped capture by Northumberland's minions, who set fire to the building in their disappointed fury. Mary is said to have seen the pile blazing merrily and remarked: "What matter! I will build Huddlestone another." But apparently her performance fell far short of her promise.

Linton, on the Essex border, is noted for the number of picturesque mediæval houses it possesses, as well as its association with the Paris family, whose most famous scion, Matthew Paris, may possibly have lived here.

The fame of Newmarket rests on other than archæological or architectural grounds, though its historical associations are far from negligible or uninteresting. Its fame as a centre of horse-racing dates from the reign of James I, who built a royal lodge, which was succeeded in Charles II's time by a palace which witnessed orgies by no means unworthy of comparison with those of Whitehall.



Photo by]

ELY CATHEDRAL: THE REREDOS.

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Though the reredos, the altar, and the lower stalls of the choir are modern, the upper stalls are of fourteenth century workmanship.

Charles I gave the first royal cup, and must have had rueful memories of happier days when he was held prisoner here for several days in 1647.

Wicken Fen, east of the Cam between Cambridge and Ely, is remarkably interesting as giving a more or less adequate idea of what the "Fens" looked like before the great drainage and reclamation schemes of the seventeenth century transformed the appearance of this region. It adjoins Burwell Fen, which is the great centre of the peat-digging industry in the county.

Burwell Church is a fine structure, enjoying a high reputation among lovers of good architecture everywhere, but particularly students of the Perpendicular style.

Close to the village are the remains of the Norman castle which King Stephen erected with a view to putting an end to the ravages of barons such as the infamous Geoffrey de Mandeville, who looted Cambridge in 1143. Such an impertinent intrusion of law and order aroused Geoffrey's ire, and he made a fierce attack upon it in the course of which a well-aimed arrow put an end to his unholy career.

The far-famed "Isle of Ely" is a terminological inexactitude for practically the whole of the

county north of the River Ouse. Its great geographical interest is due to the fact that it comprises a very large portion of reclaimed fenland, and its historical importance to the fact that the Bishops of Ely exercised almost viceregal jurisdiction in this region until comparatively modern times. How great the Bishop's power was is well illustrated by the last occasion on which it was really exercised, the riots at Littleport in 1818. This protest against the very real distress that followed the close of the Napoleonic Wars was only terminated by military action; several of the ringleaders were tried, and five were sentenced to death by a court convened by the Bishop. Mr. Conybeare, in his *History of Cambridgeshire*, says that the sentences were pronounced and executed, "all to the accompaniment

of ecclesiastical rejoicings, the Bishop entering the cathedral in solemn procession, to the strains of the triumphal anthem 'Why do the heathen rage,' with his sword of state borne before him by his butler, and escorted by fifty of the principal inhabitants carrying white wands. No fewer than 300 of these wand-bearers guarded the execution of the five rioters; yet the sympathy for them was so strong that the Bishop could not get a cart to carry them to the gallows under five guineas for the trip. Such was the last serious exercise of the Bishop's long-descended secular jurisdiction over the Isle. He died none too soon."

Wisbech, still a port, was far more worthy of that description before the end of the fourteenth century, when the Ouse was diverted. It was of great importance in the first two centuries after the Conquest, and had a Norman castle, which was subsequently converted into a palace of the Bishops of Ely. The church of SS. Peter and Paul is remarkable as possessing a double nave and chancel, and there are examples of Norman, Decorated and Perpendicular work, the tower being quite a fine example of the last style.

Wisbech has acquired a fame more than local for its excellent museum, which comprises a splen-



Photo by]

[Underwood Press Service.

ELY CATHEDRAL: PRIOR'S DOORWAY.

The Prior's Doorway, with its fine carving, and the Monk's Doorway are of Late Norman architecture.

did ornithological collection, and a most interesting and important collection of antiquities of all periods up to the Anglo-Saxon which have come to light in the neighbourhood.

On the opposite, Northamptonshire, border of the county, the parish church of Thorney stands as the sole substantial relic of a great Benedictine abbey which came into existence nearly a hundred years before the Conquest. The existing church is only the nave of the monastery church, and but half the length of that building as it stood in its glory. But even as a self-contained fragment its Norman and Perpendicular work is extremely impressive.



Photo by]

ABERYSTWYTH: A MORNING HAZE.

[Judges', Ltd.

This Welsh university town and popular resort stands on Cardigan Bay near the estuary of the Rhedol and the Ystwyth. The town was incorporated by Edward I, in whose reign a castle was founded here (1277), though it is recorded that as early as 1109 Gilbert Strongbow erected a castle at the mouth of the Ystwyth. The University College of Wales is situated on the "front," just beyond the pier.

CARDIGANSHIRE

WITH a few exceptions, the scenic, historical, and archæological celebrities of this county lie north and east of a line drawn from Aberayron on Cardigan Bay to Lampeter on the Teifi. In this area lie Aberystwyth, with which the average Englishman's knowledge of Cardiganshire begins and ends; Plinlimmon, whose lack of grandeur is redeemed by its



Photo by]

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, CHURCH, AND CASTLE RUINS, ABERYSTWYTH.

[Judges', Ltd.

This view affords a contrast in ancient and modern architecture. In the foreground is a fragment of the remains of Edward I's castle; beyond is the tower of St. Michael's Church, built in 1830, while facing the sea is the University College of Wales, founded in 1872. The college has ranked, since 1893, as the senior constituent college of the University of Wales.



Photo by

THE CASTLE, ABERYSTWYTH.

[Judges', Ltd.]

The castle of which these are part of the remains was built by Edward I as an element in his scheme for effecting the conquest of Wales. The structure was dismantled after the defeat of Charles I by the Parliamentarians.

profusion of historic associations and the respect it deserves as the source of five rivers, including the Severn and the Wye; the fine valley of the Ystwyth and even more noble gorges of the Rheidol and its tributary, the Mynach; the reputed grave of Taliessin, great among the greatest of Welsh bards; and the far-famed ruins (such as they are) of Strata Florida.

There are some who say, and others who imply, that Aberystwyth, with "watering-place" writ large all over it, is a *nouveau*

riche or upstart among such institutions. Nothing could be further from the truth.

The town is only a little younger than Brighton, and Gorton, writing in 1832, says that it was then well-established in popular favour and lacking nothing in the way of "amusements."



Photo by]

THE BRIDGE, LLANGORWEN, ABERYSTWYTH.

[Judges', Ltd.]

The district round about Aberystwyth is rich in picturesque rural scenes. Llangorwen is a village situated two miles north-east of the resort; the old stone bridge, with its quaint approaches, is often admired by visitors to the Cardigan coast.

Its ancient castle is represented by a somewhat formless ruin which dates from the time of Edward I. But it was not the first on the site, as its predecessor, or fortress erected by Strongbow, was destroyed after little more than a century of existence.

In the immediate vicinity of the town are some splendid view-points from which the mighty panorama of Cardigan Bay, backed by the mountains of Carnarvonshire and flanked by Cader Idris, can be beheld in all its glory. Nor



Phot. by]

DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

[Judges', Ltd.

This curious bridge spans the River Mynach near its confluence with the Rheidol some 12 miles from Aberystwyth, in a ravine widely famed for its superb scenery. The Mynach here plunges down a chasm in the rock to a depth of over 200 feet, making a very fine cascade. The lower bridge was built in the eleventh or twelfth century; the upper one, erected in 1753, is 114 feet above the river, the length of the span being 30 feet.



Photo by]

IN THE LLYFNANT VALLEY.

[Judges', Ltd.

The River Llyfnant, though only 8 miles long, flows through a valley richly endowed by nature. It rises in Llyn Pen Rhayadr, a lake 6 miles from Machynlleth, and after running along the boundary of Cardiganshire and Montgomeryshire at the north-eastern extremity of the former county, it empties into the River Dyfi, or Dovey.

should any visitor miss the village of Llanbadarn Fawr, with its twelfth-century church of St. Padarn, interesting both for itself and the ancient sculptured crosses in the churchyard. St. Padarn was one of the greatest of Welsh saints, and the reputation of the monastery he founded here drew the chronicler, Giraldus Cambrensis, to this spot in 1188.

East and south of Aberystwyth the fine valleys of the Ystwyth and Rheidol lead into the heart of a somewhat solitary but most picturesque quarter of Wales. The Rheidol, after an eastward course of several miles through a deep wooded gorge, takes an abrupt turn northward to Plinlimmon, at the point where it is joined by the Mynach. Here, amid sylvan scenery which is worthy of comparison with the finest that Snowdonia can show, is one of the county's trump cards, the "Devil's Bridge."



Photo by J.

[L. Bastard.]

ON THE SLOPES OF PLINLIMMON.

This photograph was taken on the highest point of the road from Aberystwyth, looking eastward. Plinlimmon rises to a height of 2,468 feet and forms the sources of the Rivers Severn, Wye, Ystwyth, Rheidol, and Llyfnant.

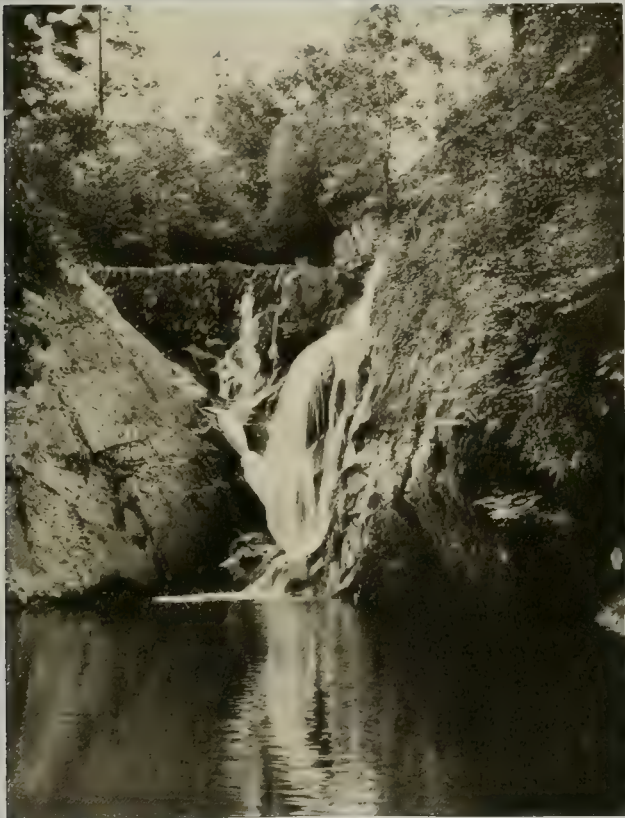


Photo by J.

[E. Bastard.]

FALL, CWM EINION, NEAR YSGUBOR-Y-COED.

The Cwm Einion ("Artist's Valley") is situated in the northern extremity of the county, the River Einion running into the Dovey near the county boundary. The glen abounds in delightful scenery.

The present writer is content to take Borrow's vividly simple language as even now the best description, and to remark, parenthetically, that his *Wild Wales* is still the secret to all that is charming and romantic in this county, and the principality generally. "To view it properly, and the wonders connected with it, you must pass over the bridge above it, and descend a precipitous dingle on the eastern side till you come to a small platform in a crag. Below you now is a frightful cavity, at the bottom of which the waters of the Monks River [Mynach], which comes tumbling down from a glen to the east, whirl, boil, and hiss in a horrid pot or cauldron, called in the language of the country *Twll yn y graig*, or the hole in the rock, in a manner truly tremendous. On your right is a slit, probably caused by volcanic force, through which the waters after whirling in the cauldron eventually escape. The slit is wonderfully narrow considering its altitude, which is very great, considerably upwards of a hundred feet—nearly above you, crossing the slit, which is partially wrapped in darkness, is the far-famed bridge, the Bridge of the Evil Man, a work which, though crumbling and darkly grey, does much honour to the hand which built it,

whether it was the hand of Satan or of a monkish architect, for the arch is chaste and beautiful, far superior in every respect, except in safety and utility, to the one above it. . . ."

If Borrow were living to-day he could add that the arch is even more superior to the terribly mundane structure over which the road is carried.

Over all this region, Plinlimmon, with its five humps, presides in solemn dignity—majesty is hardly the word, as the *massif* does not present the dramatic silhouette on the sky-line which makes Cader Idris or the Snowdon group so picturesque and effective. To all true Welshmen, however, Plinlimmon

is the sacred mount where Owen Glendower, last of the Welsh patriots, gathered strength for his mighty raid into the marches, which all but upset Henry IV's shaky throne.

The words "Strata Florida" come as a shock in this region of unpronounceable names, but the explanation is that they are a dog-Latin version of Ystrad Fflur, the valley of the Flur, a small tributary of the Teifi. Of the great abbey of Strata Florida very little remains, the great western door alone giving any idea of the importance of this foundation before the dissolution of the monasteries. What a great centre of pilgrimage the abbey was is well illustrated by the existence of places with the prefix Yspytty (*hospice*) in the vicinity.

The ruins now visible are of the twelfth century, though there is good reason to believe that the abbey suffered very severely on at least two occasions, but was restored and flourishing exceedingly when that disaster overtook it. Borrow's reply to the farmer who asked why it was pulled down discloses a highly prejudiced view of history:

"Because it was a house of idolatry to which people used to resort by hundreds to worship images. Had you lived at that time you would have seen people down on their knees before stocks and stones, worshipping them, kissing them, and repeating pennillion to them."

Tregaron is the "very good place; not quite so big as London, but very good place," which Borrow's casual travelling companion told him was famed for "very good ham" and for "great man, clever thief, Twm Shon Catti, who was born there."

Tregaron's fame for hams has been somewhat overclouded with the passage of the years, but the



Photo by

(Valentine & Sons, Ltd.)

THE RHEIDOL VALLEY.

One of the most beautiful rivers in the county, the Rheidol has its source on Plinlimmon and flows through luxuriant wooded gorges before it reaches the sea at Aberystwyth. Near Devil's Bridge, where the river is joined by the Mynach, the scenery is exceedingly picturesque.

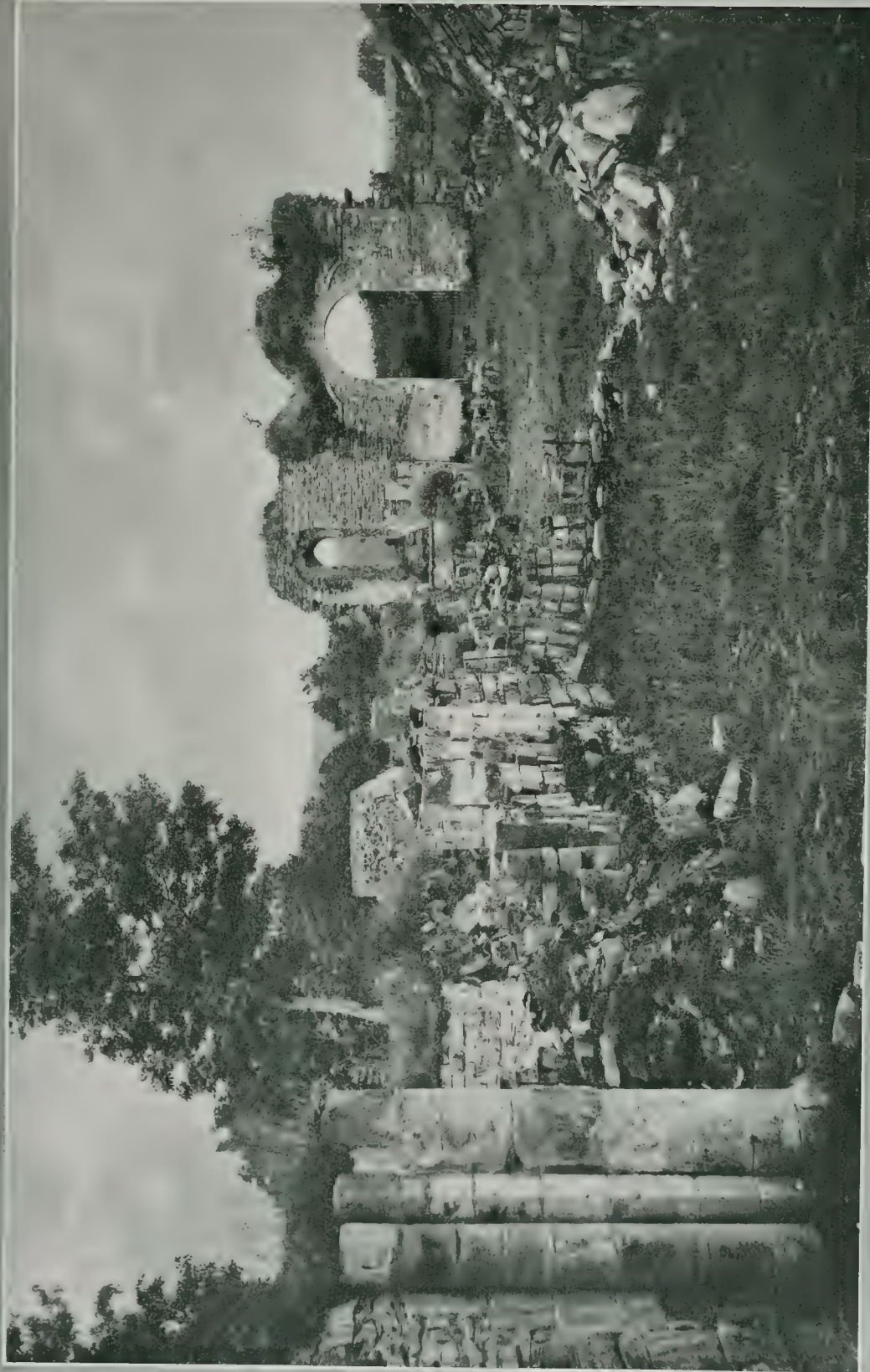


Photo by,

STRATA FLORIDA ABBEY: THE NAVE, WEST.

The few remnants of this once famous Welsh monastery are situated near Tregaron. The name is a Latinised version of Ystrad Eglur, meaning "the plain of the bloom." There is some doubt as to the origin of the abbey, though it is believed to have been founded for the Cistercians in 1164 by Rhys ap Gryffydd, Prince of South Wales. From 1156 till 1270 it housed the Welsh national records, and several of the Cambrian princes were buried here.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

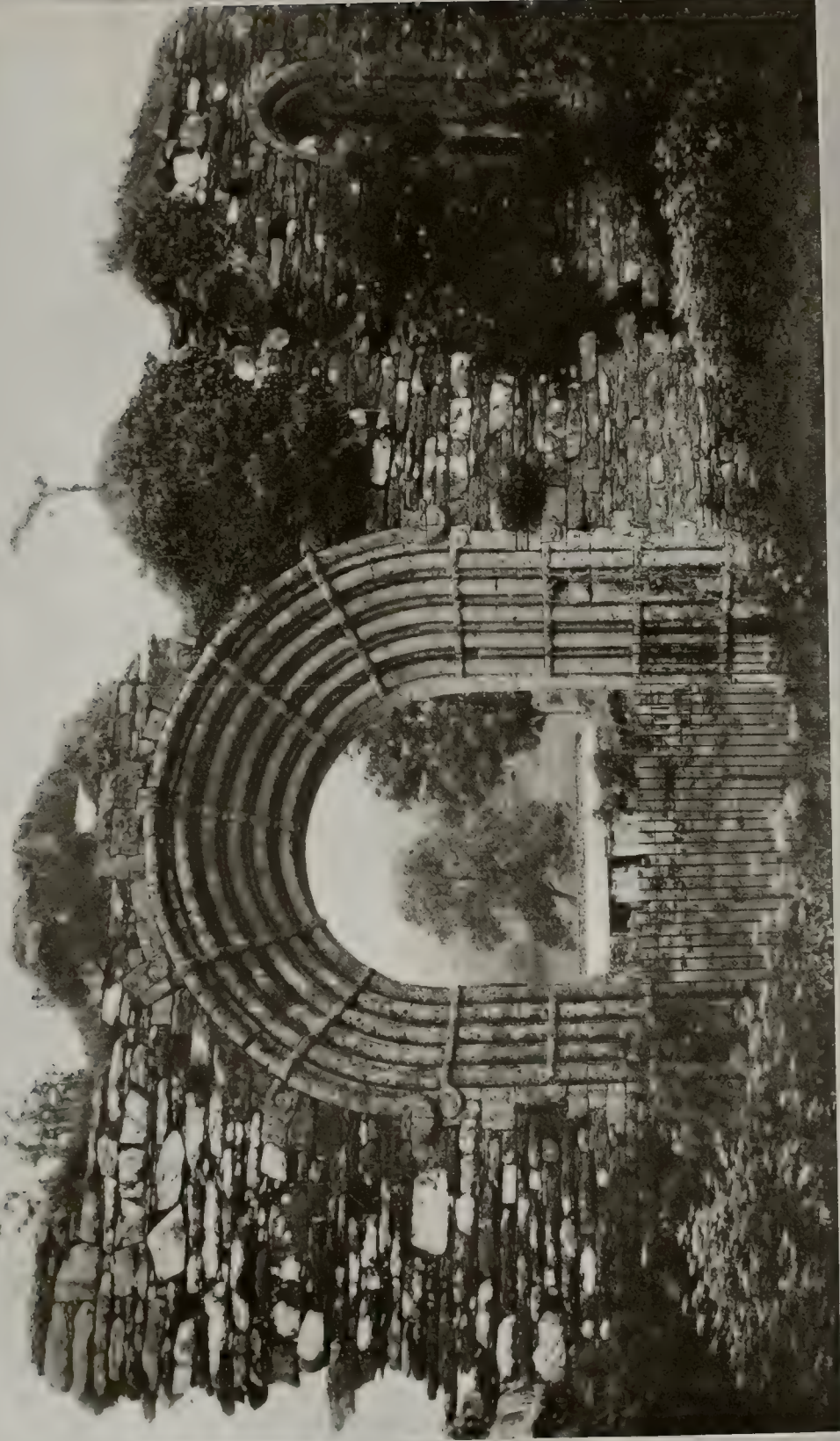


Photo by]

STRATA FLORIDA ABBEY: WEST DOORWAY.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd

This fine Norman doorway to the abbey church has no counterpart in Britain. It constitutes the most complete remaining feature of the structure, and is regarded as a particularly beautiful piece of work. Attention may be drawn to the bands which appear to hold together the series of rolls of the arch and whose outer ends are shaped like a crozier. The church dated from the latter half of the twelfth century and had a length of 213 feet, being thus a little larger than St. David's Cathedral.

exploits of Twm Shon Catti, exploits that are three-quarters fiction, one-quarter fact, and wholly comic, still give the place a spice all its own.

It may be remembered that when Borrow innocently asked his chance acquaintance whether the thief was hung, he received the answer: "Hung, no! only stupid thief hung. Twm Shon Catti clever thief: *died rich man, justice of the peace and mayor of Brecon.*"

So much at any rate seems to belong to history, and the only question is whether the Welsh Eulenspiegel's early life was really as black as has been painted.

According to tradition he was the illegitimate son of a Welsh country gentleman, and was born at Fynnon Lidiart, near Tregaron, at the end of the sixteenth century. It is said that he took to thieving to support his impoverished parents, and soon developed such a degree of cunning and dexterity in the art that the authorities were no match for him. On one occasion a farmer, who



MAP OF CARDIGANSHIRE.

was out for his blood, called at his mother's house, and asked: "Does Twm Shon Catti live here?" A wretched and ancient beggar who was squatting at the door replied in the affirmative. "Will you hold my horse while I go in and speak to him?" "Oh yes, I will hold your horse." The farmer got out his pistols and went in, while the beggar, who was none other than Twm Shon Catti himself, jumped on the horse and rode ten miles to the farmer's house, shedding his disguise on the way. When he reached his destination he told the farmer's wife that her husband was in great trouble, and needing fifty pounds at once had lent him his horse to fetch it, and given him his whip as proof of *bona fides*. The too-trusting lady parted with her money readily, and we are told that Twm Shon Catti lived on it regally in London for a considerable time. He is credited with many other bold exploits, but perhaps the boldest was in forcing a beautiful heiress to wed him by the simple but peremptory device of threatening to cut off her hand if she refused.

Apparently the marriage made him respectable, for Borrow's informant told him that he became

"the very best justice that there ever was. He made the old saying good: you must set one thief to catch one thief . . . and a child might walk through the country quite safe with a purse of gold in its hand. He said that as he himself could not have a finger in the pie, he would take care nobody else should. And yet he was not one bloody justice either: never hanged thief without giving him chance to reform."

Between Tregaron and Lampeter, the village of Llan Ddewi Brefi, itself obscure and uninteresting, is memorable as the scene of the great church congress convened by St. David in 519 to pronounce on the heresies of the Welshman, Morgan, who is better known to history as Pelagius. Dewi, a famous theologian of Pembrokeshire, had not been invited, but as all the eloquence and learning



Photo by J.

ST. DAVID'S COLLEGE, LAMPETER.

[Valentine & Sons Ltd.]

The college was founded in 1822 by Bishop Burgess of St. David's, on the site of an ancient castle, and its students mostly prepare for the Welsh Church. The college, which was incorporated by a charter of George IV, has power to confer certain degrees in Arts and Divinity B.A. and B.D. . It is affiliated to Oxford and Cambridge Universities, and the well-equipped library contains rare specimens of early printed books and MSS.

of the assembled ecclesiastics failed to prove the unsoundness of the heretic's dangerous doctrines, that champion of orthodoxy was sent for, and after three days' work he produced a treatise in writing in which, as Borrow says, "the tenets of Morgan were so triumphantly overthrown that the convocation unanimsly adopted it and sent it into the world with a testimony of approbation as an antidote to the heresy."

Lampeter is chiefly famous for its theological college, St. David's College, which was founded by Bishop Burgess in 1822, and occupies the site of the ancient castle. As a nursery for the ministry of the Welsh Church, this foundation has enjoyed a high and well-deserved renown. The buildings of the college are not particularly interesting, but its library, the basis of which was the collection bequeathed by Bishop Burgess, is important and valuable. Borrow remarks that "the grand



Photo by

NEW QUAY.

[Aereo Aerials, Ltd.]

This seaside resort and port is situated about half way between Aberystwyth and Cardigan on the bay which takes its name from the county. From New Quay Head, some 300 feet high, a fine distant view is obtained of the North and Mid-Wales mountains. Snowdon, Plinlimmon, and Cader Idris are among the peaks that can be seen.



Photo by]

CARDIGAN BRIDGE.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

This sturdy old seven-arched bridge spans the Telford, on which the capital of the county is situated, 3 miles from the river's mouth. The view from the bridge is very attractive, and it is noteworthy that on the Telford the quaint old-fashioned boats known as coracles are still used. Cardigan is an historic town, a castle having been built there in the time of Henry II, though little now remains of the structure.



Photo by

ST. DOGMELLS FROM PLAS NEWYDD.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

This view shows the River Teifi near its mouth. St. Dogmells, though actually in Pembrokeshire, is regarded as a suburb of Cardigan, which lies just across the river. St. Dogmells Abbey was founded by Martin of Tours in the twelfth century, and a few remains still exist.



Photo by

ON THE RIVER TEIFI.

[H. Squibbs.]

The Teifi is about 50 miles long, rising in the north-east of the county and emptying into Cardigan Bay just below the capital town. It is noted for its fine salmon and trout, and is regarded by some anglers as the best stream in Wales for these fish.

curiosity is a manuscript Codex containing a Latin synopsis of Scripture which once belonged to the monks of Bangor Is Coed. It bears marks of blood with which it was sprinkled when the monks were massacred by the heathen Saxons, at the instigation of Austin the Pope's missionary in Britain." (Borrow can never keep his religious prejudices in the background for long!)

From Lampeter to Cardigan Bay the one valley of the Teifi—a stream beloved of anglers no less than artists—forms the county boundary and leads past Newcastle Emlyn, with many picturesque windings to the estuary on which the county town, Cardigan, *Aberteifi* in Welsh, stands.

Little remains to recall the antiquity and importance of Cardigan itself, a quiet country town which has been left high and dry by the ebb of material progress in this corner of the county. The Church of St. Mary has some attractive Perpendicular work, but all that is left of the castle is a fragment of wall with two towers.

COUNTY CARLOW

GEOGRAPHICALLY speaking, this county is by no means difficult to visualise. It is pear-shaped, with the broader end on the north, and tapers to a point where Kilkenny meets Wexford in the south. The two rivers Barrow and Slaney intersect it vertically, and the only break in its comparatively low-lying and undulating plain is the long range of heights, culminating in Mount Leinster, which forms the eastern boundary between Carlow and Wexford.

The character of the scenery has a certain appeal, particularly in the mountainous sector, but, generally speaking, it lacks that sylvan, dramatic, or sinister element which is required to win the

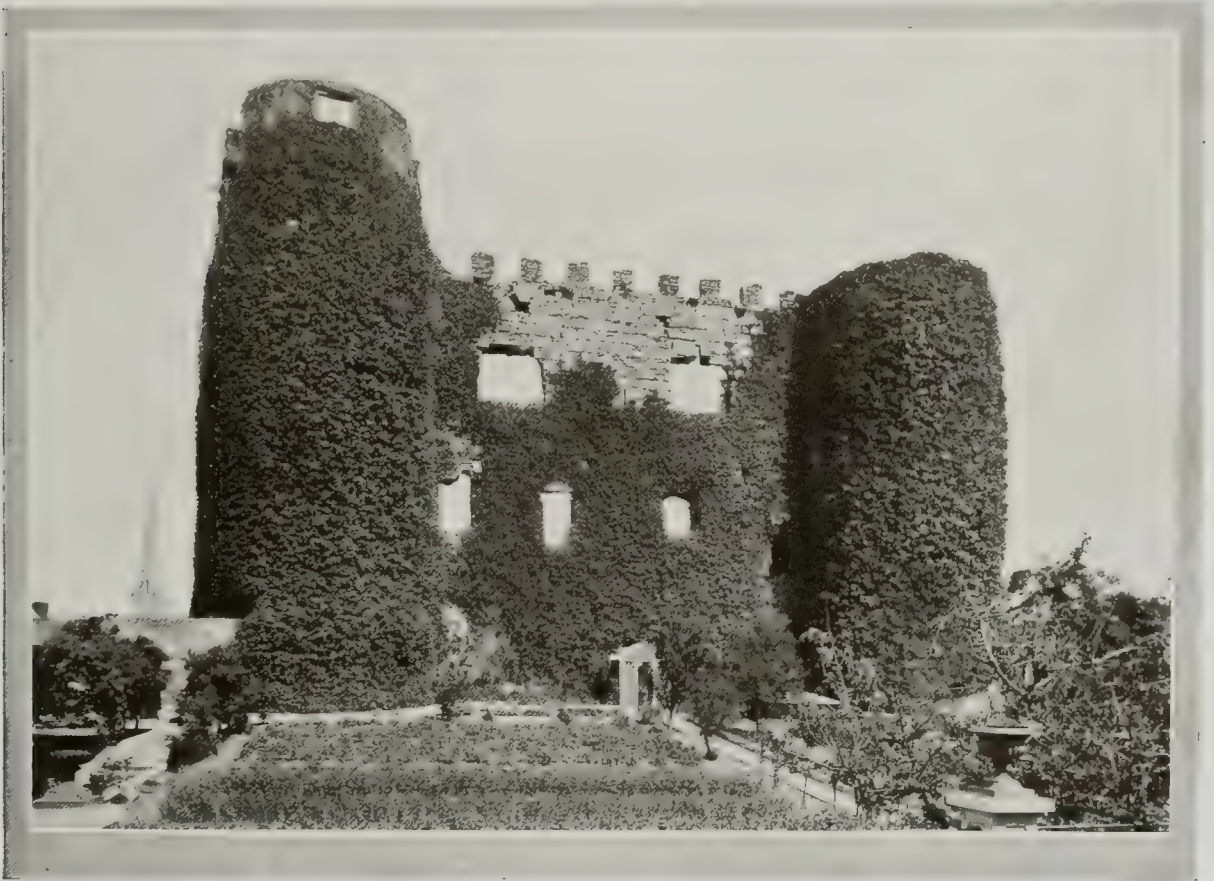


Photo by]

CASTLE RUINS, CARLOW.

W. Lawrence.

The castle of Carlow dates from the twelfth century, though the two towers (originally some 60 feet in height) shown in the illustration, and the wall between them, are all that now remain. The other portion of the structure was blown up by gunpowder early in the last century. In the time of Cromwell the parliamentary forces under Ireton bombarded the castle, which was forced to surrender.

highest fame. Much the same observation applies to its monuments of bygone days and the social and political history of its people. The troubles of the past and a high rate of emigration have left their traces everywhere, though the soil is very fertile and dairy-farming in Carlow has attained a high level of prosperity. In fact, the county has suffered from being on the "marches" or frontier of the English Pale in the Middle Ages and therefore an advanced bulwark. Like most outposts, it was frequently captured and recaptured while the main fortress was left intact. But the process has meant the gradual destruction of most evidences of the past in this county.

The ancient castle of Carlow, once a magnificent Anglo-Norman fortress, is represented by a picturesque ruin. The story of the final stage of its decay is too ludicrous an example of human folly



Photo by:

CATHEDRAL OF THE ASSUMPTION, CARLOW.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the cathedral is its lantern tower, 151 feet high, rising from the western front. Within the cathedral is a monument by Hogan, the Irish sculptor, to the memory of Bishop Doyle, who did so much to champion the Catholic cause in the Emancipation controversy.



Photo by:

BRAGANZA, BISHOP'S PALACE, CARLOW.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Carlow is an important centre in the Catholic Church. Besides the Cathedral there is St. Patrick's College for the training of Roman Catholic students, and the town will always be associated with the memory of the famous Bishop Doyle.

to be omitted here. "In 1814," says Fullarton's *Gazetteer*, "a ninny-pated physician of the name of Middleton, who had obtained a lease of it, and who characteristically projected the transmutation of it into a *Maison de Santé* for the reception of lunatics, applied blasts of gunpowder for enlarging the windows and diminishing the thickness of the walls, and brought down two-thirds of the pile into a rubbishy tumulus in memory of his surpassing presumption and folly." An actual eye-witness of the scene described the "tremendous downfall," "so slow in operation that a person had sufficient time to escape from the sphere of destruction after viewing the portentous and amazing nodding of the towers. The immense pile gradually disparted into vast masses, which broke with difficulty into fragments less mighty. Many gigantic pieces of the ruin rolled to the very doors of some humble cabins, on the opposite side of a road at the base of the castle-mount."

The town itself has undergone many a transformation during the centuries



Photo by]

SAW MILL BRIDGE, BORRIS.
A luxuriously wooded glen near the village of Borris, in the south-western part of the county, some eighteen miles from Carlow.

[Laurence, Dublin.

of its existence. Incessant feuds and strife between the English and the half-subdued Irish were enough to guarantee that its existence should be sufficiently *mouveméntée*. In 1577 it was burned by that fierce but picturesque rebel (or patriot, according to standpoint) Rory Oge O'More, who was such a thorn in the side of Elizabeth's lieutenants. Rory Oge's exploits in Queen's County and Carlow kept the countryside awake at nights. Sir Philip Sidney wrote that: "Rory Oge O'More and Cormock McCormock O'Connor have burnt the Naas. They ran through the town lyke haggies and furies of hell, with flakes of fire fastned on poles ends."

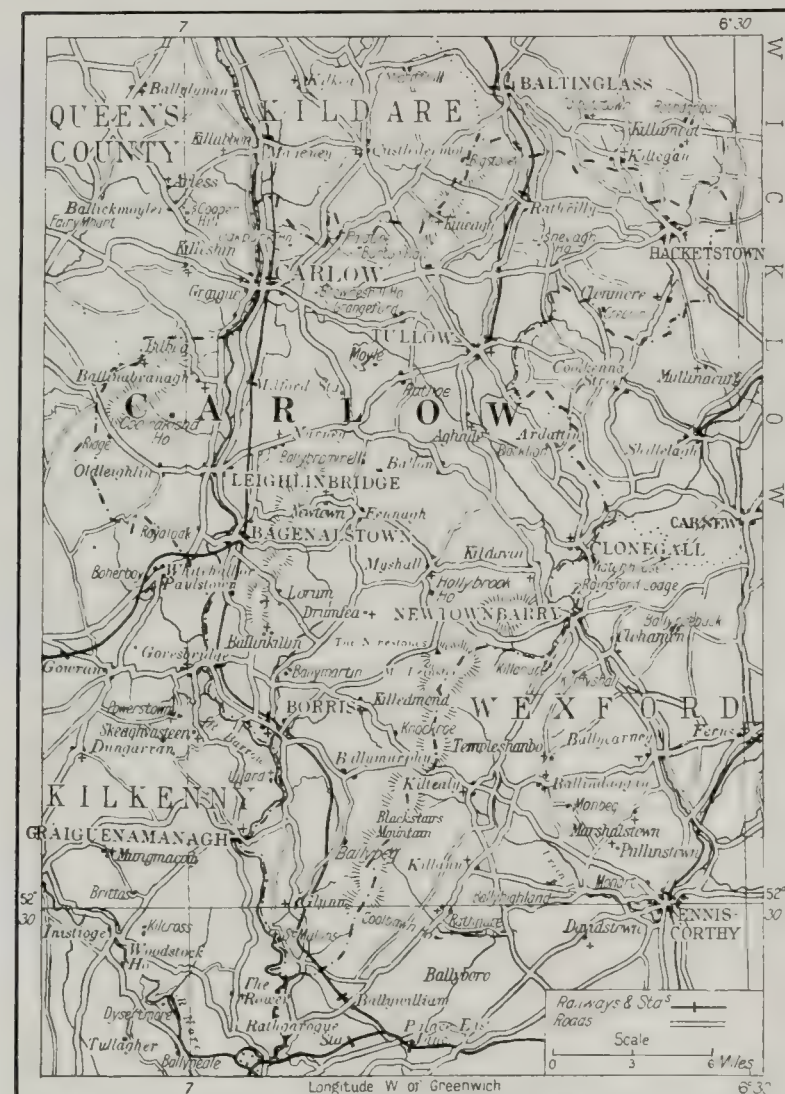
In the wars of the seventeenth century the town changed hands more than once, and in 1798 it again

came into prominence during the rebellion of that year, when there was a fierce struggle in the streets and the rebel-patriots left nearly five hundred dead on the battlefield.

Leighlinbridge, farther down the course of the Barrow, seems to have shared most of the trials of Carlow in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; it was destroyed by Rory Oge in the same year in which he reduced the county town to ashes, and in the wars of the Commonwealth its castle fell to Cromwell's "fortress-eater," Colonel Hewson. The bridge, which was responsible for its change of name from New Leighlin to Leighlinbridge, was originally built in 1320, but the castle, known as the "Black Castle," had then been in existence for nearly 150 years, guarding the monastery and the ford of the Barrow at this spot.

Nominally a town, this village and its neighbour, Old Leighlin, are mournful illustrations of the depopulation of Ireland in the last century. In 1832 they had a combined population of nearly three thousand. To-day they can only muster a few hundreds.

The tiny hamlet of Old Leighlin, enjoying the unique distinction



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MAP OF COUNTY CARLOW.

of possessing a cathedral, is indeed a picture of the desolation of vanished glories. In 1400 we are told that it possessed a monastery, a cathedral, a deanery house, a bishop's palace, eighty-six burgage tenements, and some other buildings. But repeated visitations by contending armies proved its undoing. The cathedral perhaps dates in part from the eleventh century, but the choir was rebuilt in the sixteenth. The well of St. Lasarian, which was the great object of pilgrimage in these parts, was "almost choked with mud" and scarcely distinguishable from the expanse of marsh which surrounds it, "even in the first half of the last century. It was once a crowded resort of the peasantry on the saint's 'patron day,' till the scenes of gambling and intoxication which disgraced the observance

were vigorously prohibited by the Roman Catholic clergymen."

From Leighlinbridge the Barrow continues its merry course southwards through pleasant country which gives fine views of the Leinster range. After two miles or so it passes Bagenalstown, which owes such importance as it possesses to the merit, or other-

Bagenals of Dunleckny, and was intended by him "to possess considerable architectural pretensions and to bear the name of Versailles; but in consequence of an alteration in the line of the Dublin, Clonmel, and Cork mail-road, which sent it across the Barrow at Leighlin Bridge, the projected town of splendour became only a large, neat village."

A little to the east is Ballymoon Castle, another ruin which tells of the military importance of this county as a bastion of the great fortified area which secured Norman and English power in Ireland. Even in ruin, with its two square and solid towers, it gives an excellent idea of the formidable strongholds the conquerors established to overawe the unhappy inhabitants.



Photo by]

[Lawrence, Dublin

DUNLECKNY MANOR, BAGENALSTOWN.

This was the seat of the Bagenal family, who took up residence here in the sixteenth century, and who gave their name to the town.

wise, of being a railway junction.

When the name and origin of Bagenalstown are considered, the remark in a certain guide-book that "there is nothing to see except the elegant church spire, but the non-fitting of trains to Kilkenny may afford time for refreshment," seems heartless to the last degree. It was begun by one of the



Photo by]

[Lawrence, Dublin.

CASTLE BORRIS, CO. CARLOW.

A stately mansion of a type that is common in Ireland, though it is to properties of this kind that the recent fighting has proved so destructive. Borris is delightfully placed on the east side of the Barrow.

Borris, still farther down the Barrow, is perhaps the prettiest village in the county, lying picturesquely in the valley cut by the river between the Carlow mountains and the Brandon Hill *massif* in Kilkenny.

Borris House was for centuries the seat of the great local family of Kavanagh, many of whose members have inscribed their names on the roll of Irish history. Claiming descent from the ancient Kings of Leinster, they were powerful enough, in the person of Cahir Mac Art Kavanagh, to extract a peerage out of Queen Mary, but the most extraordinary and interesting member of the family was undoubtedly Arthur Macmorrough Kavanagh, who died less than forty years ago. He was born with the mere stumps of arms and legs and had to be carried about like a baby. Yet he triumphed over this terrible handicap to such a degree that he was able to drive, ride, fish, shoot, write, and paint with considerably more than average ability. In 1849 and 1850 he was engaged in a perilous and adventurous



[Photo by]

[L. Lawrence, Dublin.]

IN THE BORRIS DEMESNE.

A typical specimen of verdant Irish scenery, near Borris.

journey through Russia and Persia to India, where he created a reputation for himself as a tiger-hunter. When he returned to County Carlow he effected great improvements in the social and moral life of Borris, and the actual village, as we know it to-day, is architecturally his handiwork to a great extent. The ruined church of Ballycopigan, close to Borris, contains his tomb.

The Leinster range abounds with fine and romantic spots, but, generally speaking, the eastern half of the county has little of interest save for the minor attractions of the Slaney valley.

The little town of Tullow stands in a pleasant district, with fine views of the great hills in the south and south-east of the county, but is otherwise not particularly noteworthy. Its castle was, however, the subject of one siege in Cromwell's campaign in Ireland, and its surrender only followed a protracted and brave resistance under Colonel Butler. The chronicle drily records that: "As was usual in the ferocious wars of the seventeenth century, the reduction of the castle was followed by the infliction of detestable cruelties on the subdued garrison."



Photo by]

NEWCASTLE EMLYN BRIDGE.

[H. N. King.

Newcastle Emllyn, on the south side of the Telfi, is supposed to have had a Roman origin. The river, both above and below the town, has many picturesque reaches and is very popular with anglers.

CARMARTHENSHIRE

READERS of *Wild Wales* will remember how Borrow entered this county from Cardiganshire. " 'We are, sir,' said the man with the carbuncle on his nose, 'and shall be each of us, glad to treat you to a pint in his own house in order to welcome you to Shire Car—shan't we, neighbours?'

" 'Yes, in truth we shall,' said the other two.

" 'By Shire Car,' said I, 'I suppose you mean Shire Cardigan?'

" 'Shire Cardigan!' said the man; no, indeed; by Shire Car is meant Carmarthenshire. Your honour has left beggarly Cardigan some way behind you.' "

We could do far worse than enter this beautiful county in Borrow's track, for to see it with his eyes is to miss nothing of its scenic, literary, or poetic charm.

The beautiful vale of the Towy almost bisects Carmarthenshire longi-



Photo by]

LLANSTEPHAN CASTLE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The ruins of this castle, built in 1138, stand on a bold headland at the mouth of the River Towy.

tudinally, and on or near its banks some of the finest scenery, the noblest mansions, and most interesting antiquities are to be found.

Beginning nearest the source, the first of the Towy celebrities is Llandovery, a picturesque, old-world place on the little river Bran, close to where it throws itself into the main stream. Llandovery is a vulgar anglicism for the poetic *Llan ym Ddyfri*, the "Church among the Waters," and Borrow's description of it as "a water-girdled spot" is still very applicable.

Unfortunately its castle, once a fortress of great strength, has suffered much more than trans-

formation with the passage of the centuries, and is now only a fragment on a mound on the bank of the Bran. It was probably of Norman foundation, but its best days were passed in the possession of the Gryffiths of Dynevor, who were descended from the kings of South Wales. It was Gryffith ap Nicholas, Lord of Dynevor, who fell at Mortimer's Cross, after he and his Welsh contingent had snatched a victory for the Yorkist cause by a furious charge against Pembroke's centre.

But the real celebrity of Llandovery is the famous seventeenth-century vicar, Rhys Pritchard, famous as the author of the *Welshman's Candle*, and still more famous for his behaviour *as vicar* until a ludicrous incident showed him the error of his ways. With his inimitable simplicity, Borrow tells how Pritchard, who had a terrible partiality for the strongest drink his age could produce, one day called a goat to him and "offered it some ale; the creature, far from refusing it, drank greedily, and soon becoming intoxicated, fell down upon the floor, where it lay quivering, to the great delight of Rees Pritchard, who made its



Photo by,

CWM BACH VILLAGE.

[Valentine & Sons Ltd.]

Cwm Bach, in West Carmarthenshire, is situated about 8 miles north-east of Whitland.

drunkenness a subject of jest to his boon companions," who were horrified at such antics on the part of the parson. Next morning the goat was "perfectly recovered and standing nigh. No sooner was a tankard brought than Rees, taking hold of it, held it to the goat's mouth. The creature, however, turned its head away in disgust and hurried out of the room. This circumstance produced an instantaneous effect upon Rees Pritchard. 'My God,' said he to himself, 'is this poor dumb creature wiser than I? Yes, surely; it has been drunk, but having once experienced the wretched consequences of drunkenness, it refuses to be drunk again. How different is its conduct to mine! . . . But, thank God, it is not yet too late to amend; I am still alive—I will become a new man—the goat has taught me a lesson.' " And after that Puritanism had no greater stalwart in the four kingdoms.



Photo by]

KIDWELLY CASTLE.

Kidwelly Castle was founded in 1094 by William de Londres and was rebuilt towards the end of the thirteenth century. Though a ruin, it is still tolerably complete, and a great moat encircles it. A quadrangle with four curtain-walls and four round towers formed the main building, but one of the towers has fallen. A beautiful feature is the chapel, and the entire pile has many attractions for antiquaries and artists.

[H. Felton.



Photo by]

[H. Felton.

CARREG-CENNEN CASTLE.

The history of this castle is doubtful. Its origin has been ascribed variously to the ancient Britons and the Romans. Carreg-Cennen crowns a precipitous, isolated limestone rock, nearly 300 feet high, overhanging the River Cennen, 2½ miles south-east of Llandilo, and commands extensive panoramic views as far as the sea. The remains, which include two square towers defending the entrance, a large round tower, and an octagonal tower, can hardly be older than Edward I's time.

Llandilo, farther down-stream, is the centre of some of the best scenery in the county, and within easy distance of localities of great and varied interest. East and south-east runs the long ridge of the Black Mountains, with their impressive offshoot, the Carmarthenshire "Van" or Beacon, which is only separated from its fellow, the Brecknock Van, by a deep cleft. North and north-east is a stretch that becomes progressively wilder and more striking as the borders of Brecknock are approached.

Among the attractions which owe their appeal to the joint action of man and time the palm should perhaps be awarded to the beautiful ruin of Carreg-Cennen Castle, beautiful not so much for itself as for a situation which faintly recalls Castillon. Perched on a lofty rock above the little river from which it derives its name, the four great towers which remain give an excellent idea, even in ruin, of the strength of a fortress which must have been all but impregnable before gunpowder delivered siege-warfare over to the tender mercies of science. A curious feature of the castle is the long passage

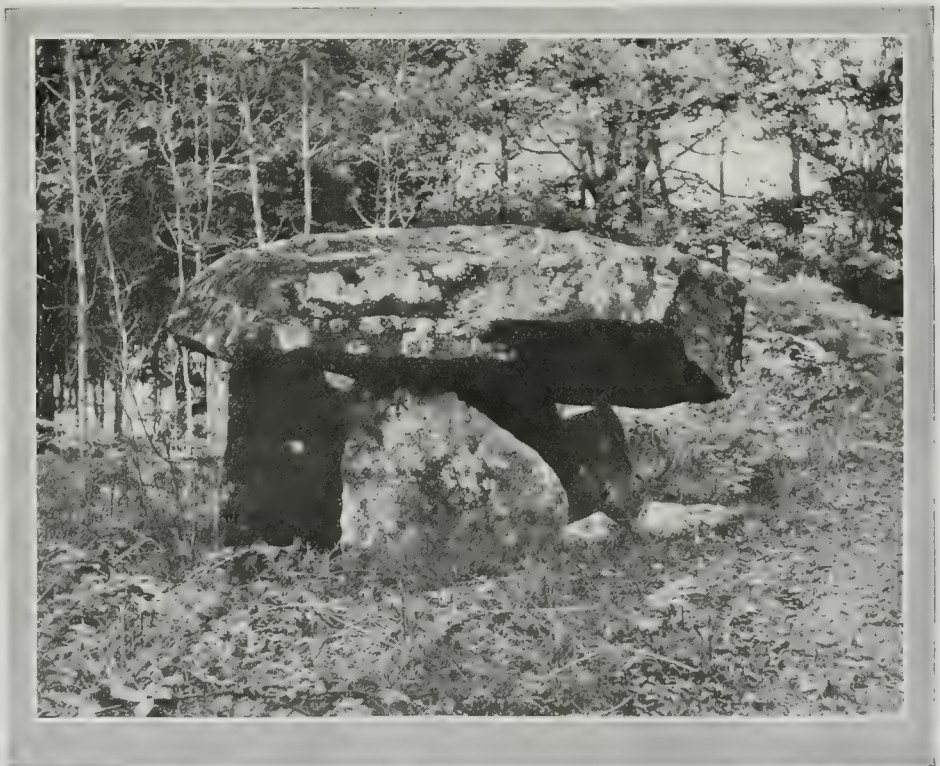


Photo by]

LAUGHARNE CASTLE.

[C. U. Knox.]

Founded about 1100, derives its name from the "turncoat" general Laugharne, who took the castle for Parliament in 1647 and afterwards deserted to the King.



By permission of]

LLANGLYDWEN CROMLECH.

[The G.W. Railway Co.]

This fine example of a cromlech, or ancient stone monument, is situated near Llanglydwen, 6½ miles from Whitland, in the west of the county.

through the rock which leads to a well or spring. As so often happens with curiosities of this kind, there is considerable difference of opinion among the learned as to whether it is artificial or natural.

Such a place one would naturally expect to find associated with picturesque happenings and stirring deeds from time im-

by Roderick the Great. After various vicissitudes, which involved its disappearance, and probably that of several successors, for the benefit of the present structure, it came into the hands of the princes of South Wales and was long their official residence. Some time after the regal dignity ceased to exist, the castle was given by Henry VII to one of his stoutest supporters, Sir Rhys ap Thomas, a descendant of the former owners. Through him it came to *his* descendants, the family of Dynevor.



Photo by

The Photochrom Co., Ltd.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, CARMARTHEN.

Is a stately building largely of the fourteenth century. In the south chapel is an altar-tomb of Sir Rhys ap Thomas, who fought at Bosworth Field.

memorial. But, strange to say, Carreg-Cennen is virtually a stronghold without a history.

Very different is the story of Dynevor Castle—once known as Newton Castle—which is so picturesque an object in the beautiful grounds of Dynevor Park. In pre-Norman times there was a stronghold of some kind here which was built



Photo by

DYNEVOR CASTLE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd

The present mansion is modern and stands in beautiful grounds. According to tradition the first Dynevor Castle was built in 876 by Roderick the Great as a royal palace for his son Cadell. Spenser in his "Faerie Queene" places Merlin's cave "amongst the woody hills of Dynevowre."



Photo by

CENARTH BRIDGE.

The Teifi is crossed at Cenarth by a picturesque bridge, immediately above which occur the falls illustrated on the next page. In the right foreground of the picture can be seen a fisherman carrying his coracle, similar to those used by the ancient Britons.

[The Photodrom Co., Ltd.



Photo by]

CENARTH FALLS.

[The Photochrom Co. Ltd

The falls occur just above the fine old bridge of Cenarth and are noted for their famous salmon leap, fish having been taken here in unusually large quantities within a short space of time.

Other "celebrities" in the vicinity of Llandilo are Grongar Hill, the view from which has been immortalised by the poet Dyer; Golden Grove, a modern mansion, taking the place of a house where Jeremy Taylor found a refuge in 1649, wrote the *Liberty of Prophesying*, and preached the sermons which the Puritans would not allow him to preach anywhere else; Dryslwyn Castle, the charming ruin of a stronghold which figured prominently in the Welsh wars of Edward I.

But, indeed, it is impossible even to enumerate the varied beauties and interests that make Carmarthenshire in general, and the vale of Towy in particular, one of the happiest hunting-grounds for lovers of the picturesque.

Carmarthen, the county town, enjoys a charming situation in one of the prettiest sectors of the Towy valley, and its origins reach back into the mists of antiquity. The Roman Maridunum, one of their most important stations and the junction of two of their great highways, stood on this site. Various small Roman antiquities have been discovered in the neighbourhood, but otherwise there is



Photo by]

CASTLE RUINS, NEWCASTLE EMLYN.

[H. N. King.

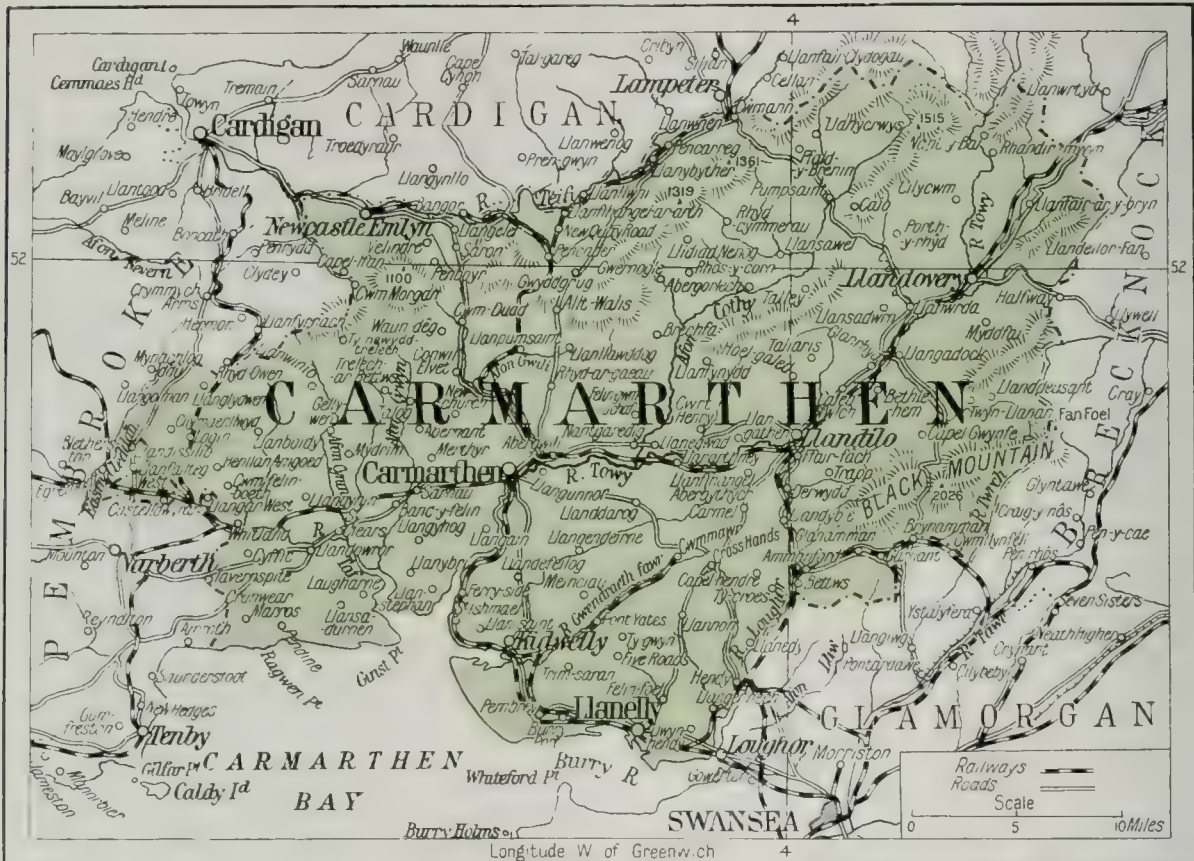
Of this castle, probably built by Sir Rhys ap Thomas in the time of Edward I, only the gateway now remains. The castle was garrisoned by the Vaughans for Charles I in the civil wars.

nothing to connect the present town with its eminent Roman ancestor. In the ninth century Carmarthen was the headquarters of the Welsh princes, notably Roderick the Great, but in the time of his son and successors it was abandoned in favour of Dynevor. Remains of this period are non-existent, and even those of Norman times are remarkably scanty, the fragments of the castle erected in the reign of Henry I being now incorporated in the gaol. Like so many of the Welsh castles, it fell a victim to the loyal adherence of Wales to the Royalist cause in the civil wars of the sixteenth century; it was destroyed by the parliamentary forces in 1646.

The parish church of St. Peter has a good deal of fourteenth-century work, and its tower, an architectural detail which is half ecclesiastical and half military, is somewhat typical of churches in this region; perhaps its functions were similar to those of the round towers in Ireland. The church's main claim to consideration is on the ground of its monuments. There is one to Farrar, Bishop of St. David's, who suffered martyrdom by burning in the market-place in 1555, but the finest is the tomb of Sir Rhys ap Thomas, the Welsh "King-maker" who had so much to do with Henry Tudor's success at Bosworth Field. This monument was originally in Carmarthen Priory, an important monastic

foundation of which practically nothing remains. The church is also the burial-place of Addison's friend Sir Richard Steele, whose impecuniosity compelled him to spend his last years in the little village of Llangunnor, close to Carmarthen.

The portion of the county between Carmarthen and the borders of Pembrokeshire is also full of charm and interest, though its more important monuments of the past have suffered very severely at the combined hands of man and time. Thus the Castle of Clears, once a strategic *point d'appui* of vital importance, and frequently mentioned in the chronicles, is represented by a mound, and a modern residence stands on the site of far-famed Whitland Abbey leaving a few columns to recall its ancient glories. Whitland's main claim to fame is as the residence of Howel "the Good," King of Wales in the first half of the tenth century, whose reign was so memorable as an interlude of peace in an age of incessant strife. It was to Whitland that he summoned representatives of all parts of his dominions to lend him their aid in drawing up the code of laws by which he is best known to history.



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MAP OF CARMARTHENSHIRE.

GEOGRAPHIA 923 L^{TO} 55 FLEET STREET LONDON E C 4

On the shores of Carmarthen Bay and its river estuaries are some of the most interesting and picturesque antiquities in the county. First in order of importance is the splendid ruin of Kidwelly Castle, which, even in decay, gives an excellent idea of the strength and complexity of an Edwardian fortress. The first castle on the site was erected by the Normans during their conquest of South Wales. In 1135 the little town, which was even then of some antiquity, was the scene of a fierce conflict between the army of Gwenllïan, wife of Gryffith ap Rhys, and Maurice de Londres.

Llanstephan Castle, at the *embouchure* of the Towy, is less illuminating and picturesque than Kidwelly, and its history also recalls the incessant struggles between the old order and the new in South Wales for the first two centuries after the Conquest.

Laugharne Castle, overlooking the mouth of the Taf, has towers of the early eleventh-century and other work of later date. It underwent a regular siege in the Commonwealth wars, and on its surrender was dismantled and "rendered harmless" in Cromwell's thorough fashion.

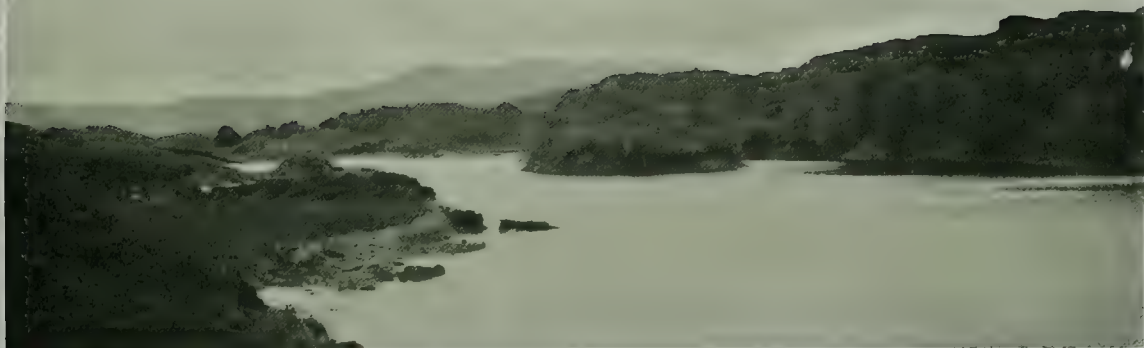


Photo by]

LLYNAU DYWAUNEDD, NEAR CAPEL CURIG.

[Charles Hose.

This lake is situated four miles south-west of Capel Curig, at an altitude of 1,208 feet, in the mountainous region dominated by Snowdon, which is a little over four miles to the west.

CARNARVONSHIRE

CARNARVONSHIRE may be described, soberly and without exaggeration, as unique among the counties of the British Isles. No other county combines so many beauties, natural or otherwise, within its borders. There are mountains in Scotland higher than Snowdon, but none which uses its bulk to greater effect. There are river valleys more wooded and picturesque than that of the Conway, but none which is so perfect a complement to the landscape in which it is set. There are headlands in Achil loftier and more abrupt than Penmaenmawr Mountain, but none which flings itself so arrogantly into the surging sea, or imposes so mighty a barrier to further progress. And then we have the Carnarvonshire specialties which are beyond challenge, the green and silver ribbon of the Menai Straits and the two great wonders, each unrivalled in its kind, of Carnarvon Castle and Conway Castle. Did not Dr. Johnson say that "one of the castles in Wales would contain all the castles he had seen in Scotland"?

The shape of the county may be likened to a long gauntlet, the hand and wrist being the Llyn Peninsula and the rest the great mountain *massif* which is bounded by the Menai Straits and the valleys of the Conway and Lledr and intersected from north-west to south-east by the two passes which enfold Snowdon and their



Photo by]

MACHNO FALLS, NEAR BETTWS-Y-COED.

[E. Bastard.

These falls, sometimes known as the "Pandy Falls," occur in the Machno rivulet, a tributary of the Conway. Near by is the ruined Pandy Mill, which, like the falls, often forms a subject for artists.



Photo by [E. Baston]

MINERS' BRIDGE, BETTWS-Y-COED.

This bridge crosses the Llugwy about a mile west of Bettws-y-Coed, near the road to Llanberis. The valley of the river is very attractive, though much of the timber which at one time clad its banks has disappeared.

kind of maritime annexe to half the industrial towns of the busy and populous North. Even its permanent population is nearly twenty thousand. But only ninety years ago it was just over 500, and human beings went to Llandudno not to disport themselves on the beach (duly sorted out into sexes when it comes to bathing!) but to see specimens of birds which had become exceedingly rare in other parts of the country. It is true that the magnificent view of the Carnarvonshire coast and *hinterland* from the Great Orme's Head still links the tripper of 1924 to the tourist pioneer of 1824. From appropriate spots on that fine promontory the county can be taken in at a sweep, from the estuary of the Conway to the distant Menai Straits and southwards to the great peaks which form the bulwarks of Snowdon itself.

St. Tudno's Church recalls the name and activities of a Welsh saint of the sixth century who has left little but vague traditions behind him. The little church which has appropriated

brother, Nant Ffrancon, which in turn separates Snowdon's north-eastern neighbours, the Glyders, from *their* northern neighbours, the Carnedd's. The southern ends of these three passes are joined by Nant Gwynant and its continuation to Capel Curig, where the valley of the Llugwy is reached and communication thus established with Bettws-y-Coed and the upper reaches of the Conway.

If this skeleton outline be borne in mind, it will be realised that the geographical structure of the county is comparatively simple, and the following description should not be confusing.

The River Conway everywhere forms the eastern boundary, with the exception of the peninsula at the farther side of which Llandudno lies between the two fine headlands of Great Orme and Little Orme.

Nothing better illustrates the trend of events in the nineteenth century than the story of Llandudno. It now enjoys the possibly unenviable reputation of being the "Queen of Welsh Watering-places," and in summer months becomes a

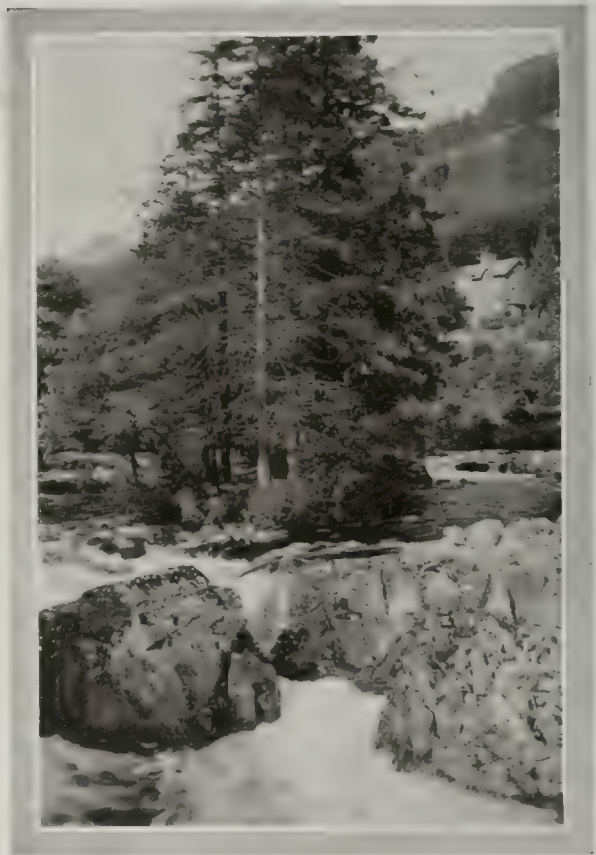


Photo by

[Judges', Ltd.]

FIR-TREE ISLAND, BETTWS-Y-COED.

Though a large variety of British trees is to be found in the verdant district of Bettws-y-Coed, the fir-tree seems to have especially favoured this little island.



LLEDR BRIDGE.

The Valley of the Lledr is one of the many features which go to make the district of Betws-y-Coed so popular with lovers of natural scenery. The river rises near the south-east boundary of Carnarvonshire, and its course of 8 miles to the Conway at Capel Garmon is delightfully picturesque.

[The L.M. & S. Railway.

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Photo by

[Judges', Ltd.]

BELOW PONT-Y-PAIR, BETTWS-Y-COED.

This view at the popular Welsh resort shows the River Llugwy near the spot where it is crossed by the quaint fifteenth-century bridge by which the Llanrwst road crosses the stream.

his name may stand on the site of some building which he made his retreat, but the existing structure is probably not older than the fifteenth century.

The curiously flat neck of land which connects the two Ormes with the right bank of the Conway is somewhat uninteresting, though quite historic ground. Its chief antiquarian curiosity is Gloddaeth House, once a fine Tudor mansion, but much renovated and altered in later times.

Close by is Egglwys Rhos, or Llanrhos, as it is called now, with an ancient church "celebrated," as Pennant tells us, "for the death of the prince *Maelgwyn Gwynedd*, who had taken shelter here to avoid the *vâd felen*, or yellow pestilence, which at that time raged through Europe. The Britons, like the Romans, personified disease. In this instance, it was to assume either the form of a *Basilisc*, or



Photo by]

[Charles Hose

IN THE WOODS, BETTWS-Y-COED.

The district of Bettws-y-Coed abounds in woodland glades similar to that depicted in the illustration, though of late years the axe has made sorry inroads into much of the fine timber that adorns the hillsides.

the powers of one, under the form of a fair woman, who slew *Maelgwyn* with a glance, as he incautiously looked out of the window; according to the prophecy . . . 'Whenever a strange creature arrives on the marsh of *Rhianedd*, if *Maelgwyn Gwynedd* looks at it, he will die.' "

Deganwy is not altogether a place to detain the beauty-seeker, but its castle, now represented by a few fragments, has had its great moments, and quite a string of eminent visitors, some of them royal, have honoured it with their presence at one time or another. Of its origin nothing is certain, but we are told that in 1088 Robert of Ruthin "descended from his fortress, attended by a single soldier, Osbern de Ongar, and without any defensive armour except his shield," in order to deal faithfully with Prince Gryffydd ap Cynan, who was ravaging the countryside. But the Welsh "rushed on him, cut off his head, and fastening it to the mast, sailed off in savage triumph." A century or so later the castle was destroyed by Llewelyn the Great, but it must have been speedily rebuilt, as King John occupied it with

his army in 1211 and had the mortification of seeing his line of retreat cut by the Welsh. Thirty years later his son, Henry III, found himself in the same awkward predicament, and the castle was itself destroyed in 1260.

It was because Edward I realised that Deganwy was on the wrong side of the River Conway, so far as military operations against the fastnesses of Snowdon were concerned, that Conway Castle came into existence.

From whatever point it is viewed, the little town of Conway, with its complete circuit of Edward

walls and the noble ruin of its castle, is a delight to the eye. There is no scene in Britain more picturesque, mainly because Conway has always remained a small town and sturdily refused to out-grow its ancient defences. Internally, no doubt, Conway has moved to some extent with the times, though the twentieth century has not yet invaded it. But externally, it is the primitive fortified town of our dreams.

Even the most unimaginative of minds must respond to some extent to the appeal of such a beautiful and eloquent monument of the picturesque past as Conway Castle. The very tripper who strews the courtyard with paper bags evidently has threepennyworth of curiosity to satisfy. At the other end of the scale fierce and poetic patriots like Pen-nant cannot stem the flood of oratory such a sight releases :

" When I image to myself the gay appearance of this fortress, filled by the festive court of Edward, his beloved Elinor, and all the train of gallant nobility, who passed a Christmas here, exulting at the conquest of my hardy

countrymen ; and when I survey its present ruins, my mind naturally falls into melancholy reflections, suitable to the scene around me. Let me only change the rock on Towy's flood for that of Conwy, and a favourite poet will express the ideas that must arise in the mind of its past and present state :

' Deep at its feet in Conwy's flood,
His sides are cloath'd with waving wood ;
And antient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below.' "



Photo by

THE FAIRY GLEN, BETTWS-Y-COED.

Charles Rose

One of the most famous beauty-spots in the British Isles, the Fairy Glen, or Ffos Noddyn (Ditch of the Chasm), is the name given to the narrow gorge, beautifully wooded, through which the River Conway passes near Bettws-y-Coed.



Photo by,

SWALLOW FALLS, BETTWS-Y-COED.

This beautiful fall, rightly classed among the finest in Wales, occurs in the River Llugwy, 2½ miles from Bettws-y-Coed. The tree-grown slopes and rocks which surround the fall add greatly to its charm.

[G. Collard.

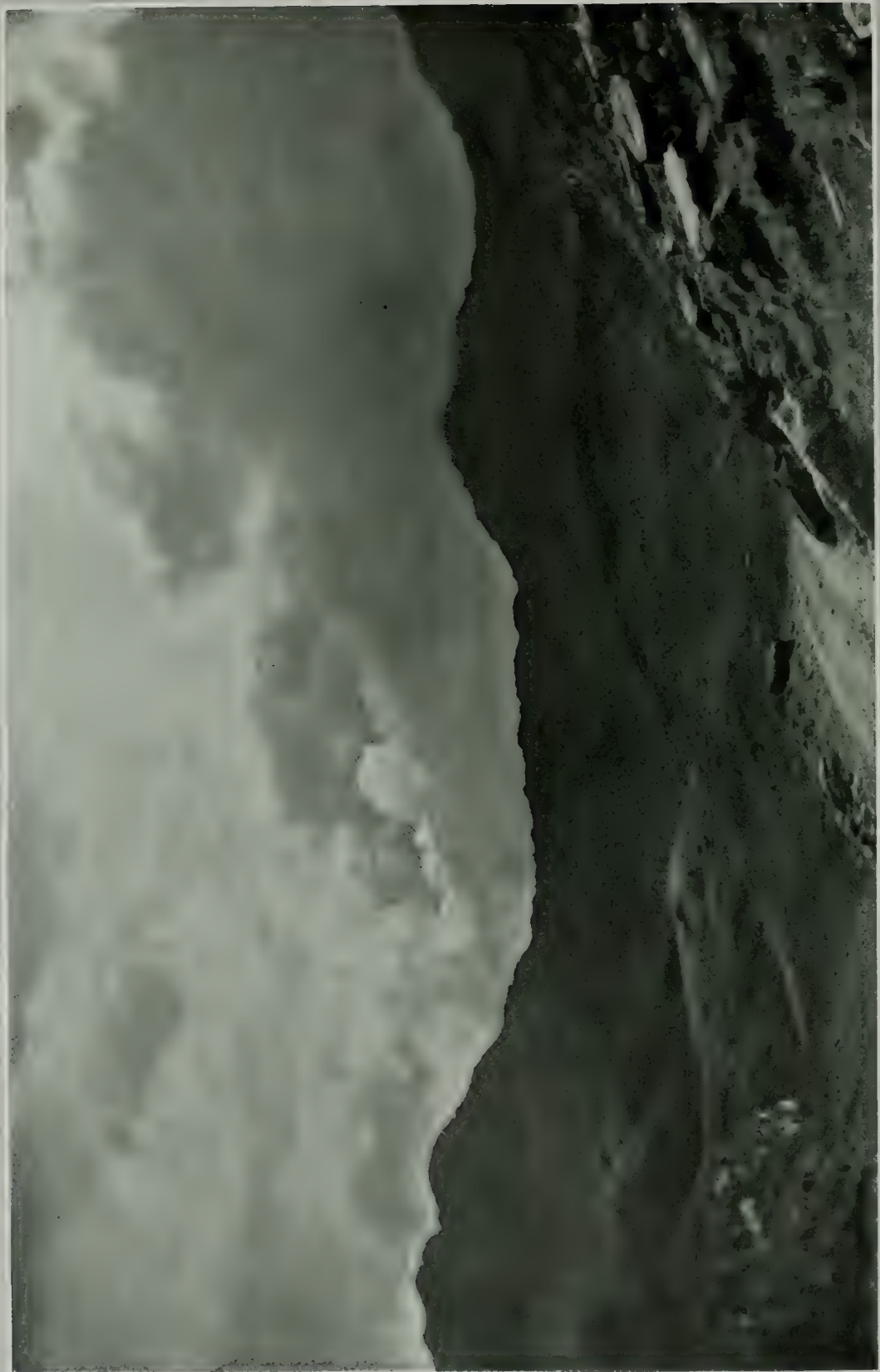


Photo by,

J. J. J. J. J.

WILD WALES: SNOWDON.

Except in very fair weather the peak of Snowdon is rarely free from mist. In Celtic folklore the Giant Rhitta or Rhitta Fawr, King Arthur, and Vortigern are all associated with the mountain, which was twice a place of retreat for Llewelyn (d. 1282), the last free Prince of Wales, before he came to terms with Edward I, who created the Royal Forest of Snowdon after the subjugation of North Wales. The great astronomer Halley is said to have made experiments on the summit in 1697.

But times have changed since 1784, and a Pennant of 1924 could hardly say :

“ And there the Fox securely feeds,
And there the poisonous Adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds.”

If Pennant is thinking of the Christmas of 1294 he is quite wrong in speaking of the court as “ festive ” or Edward as “ exulting.” For in that year there was a successful Welsh revolt in which Carnarvon Castle, still in course of erection, was destroyed, and Conway escaped, as we may presume, solely because it was then completed.

Unlike Carnarvon, Conway is more than a mere shell ; enough remains to give some idea of its



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SILENT POOL, BETTWS-Y-COED.

[The L.M. & S. Railway.]

A stretch of water whose quiet placidity is in striking contrast to the torrents and cataracts for which Bettws-y-Coed is so famed.

internal arrangements. In the outer ward, the great hall, with two arches of the roof, is still clearly recognizable and a round window still shows where the chapel stood. In the Queen's Tower, looking down on the harbour, is a charming oratory, dating from the thirteenth century, but perhaps the most picturesque feature of the castle, apart from its mantle of ivy, is the battlements, which remain much as they were when that great military architect, Henry de Elreton, finished his work.

In addition to its unique castle, Conway possesses a very interesting church and a Tudor mansion of exceptional charm.

The parish church is the sole relic of the great Cistercian abbey of Aberconwy on which Llewelyn ap Iorwerth lavished lands and gold. The earliest existing portion, including the three lancet windows on the western front of the tower, is Early English work of the thirteenth century. The rest is mainly Decorated, with a little Perpendicular.

Of several interesting tombs, perhaps the most curious is that of one Nicholas Hooke, who is duly recorded as being the 41st child of his father, and himself the proud father of twenty-seven! No doubt he was one of those public-spirited gentlemen who regarded it as a personal duty to make good the losses of the Civil Wars in the seventeenth century.

Plas Mawr, Conway's domestic "lion," is one of the finest Elizabethan houses to be found in the

county. It was built in 1585 by Robert Wynne, one of the Wynnes of Gwedir, the date being recorded on the house itself. Among many rooms, the architectural and decorative details of which are most attractive and illuminating, perhaps the most interesting are the kitchens, Queen Elizabeth's Room and Queen Elizabeth's bedroom, the so-called reception room and the Wynne room. Within and without, the house is a never-failing source of interest to all, from the most dry-as-dust of antiquarians to the most casual of trippers.

Between Conway and Penmaenmawr, the next point of interest along the coast, three modest heights,



Photo by J.

ROMAN BRIDGE, NEAR BETTWS-Y-COED.

[E. Bastard.

The country around Bettws-y-Coed is renowned for its beautiful wooded glens and streams. This bridge, in spite of its title, has no Roman associations.

Conway Mountain, Penmaen Bach, and Allt Wen, separate the coast road from the line of communication through the Sychnant Pass.

Penmaenmawr lies in a semicircular hollow, round which the hills sweep westward to the great headland of Penmaenmawr Mountain. Its fame now rests on its activities as a summer resort, but it was not always so. In the eighteenth century it had an evil repute as the most dangerous point on the old coach-route to Holyhead.



Painted specially for "Britain Beautiful"

A STORMY DAY NEAR LLANDUDNO.

Though the coast scenery of North Wales is not of the same rugged character as that of Cornwall or the Channel Islands, yet, with the mountains often reaching almost down to the beach, it has a grandeur all its own. Llandudno flanked on one side by the Great Orme's Head and on the other by the Little Orme's Head, though it may be shunned by some owing to its fame as a "resort," is equally sought on account of its great natural beauty.

by F. C. Varley.

No one in these days would claim that rounding Penmaenmawr Point is exactly an adventure, or feel particularly heroic for accomplishing a feat which is less perilous than walking down the Strand. But in days that are not too old to be forgotten, strong men trembled at the prospect of facing the horrors of the journey between Penmaenmawr and Llanfairfechan.

The old road, which was above the present one, was apparently enough to send a shudder down the spine of the most experienced mountaineer. Sir John Wynne, the seventeenth-century topographer of these parts, writes in 1625: "The way . . . is cut through the side of a steep, hard rock,

neither descending nor ascending till you come to Seiriol's Chapel . . . and all that way is two hundred yards above the sea, over which if either man or beast should fall, both sea and rock, rock and sea would strive and contend whether of both should do him the greatest mischief."

Even in 1774, just after the new road had been completed, Dr. Johnson could write that "We would

have staid at Conway if we could have found entertainment, for we were afraid of passing Penmaen Mawr, over which lay our way to Bangor, but by bright daylight. . . . Our coach was at last brought, and we set out with some anxiety, but we came to Penmaen Mawr by daylight; and found a way, lately made, very easy, and very safe. It was cut smooth, and enclosed between parallel walls; the outer of which secures the passenger from the precipice, which is deep and dreadful. . . . The old road was higher, and must have been very formidable. The sea beats at the bottom of the way."

The ring of hills behind Penmaenmawr contains much charming scenery of very



Photo by]

SNOWDON, FROM CAPEL CURIG.

[E. Bastard.

The village of Capel Curig, situated near the confluence of the Gwryd and the Llugwy, lies at the edge of the Snowdon country. One of the finest ascents of that mountain can be made from here.



Photo by]

SNOWDON: VIEW FROM THE SADDLE.

[E. Bastard.

Snowdon is the highest mountain in England and Wales, its summit being 3,560 feet above sea-level. It comprises a cluster of five peaks composed chiefly of slate and porphyry. The precipice of Y Leliwedd is seen in the middle near distance.



Photo by

LLYN OGWEN.

[Judges', Ltd.]

This lake, which is about a mile long, is set in a deep hollow formed by the rock-strewn slopes of Y Glyder Fawr on the left and Carnedd Dafydd on the right. The Ogwen River, which issues from the lake, plunges down in a series of falls.

Mountain; but these two are mere youngsters compared with the stone circles, wrongly called "Druids' Circles" (of which at least one is still clearly recognisable), which probably date from Neolithic times.

Llanfairfechan, on the far side of the headland, is not so picturesque as Penmaenmawr, if only because the mountain-ridge strikes away south-west towards Snowdon, instead of encircling the place. But Aber, 3 miles farther on, is delightfully situated at the head of the attractive glen down which the little river Aber pours tumultuously after performing its "star" turn at Aber Falls.

Nothing is left but a mound to indicate the site of the castle which Llewelyn the Great had here.



Photo by

PONT-Y-GYFYNG.

[Judges', Ltd.]

The Pont-y-Gyfng crosses the River Llugwy, 4 miles west of Bettws-y-Coed. It is a single-arched structure, near which the stream forms a series of cascades.

varied character, from the rocky summit of the great headland, and the grassy slopes of Tal y Fan, with its splendid views, to the pretty little sylvan valley known as the "Fairy Glen." Nor are they lacking in antiquities of considerable interest. The old church of Llangelynin, whose silence and solitude are undisturbed save by the most ardent of sight-seers and worshippers, is one of the most venerable ecclesiastical monuments in Wales. Much older still is the British encampment, Braich y Dinas, which crowns the top of Penmaenmawr

It is associated with a grim and sinister version of the "unwritten law" in the thirteenth century. The Welsh prince held prisoner here a certain English baron, William de Braose. During his captivity de Braose developed a guilty passion—which was returned—for Llewelyn's wife, but the intrigue was not discovered until after William had been ransomed. Keeping his own counsel, Llewelyn enticed de Braose back to Aber by an invitation to celebrate the feast of Easter. At a superb banquet the injured husband suddenly rose to his feet,



Photo by,

MOEL SIABOD AND RIVER LLUGWY.

Moel Siabod (2,863 feet high) is a solitary peak commanding magnificent and extensive views, which embrace the Snowdon range and the green valleys of the Llugwy. There is a direct route to the summit from Capel Curig and another from Pont-y-Gyfyng.

[Judges', Ltd



Photo by]

AT BEDDGELEERT.

This village stands at the confluence of two mountain streams, the Colwyn and the Glaslyn, a short distance north of Aberglaslyn Pass, and lies in a deep vale, surrounded by lofty mountains, amidst the grandest scenery in Wales. Tradition asserts that Prince Llewelyn founded the village to commemorate the rescue of his infant son from a wolf by a faithful hound named Gelert.

[Judges', Ltd.

accused his guest of his crime, and had him summarily dragged forth and hanged. The news was communicated to the Princess—who was not present—in a singularly piquant fashion. If tradition can be accepted, the lady was met by a bard, who asked her: "Tell me, wife of Llewelyn, what would you give for a sight of your William?" The Princess replied: "Wales, England, and Llewelyn to boot; I would give them all to see my William." Whereupon the bard pointed out her William, an ungainly figure hanging from a tree.

Beyond Aber, Penrhyn Castle furnishes an example of the nineteenth-century Norman style which the critical may not desire to see repeated, though the edifice is imposing enough. Its Tudor predecessor was in a sad plight even in Pennant's time, but some of its curiosities and treasures, notably the famous drinking-cup, the "Hirlas Horn," have been preserved.

The famous Penrhyn slate quarries, which have brought fame and fortune to the family during the last century and a half, are situated close to Bethesda, some four miles away.

These slate quarries, known all the world over, call for a place in "Britain Wonderful" rather than BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL. He is a bold man who would assert that they have improved the landscape, and such a bold man was old Pennant, who roundly "recommended to the curious traveller a ride to the quarries: they will merit his attention, as well as the various improvements made of late years by his lordship. The whole neighbourhood is made by the houses and



Photo by

[E. Bastard.]

LLYN IDWAL AND CARNEDD DAFYDD.

Llyn Idwal, a lake 5 miles west of Capel Curig in a deep crater under Glyder Fawr, is overhung by bare, dark rocks and has an aspect of savage grandeur. A prince of North Wales, named Idwal, is reputed to have been murdered here. Carnedd Dafydd, a mountain 3,430 feet high, lies six miles to the north-east of Snowdon.



Photo by

[E. Bastard.]

RIVER LLEDR: DOLWYDDELAN.

This river rises in the south-east border of the county and flows east past Dolwyddelan to the Conway. The valley of the Lledr is at first green and pastoral, and then becomes rocky.

cottages of the quarriers, built after the elegant design of Mr. Wyatt; and Ogwen Bank is a beautiful lodge for the reception of Lord Penrhyn, whenever he chooses to treat his friends with the sight of his laudable changes in the face of this once desolate country."

Bangor enjoys magnificent views in all directions, but cannot truthfully be described as picturesque in itself. Most of the great ones who have described it in days gone by seem to have been somewhat unfavourably impressed, though the fault was mainly their own, not Bangor's. Dr. Johnson, for instance, was cross because he had to sleep at a "mean inn" in a room with two other men who shared one bed. Borrow was adversely affected by the company he found. He "took tea in an immense dining-room or ball-room, which was, however, so crowded with guests that its walls literally sweated . . .



Photo by

[Judges', Ltd.

DOLWYDDELAN CASTLE.

Dolwyddelan Castle, standing on a rocky steep and including a massive square tower, is of uncertain date. It belonged to the Welsh princes and was the birthplace of Llewelyn the Great.

I addressed several individuals, and in every case repented; from some I got no answers, from others what was worse than no answers at all—in every countenance near me suspicion, brutality, or conceit was most legibly imprinted—I was not amongst Welsh, but the scum of manufacturing England." The result being that in *Wild Wales* Bangor does not get the notice it deserves.

Yet its ancient cathedral is devoid neither of interest nor beauty of a certain kind. Its two predecessors were destroyed in the incessant wars between Welsh and English, and the existing building dates largely from the end of the fifteenth century and the beginning of the sixteenth.

Bangor suffers mainly by contrast with Carnarvon, at the other end of the Menai Straits, the capital of the county and blessed with a castle which is one of the "museum pieces" of mediæval Europe.

This magnificent structure and its ancient walls gives an otherwise not too picturesque town an air which is less appealing than that of Conway but undeniably imposing. Carnarvon would in any case



By permission of

LLYN GWYNANT: BEDDGELEERT.

Thousands of tourists are drawn every season to Beddgelert by the beauty and grandeur of its scenery, unsurpassed elsewhere in Wales. Its thirteenth-century church was once the chapel of an Augustinian priory founded by Llewelyn the Great.

[The L. M. & S. N. Riv. Co.]



Photo by]

NANT-Y-GWRYD, NEAR LAKE MYMBYR.

A deep narrow valley, Nant-y-Gwryd descends from the eastern offshoots of Snowdon to Capel Curig, and is overhung on the south by Moel Siabod. During the war it was stripped of what little timber it possessed.

[C. Hosie, Hon. Sc.D. (Oxfor.), F.R.G.S.]

have serious claims to consideration as the approximate site of the very important Roman station of Segontium. When the legions were withdrawn a period of obscurity fell upon it, but Edward I, engaged in the subjugation of Wales, was quick to seize the military importance of its situation, and the town and castle were originally his creation. The great rebellion of 1294 played havoc with both, but on its repression work was resumed, and the castle as we see it now was completed in the reign of Edward II. The internal buildings have all vanished, but externally nothing could give a better idea of the fortresses of the days before gunpowder.

Perhaps the most imposing feature of the castle is the seven huge towers crowned with the turrets which give the whole structure such a delightful silhouette against the sky-line. Research has played havoc with perhaps the most picturesque of the stories associated with the castle—the birth of the



By permission of,

PITT'S HEAD.

The L. M. & S. Rly. Co.

This is a rock three miles north of Beddgelert, which is supposed to bear a resemblance to the profile of the famous statesman.

first Prince of Wales in the Eagle Tower and his presentation to the assembled multitude at Queen Eleanor's Gate. It has been amply proved that at the time of Edward of Carnarvon's birth the tower had been barely begun.

So great a stronghold was bound to figure prominently in the military history of England and Wales, but it appears to have remained in the occupation of an English garrison continuously, and it certainly defied all the attempts of Owen Glendower to capture it at the beginning of the fifteenth century. In the Civil Wars of the seventeenth century its fortunes varied, but after being alternately in Royalist and Parliamentary hands it was definitely secured by the King's opponents in 1646.

Between the valley of the Conway and a line drawn due south from Carnarvon to Tremadoc Bay

lies the vast mountainous *massif* which is the chief geographical feature of the county. As has been said above, the main ridge from Moel Hebog to Penmaenmawr Mountain, is intersected by three well-known valleys running from north-west to south-east. The most westerly of these valleys runs down the left flank of Snowdon and, after passing far-famed Beddgelert, continues its career as the

equally celebrated Pass of Aberglaslyn.

The men of learning have begun to be as cruel to the story of Beddgelert as to that of Edward II's birth in the Eagle Tower. Not content with demonstrating that the delightful and melancholy legend of Llewelyn's slain hound is a comparatively recent fabrication, they go on to say that "Beddgelert" does not mean "Grave of Gelert," the dog, but "Grave of Kelert," the monk—which is a far less moving proposition.

Some might say that Snowdon, or rather the complex of peaks which make up Snowdon, defies description. It certainly defies description in the small compass necessarily



PASS OF ABERGLASLYN.

[C. Uchter Knot.]

The pass is in the southern vicinity of Beddgelert, 8 miles south of Snowdon, and is a gorge between cliffs about 700 feet high. From end to end it presents a scene of great grandeur.

imposed by a work of this kind. It must be sufficient to say that this vast mountain, though exceeded in height by many of the Scotch giants, can hold its own with all of them for sheer power to impress, mainly, perhaps, owing to the contrasting forms of its peaks, Y Wyddfa (the highest), Lliwedd, Yr Aran, Crib Goch, and Crib y Ddysgl. Nor must its lakes, Glaslyn and Llyn Llydaw, be forgotten; perhaps the finest view of the mountain can be obtained from the latter.

An artist in language has already described the view from the summit of Snowdon, and the present writer will not attempt an improvement on Borrow's word-picture:



Photo by]

[Judges', Ltd.

GRICCIETH CASTLE.

The castle, situated on an eminence overlooking the sea, is said to have been first built in the sixth century. Edward I repaired and strongly garrisoned the fortress, but little more than the entrance, with its two flanking circular towers, now remains.



Photo by]

[Judges', Ltd.

"THE RIVALS."

The Rivals, also called Yr Eifl, rise to a height of 1,866 feet, and form the only considerable height in the immediate district. They are situated on the west coast of the Llyn peninsula. This view was taken from the town of Pwllheli.



Photo by]

[E. Bastard.

CARNARVON CASTLE, FROM THE RIVER.

Carnarvon Castle, which remains outwardly almost intact, although it has been considerably restored, was begun by Edward I in 1285, on the site of an earlier Norman fortress, and was completed in 1322 under Edward II.



Photo by]

[E. Bastard.

CARNARVON CASTLE.

The interior of the castle is divided into two grass-grown wards, the buildings of which have been almost entirely demolished. Much of the original ground-plan, however, can still be clearly traced.



Photo by

CARNARVON CASTLE.

(Judges' Ltd.)

Carnarvon Castle is the most imposing of the six fortresses built by Edward I for the subjugation of Wales, and occupies an area of 3 acres. It is celebrated as the birthplace of Edward II in 1284.

" . . . A scene inexpressibly grand, comprehending a considerable part of the mainland of Wales, the whole of Anglesey, a faint glimpse of part of Cumberland; the Irish Channel, and what might be either a misty creation or the shadowy outlines of the hills of Ireland. Peaks and pinnacles and huge moels stood up here and there, about us and below us, partly in glorious light, partly in deep shade. Manifold were the objects which we saw from the brow of Snowdon, but of all the objects which we saw, those which filled us with

most delight and admiration, were numerous lakes and lagoons, which, like sheets of ice or polished silver, lay reflecting the rays of the sun in the deep valleys at his feet."

The next transverse valley is the well-known Pass of Llanberis, one of the finest in the kingdom. The northern end of the pass is occupied by two lakes, Llyn Padarn and Llyn Peris, the natural beauties of which have been somewhat spoilt by the proximity of great and ugly quarries. But between them lies a wan but picturesque memorial of the past, a tower which is a fragment of the ancient Castle of Dolbadarn. This ivy-clad ruin could no doubt tell a stirring story, but strangely little is known of its history, except that it is by no means the first fortress on this site. An earlier one was occupied by that prince, Maelgwyn Gwynedd, who died at Deganwy when "something horrible" looked at him out of the marsh.

The third of these great valleys is the wild Nant Ffrancon, leading from Bethesda to Capel Curig and almost interrupted half-way by the desolate Llyn Ogwen, a very impressive sheet of water between those fine peaks Carnedd Dafydd and Y Tryfan. Close by, and crouching under the cliffs of Glyder Fach and Y Garn, is Llyn Idwal, beyond which the gully



Photo by]

DOLBADARN CASTLE.

[Judges', Ltd.

This ancient tower, which dates from the earliest days of chivalry, commands the pass on the north side of Snowdon. It was the prison of Owen Goch, the brother of Llewelyn ap Griffith, for twenty-three years, and underwent several sieges during the wars of Owen Glendower.



Photo by]

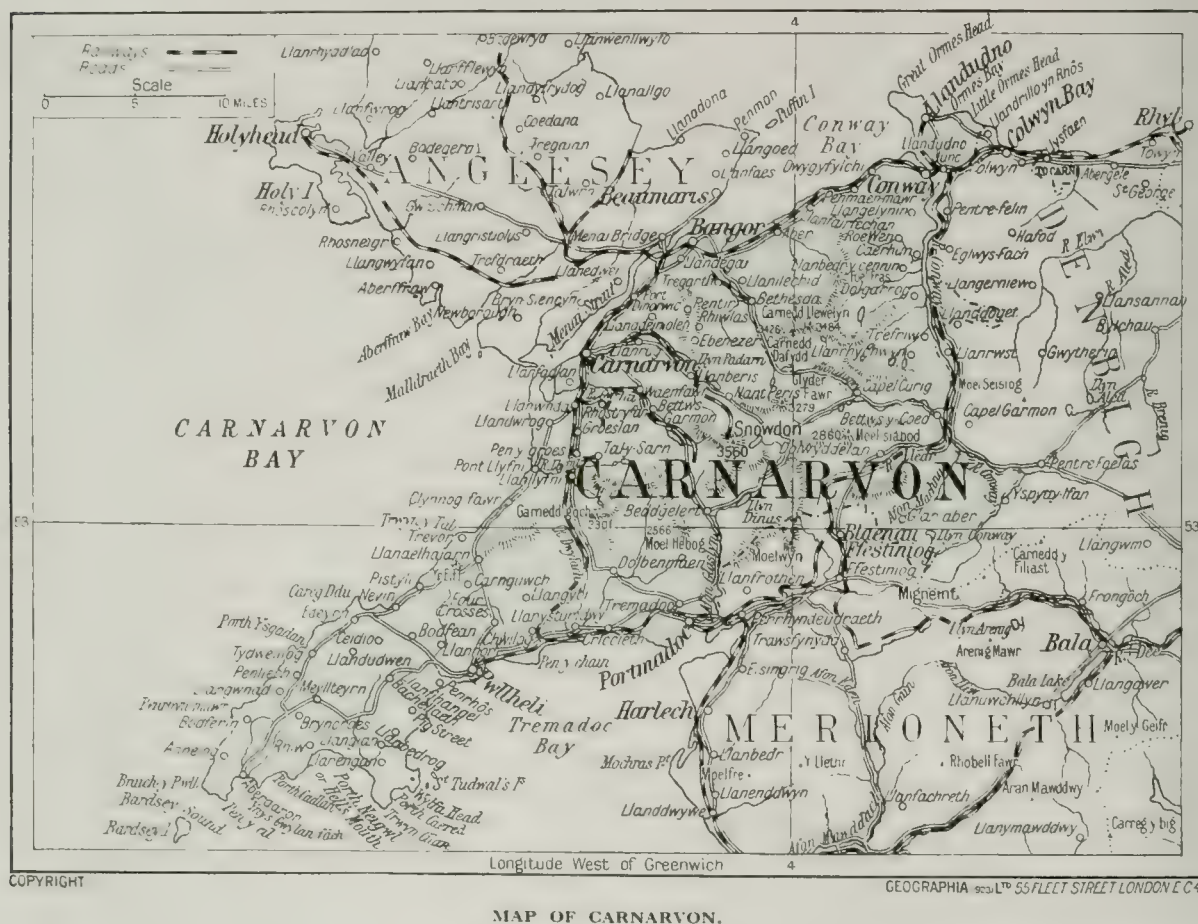
BANGOR CATHEDRAL.

[Judges', Ltd.

The original cathedral on this site was destroyed in 1071 by the Anglo-Normans, and the building was afterwards reconstructed several times. The choir of the present edifice dates from 1496, while the nave, transept, and tower were built from 1509 to 1532.

called the Twll-du, or more popularly "Devil's Kitchen," is sinister enough to be quite in keeping with the melancholy history of poor Idwal, son of Owen Gwynedd, whose murdered body was thrown into the lake by his godless foster-father.

South and east of the main Snowdonian range the character of the scenery changes, and a glorious region of wooded river valleys marks the area where the youthful Conway gathers up the waters of the Llugwy and the Lledr and starts on its northward journey to the sea. The gem of this district is Bettws-y-Coed, within easy walking distance of which lie such far-famed haunts as Conway Falls, the Miner's Bridge and Swallow Falls on the Llugwy, and the ruined tower of Dolwyddelan on the Lledr, the charming river which artists innumerable have made their special preserve. But little inferior is the scenery of the Conway itself, which forces its way northwards at the base of wooded hills past Llanrwst and Trefriw. Llanrwst deserves a visit if only for the sake of Gwdyr Castle, the ancient



home of the Wynnes, and their chapel in the parish church, which contains, *inter alia*, the reputed coffin of Llewelyn.

East of the main mountain mass the promontory called "Llyn" projects into the Irish Sea and terminates at Braich y Pwll, opposite the sacred island of Bardsey. Compared with the rest of the county it is comparatively flat, save for a few isolated humps, and the prominent and graceful projection of "The Rivals," an absurd Anglo-Saxon corruption of "Yr Eifl." On both sides there is fine coast scenery, and the fact that it is appreciated is attested by the growing popularity of summer resorts such as Nevin, Abersoch, Pwllheli and Criccieth.

But the main attraction of the district is its souvenirs of the remote and remotest past.

Clynnog Church, north-east of Nevin, is a remarkably fine example of Perpendicular work in a county where the architecture of the churches is in general anything but noteworthy. Adjoining the church and connected with it by a covered passage is the far more ancient church of Eglwys Beuno, where

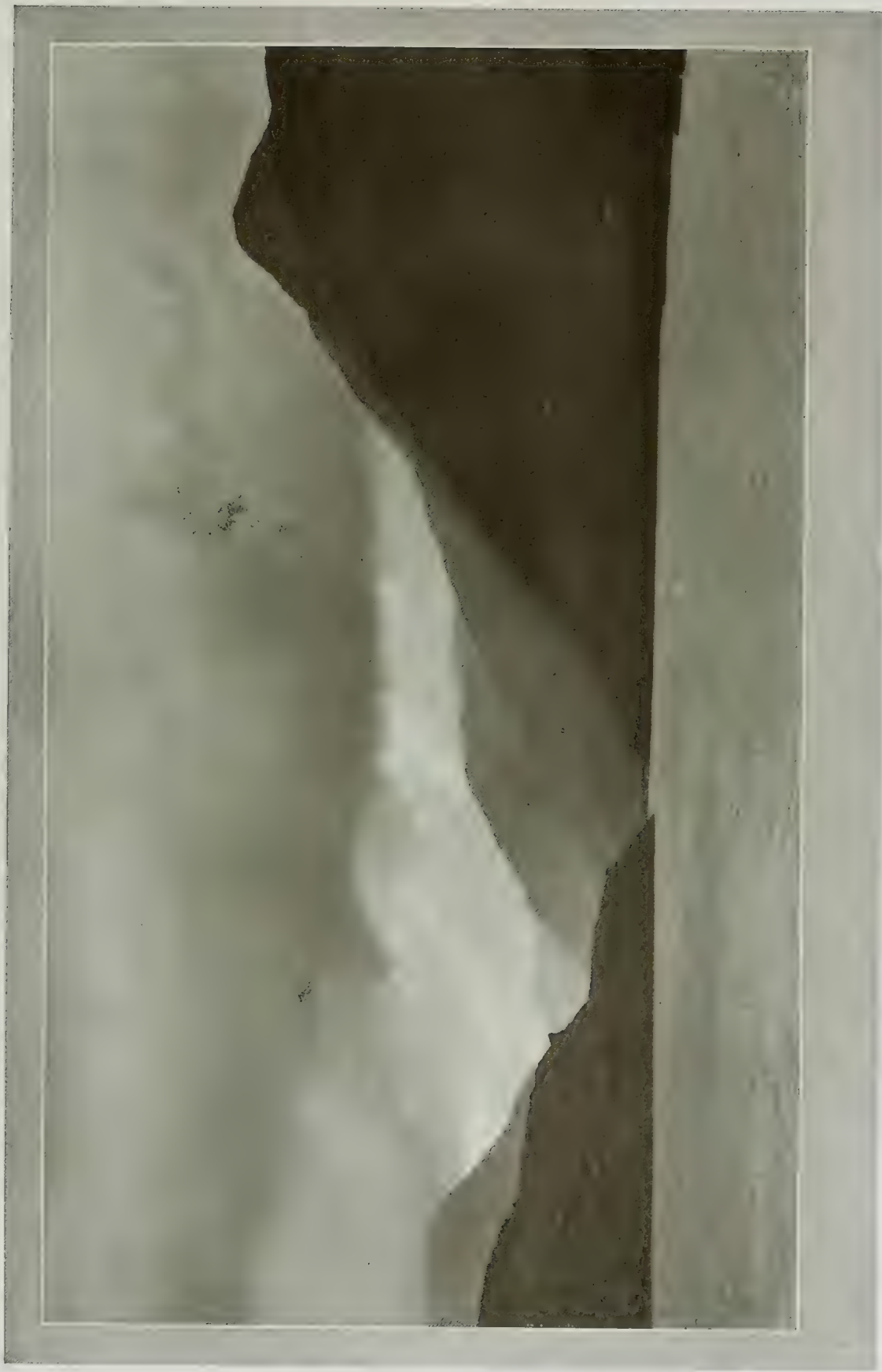


Photo by]

LYN PERIS, LLANBERIS.

This beautiful lake, one mile in length, is situated near Snowdon at an altitude of 340 feet. Slate quarries, which mar so much of the beautiful scenery around Llanberis, occupy a large portion of the north shore of the lake, and rise in tiers to a height of nearly 2,000 feet on the slopes of Gldyr Fawr.

[Judge', Ltd.



Photo by]

PINE WOODS, MENAI BRIDGE.

Judges', Ltd.

Menai Bridge, connecting Carnarvonshire with Anglesey, was built between 1818 and 1826 at a cost of £211,791. The piers, which are 153 feet high, support a permanent weight of 489 tons and are capable of supporting an additional weight of 1,520 tons. The bold rocky shore upon which the bridge stands is known as Ynys-y-moch.



Photo by]

ABER BRIDGE.

Judges', Ltd.

Aber is one of the many interesting historic spots of Carnarvonshire. An artificial mound near the village was the site of a palace of the Welsh princes, where Llewelyn the Great received the summons to surrender his rights to Edward I; and in "Black William's Field" not far off, the Norman baron William de Braose was executed by Llewelyn ap Torwitch, who suspected him of an intrigue with his princess.

St. Beuno was reputed to have been buried ; it thus became a famous place of pilgrimage, and all kinds of astounding miracles are alleged to have been wrought by the magic power which emanated from the saint's remains.

Farther down the coast, one of the peaks of "The Rivals" possesses a notable antiquity, Tre'r Ceiri, a British fortified town ; the main features of which can still be made out among a picturesque jumble of fragments.

Nevin is a small but growing seaside resort with an annual overflow from the August invasion of more celebrated spots on the Carnarvon coast. But it once undoubtedly had greatness thrust upon it, when Edward I celebrated his victory over Llewelyn by riotous celebrations on this spot. Again,



Photo by,

THE RIVER, LLANFAIRFECHAN.

[Judges', Ltd.

The village of Llanfairfechan lies at the foot of Penmaenmawr Mountain, and from there ascents can be made of that and higher mountains. The name means "Church of St. Mary the Less."



Photo by]

ABER FALLS, NORTH WALES.

[Judges', Ltd.

The Aber Falls are 2 miles from Aber Village. The cataract is fringed with ash-trees and, after breaking on the cliffs into three or four parts, makes a sheer leap of many feet.

in the last century it ran a serious risk of achieving fame during the protracted agitation to develop the neighbouring Porth Dinlleyn into the chief harbour for the cross-Channel traffic, thus ousting Holyhead.

The Llein promontory is somewhat tame after the grandeur of the Snowdon region, but for those with eyes to see it is full of charm, the charm of a smiling landscape, shelving bays, good cliff scenery, and an ever-present atmosphere of antiquity.

Take the vicinity of Aberdaron, for instance. Anyone with an inclination to run down a steep place into the sea can drop from the top of Braich-y-Pwll—over six hundred feet in height—into the Irish Sea, at quite a giddy angle. If he likes to take a look before he makes his plunge he will enjoy one of the most spacious views this world affords—on three sides the great waste of waters stretches away to the Cardigan coast and distant Ireland ; at his feet lies Bardsey Island, a picturesque gem on a gown of green. Inland, the verdant slopes of the promontory lead to the mountain mass of

Snowdonia, shutting out the skyline on the north-east. And if he be of an antiquarian turn of mind, he may know that he is standing on one of the most historic corners of ancient Wales. In centuries that are long past, this last remnant of Carnarvonshire, the "Land's End" of Wales, was black with pilgrims on their way to the famous Abbey of St. Mary on Bardsey, the "Holy Island" of Wales. It was a considerable adventure, for the sea itself conspired to keep the sacred island remote and inaccessible. So fiercely does the tide sweep through the channel separating it from the mainland, that the native name for Bardsey is Ynys Enlli, the "Isle of the current."

Of the ancient abbey to which so many eyes and feet were turned when the human heart was still simple and young, very little remains. Gorton records how by his time the Abbot's House had been converted into a "commodious" dwelling, and there is not much to tell the traveller that the ground on which he treads is the burial-place of saints innumerable.

The old church of Aberdaron is rather more eloquent, albeit its eloquence is somewhat primitive and uncouth. For practical purposes it has been abandoned in favour of a monstrosity not quite so close to the all-devouring waves.

In the early part of the nineteenth century Aberdaron emerged from a respectable obscurity by producing a nine days' wonder who absorbed languages with a total disregard for their difficulties and set all Wales talking about "Dick of Aberdaron," the freak linguist, who died (and apparently lived also) in poverty.



Photo by, **ROUGH SEA, LLANDUDNO.** *[Judges', Ltd.]*
In spite of the partial protection of the Great and Little Orme's Heads, magnificent seas are often encountered at Llandudno.

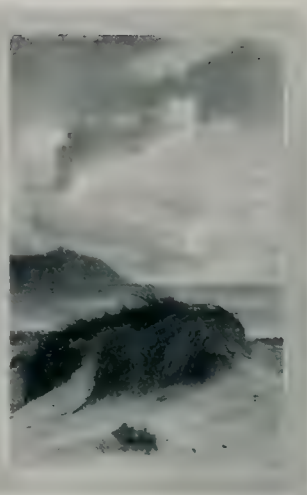


Photo by, **WEST SHORE, LLANDUDNO.** *[Judges', Ltd.]*
Sandy dunes such as these are typical of this part of the coast.

The eastern coast of the promontory represents a return to civilisation, for the waves of August invasion have long swept as far south as the little fishing village of Abersoch. The present writer well remembers an occasion some years ago when the visit of an English Socialist professor, with an abundance of hair and a singular shortage of collar, caused

quite a sensation. But the twentieth century has reached this remote corner since then!

What can be said of Pwllheli except that it has perhaps the finest beach in Wales and is learning to cater for the manifold wants of the holiday crowd? It has picturesque corners, but BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL cannot regard it as more than a stepping-stone to higher things.

Criccieth, too, is somewhat of a paradise of boarding and lodging houses, though its natural situation is much finer. The ruins of its ancient castle, crowning a bold promontory of rock, supply a picturesque feature. The castle is no rival of specimens such as Harlech, Carnarvon, or Conway, but it takes precedence of them in one respect, inasmuch as it was no upstart creation of the conquering Edward but an earlier Welsh fortress, which that monarch probably brought up to date. The two towers of the gateway alone give an idea of its great strategic importance in those far-off times.



Photo by, **PLÂS MAWR, CONWAY.** *[Judges', Ltd.]*
This interesting Elizabethan house was built in 1585.



Photo by

CONWAY CASTLE AND BRIDGE.

'Judges', Ltd.

Though less imposing than Carnarvon, Conway is undoubtedly the most attractive of the fortresses of Wales. Henry de Elveton began building it in 1285 for Edward I, who was besieged here about 1294. Richard II resided in the castle for a few days on his way from Ireland in 1399; and it figured also in the Civil War. It was dismantled in 1665 by the Earl of Conway.



Photo by

GLODDAETH WOODS, LLANDUDNO.

'Judges', Ltd.

One of the most delightful walks in the neighbourhood of Llandudno is through Gloddaeth Woods. Gloddaeth Hall, an old seat of the Mostyns, is beautifully situated, and some parts of the building date back nearly 300 years.



Photo by]

[Judges', Ltd.

WATERFALL, TREFRIW.

Wales, with its mountains and deep ravines, is rich in waterfalls, many of them of impressive grandeur. Trefriw is a pleasant little place on the left bank of the River Conway and is easily reached by steamer from Conway.

COUNTY CAVAN

THE county of Cavan is divided by the River Erne into two very distinct portions: on the west a curious, narrow peninsula, some twenty miles in length, runs up to within that distance from Donegal Bay; on the east the county becomes much broader and extends for another twenty miles to slightly less than that distance from the Irish Sea at Dundalk Bay. It lies on the northern circumference of the great central plain.

The contrast between the eastern and western sections is as marked in respect of conformation as in respect of shape. The former is wild, bare, and high, with several summits (Slievenakilla, Benbrack, Brinbeg, etc.) exceeding 1,500 feet. The latter is, in the main, low-lying country with a few scattered humps, and has been described as "a tamely diversified plain—patched over with morass and chaos."

It may be said at once that the county is not in the very highest rank, either for its natural attractions or its historic associations and monuments. The lack of really bold or contrasting

scenery prevents any comparison with the coastal counties, for example, and in the same way a deficiency of woodland prevents it from taking the highest place among the soft, sylvan counties. The absence of picturesque buildings, or other memorials of the past, is due to Cavan's unhappy history. Most relics of bygone days have perished in the wars and disorders which afflicted the county continuously



Photo by,

DOORWAY, KILMORE CATHEDRAL.

(W. Lawrence, Dublin.)

The cathedral was erected in 1858-60, and derives its main interest from a richly sculptured Hibernian-Romanesque doorway which gives entrance to the vestry on the north side of the chancel.

for centuries, and most of the existing towns (they are little more than villages) were established as English garrisons at the time of the plantation of Ulster. They were built with an eye to utility alone.

The history of the county, it must be confessed, makes somewhat sorrowful reading. In an official report on the baronies of Upper and Lower Loughree, published in 1836, we are told that "Agriculture is in the most wretched state imaginable; no draining or improving is going on. . . . Most of the landlords are absentees; and no example or encouragement is given to the tenants. The consequence is, they and the land are impoverished. The mills are idle, because the farmers are obliged to sell their own corn immediately, in place of making it into meal as formerly. The small farmers eat little but potatoes, being unable to get flesh meat more than once in two or three weeks, and that such as would be condemned as unfit for human food in the English markets."

Perhaps the chief attraction of the county is the River Erne itself, especially where it vanishes into



and emerges from Lough Oughter. This lake suffers from comparison with the two Loughs Erne, over the Fermanagh border, but its many arms and the islands with which it is dotted make it remarkably picturesque and lacking in nothing but the element of grandeur.

Cavan, the county town, lies in the centre of a pleasant, if unexciting district, but has suffered too severely in the troubles of the past to be of much interest. It once possessed a castle of the famous family of O'Reilly, the potentates of this part of Ireland; and in the church of a vanished Franciscan monastery of considerable renown the great Owen O'Neill was buried in 1649. As the most successful of the Irish leaders in the troubles following the rebellion of 1640, his name has ever been held in high honour among them.

The town suffered a dreadful visitation in 1690, when it was the scene of a fight between a detached force of James II's army and the men of Enniskillen. It was burned down, and the rebuilding seems to have been a slow business. Gorton, writing in 1833, says that "it has lately been much improved,



Photo by,

OLD CHURCH, KILMORE.

[W. Lawrence, Dublin.

Kilmore, 2 miles south-west of Cavan, is the seat of the ancient Bishopric of Kilmore, the first dignitary of which was Andrew MacBrady, in 1454.



Photo by

BISHOP BEDELL'S TOMB, KILMORE.

[W. Lawrence, Dublin.

The tomb stands in the old churchyard of the cathedral. Bedell was the most celebrated bishop of Kilmore, and was the translator of the Bible into Irish. He died during the rising of 1641-2.



Photo by

LOUGH RAMOR.

[W. Lawrence, Dublin.

This beautifully wooded lough is about 5 miles long, and is studded with islands which were planted with trees by one of the Marquesses of Headfort. At Virginia the lough receives the River Sele.



Photo by

VIRGINIA, CAVAN.

W. Lawrence, Dublin.

This is one of the many places that owe their name to the loyalty of the colonising subjects of Queen Elizabeth, or of those who still remembered the great queen under the rule of her successor. The little town is delightfully placed on the north shore of Lough Ramor.

and presents now a very agreeable appearance," and quaintly adds that Lord Farnham, the local magnate, "has also erected an excellent inn, rather too spacious for the accommodation required here."

According to the early topographers, as far back as eighty years ago the scenery in the neighbourhood of Cavan had been ruined by man. Fullarton, in particular, waxes very bitter on the subject:

"The demesnes of Farnham and Kilmore, the one noble and the other episcopal, . . . abound in the beauties of cultivation and embellishment and communicate an air of joyousness to all the country in their vicinity. But with the exception of these grounds, and of some other and inconsiderable portions of land, all the beautiful country around the town is so grievously maltreated by a barbarous system of agricultural economy, as to have both its pleasures marred and its vigour seriously



Photo by,

TUBBERNASPLINK BRIDGE, KINGSCOURT.

[W. Lawrence, Dublin.]

Kingscourt lies 47 miles to the north-west of Dublin, not far from the border of County Meath. Its trimmed yews make a fine setting for the little town's church and spire.

neutralised. Small enclosures mince it down into the merest pendicles, in a manner destructive alike to ornamental appearance and to profitable culture, the little green hills are subsectioned and cut to pieces till the enclosures athwart their surface resemble an ill-contrived net-work. . . ."

The cathedral of Kilmore, some three miles distant from Cavan, is a building dating from the middle of the nineteenth century, but incorporating a very ancient doorway which came from the ruins of the abbey of Trinity Island in Lough Oughter. Perhaps its greatest claim to fame is as the burial-place of Bishop Bedell, who died shortly after his imprisonment in Cloughoughter Castle, now a ruin on an island in the lough.

Bedell's noble character and all too rare spirit of toleration is a welcome relief from the bigotry, hatred, and cruelty on both sides, which mark the course of events in Ireland during the first sixty years

of the seventeenth century. Though a strong Protestant, he took a firm stand against the treatment of the Roman Catholics in his diocese by the ecclesiastical authorities. He even had the courage to write to Archbishop Laud that "in very truth, I cannot excuse and do seek to reform." He carried his enlightenment to the point of appointing priests who were familiar with the Irish language; we are also told that he spent money freely in restoring the churches he found in ruins, and he crowned his life-work by translating the Bible into Irish. But all this did not prevent him from being one of the first victims of the rebellion of 1641.

Of the other towns and villages of the county there is not much to say.

Belturbet, it must be confessed, is somewhat of an eyesore in an attractive landscape, and pays



Photo by

CLOUGHUGHTER CASTLE.

[W. Lawrence, Dublin.

This castle is picturesquely situated on an islet in a lough. It was here that Owen Roe O'Neill, leader of the Confederate Irish, died in 1649, soon after Cromwell had landed in Ireland.

heavily for its origin as an English settlement or colony. It was founded in the reign of James I, "for the purpose," as the charter of incorporation runs, "of furthering the plantation of Ulster according to the form of the republic of England." The topographers of the early nineteenth century, all of them somewhat strangely blind to the Irish tragedy that was being played before their eyes, make merry with it. One of them, for example describes it as "so 'incompact, so irregularly edified, and so thinly sprinkled with good or tolerable houses, as to look like a medley assemblage of mere village suburbs. The market-house has a rather fair appearance, or at least ought to have it, as it has been the grand care of the corporation, the chief or sole apology for their expenditure of funds, *the old pot of their constant tinkering and polishing.*"



Photo by]

OLD BOATHOUSE, VIRGINIA.

[W. Lawrence, Dublin

Virginia abounds in places of interest and in romantic woodland and waterside scenery. In this case the early colonists certainly showed a wise discretion in selecting their new homes.



Photo by]

THE BRIDGE, VIRGINIA.

[W. Lawrence, Dublin.

Another of Virginia's beauty spots. The comparatively high ground in Cavan is in noticeable contrast with the flat pasture lands of the adjoining county of Meath.



Photo by,

OLD WELL, JERSEY.

F. Deaville Walker, Sidcup.

In spite of the ravages of modernity it is still possible to find places in the Channel Islands where the peace of a more primitive type of existence reigns undisturbed. Jersey, the largest of the islands, is rich in places of this kind.



Photo by J

CORBIÈRE LIGHTHOUSE, JERSEY.

[George Collard.

Corbière Point is situated at the south-western extremity of the island, the neighbouring coast being particularly rocky and dangerous. The lighthouse surmounts a rock, which rises 90 feet above high water. At low tide this rock can be reached from the mainland by a causeway.

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS

WHETHER considered as a geographical paradise, a charming political freak, or a taxpayer's haven of refuge, the Channel Islands are full of attraction, a remote, unearthly spot where feudalism still lingers and men speak a tongue that has been out of fashion elsewhere for hundreds of years. Youth seeking pleasure and pleasure-seeking youth, health-seeking antiquities and antiquities seeking health, can all find their heart's desire in the strange and wild jumble of rocks and islands which are proud of their allegiance to the British Crown, though ties of blood and geography bind them to France. And the Channel Islands are worth a visit if only to appreciate the real meaning of sea-power.

To the average schoolboy the term "Channel Islands" means Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark, with perhaps Herm and Jethou thrown in as an examination "catch." It is only when occurrences such as the recent disaster to a cruiser bring the Minquiers into the newspapers that we realise there are Channel Islanders who do not inhabit one of the "Big Four."

But for the purposes of our survey, necessarily circumscribed as it is, the delectable four will have to suffice, and as Guernsey is the ordinary British traveller's introduction to the islands it shall form our starting-point.

As the steamer lies in the harbour of St. Peter Port, its capital, the old town rises tier upon tier on the hillside above the bay, gazing down upon the little island on which stands Castle Cornet, from which it once suffered so cruelly. The castle's place as guardian of the island has been taken by a more modern



Photo by J

ELIZABETH CASTLE.

[Judges', Ltd.

This castle stands on a rock about three-quarters of a mile from St. Helier, and at high water is entirely surrounded by the sea. Its stirring history includes an eventful siege in 1651.

fort, but it is still a grim and picturesque example of an ancient stronghold, and its history is to a large extent the history of Guernsey. The main function, as might be imagined, was to protect the island against the foreign foe, and when it failed in that duty—as during a period of French occupation in the Hundred Years' War—the evils that befel the islanders make woeful telling. In the civil war of the seventeenth century the Castle was held for the Crown, and St. Peter Port, being of the Parliamentary persuasion, was treated to a desultory cannonade of several years' duration which only ended with the surrender of the fortress in 1651.

The citizens must have felt that the judgment of Heaven had been pronounced when, in December 1672, the magazine

blew up, occasioning enormous havoc and several deaths, including that of Governor Lord Hatton's wife. Perhaps the most extraordinary feature of the disaster was that his baby daughter was subsequently found lying unharmed in its cradle among all the wreckage!

The ancient church of St. Peter is a fine building illustrating most of the architectural styles from the twelfth century onwards. Even the most patriotic Channel Islanders must admit that the church architecture of the island is in the main poor, judged by the standard of the mainland; but St. Peter can hold its own with other British churches of the same class.



Photo by

FARM HOUSE KITCHEN, JERSEY.

(F. Deauville Walker.

This photograph shows an interior of a kind that is rapidly becoming rare in Jersey, as well as elsewhere. What is gained in comfort will certainly be lost in picturesque attraction.



Photo by

OLD MILL, VALLEY DES VAUX.

(Photochrom Co., Ltd

This is one of the prettiest of the Jersey valleys and, being quite close to St. Helier, is easily accessible. The Old Mill is a characteristically picturesque addition to the landscape.

Among other topographical features of the town Trinity Square has a melancholy celebrity as the scene of the burning of Katherine Couches and her daughters in the reign of Mary. Ghastly as such scenes must always have been, the horror on this occasion was heightened by the fact that one of the women gave birth to a child which was rescued alive from the flames and then thrust back on the orders of the infamous Bailiff.

The most interesting houses in the town are a farm which was once the



Photo by]

BELCROUTE BAY.

Belcroute Bay is situated on the west side of St. Aubin's Bay and lies about three-quarters of a mile due south of St. Aubin's Harbour. The rock scenery of the Channel Islands rivals any to be met with in the British Isles.

Judges', Ltd.



Photo by]

VINCHELEZ LANE.

[F. Deaville Walker.

Vinchelez Lane, with its overhanging trees, is the most famous of the beautiful Jersey lanes. It is situated in the north-east corner of the island between Grève de Lecq, a cove that lacks the austerity of much of the Channel Island scenery, and Plémont.



Photo by: **GROSNEZ POINT.** *Judge's, Ltd.*
Grosnez Point is a rocky promontory at the extreme north-west of the island. Here stand the ruins of Grosnez Castle, an ancient building of apparently fourteenth-century origin.

of this island is the unbroken line of magnificent cliffs on the south coast, at the foot of which cover beautiful inlets such as Moulin Huet Bay and Icart Bay, while the gloomy but romantic caves with which this coast abounds account for the island's popularity as a smuggler's paradise.

On the north the land shelves away comparatively gently into the sea, and here the main interest is the life of the islanders and the monuments of the past. Memorials of prehistoric times frequently meet the eye, and when we come to later times there are the remains of Ivy Castle, a Norman stronghold, and the ruin of Vale Castle, just north of St. Sampson. St. Sampson itself is not noteworthy, apart from its plain but very early church.

What St. Peter Port is to

ancient "Ville au Roi," and Hauteville House, famous the world over for its furniture and carvings, but more particularly as Victor Hugo's home for many years when an exile from France.

Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew Haggard, in his life of Victor Hugo, gives a vivid picture of the great writer treating Guernsey much as Napoleon treated Elba :

"From the commencement of his stay in the island Victor Hugo began to make himself acquainted with everything belonging to it. Its inhabitants, its rocks, its beaches, its headlands and bays, the shoals lying out at sea, the nature of the shipping and fishing-boats; all of these things were the object of his study, so that he soon knew as much about Guernsey as one who had been born and lived there all his life.

"This intimate study it was which made it possible for him to write that thrilling romance of the Channel Islands, *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*.

"Hauteville House became a sort of asylum for all of those French men of letters who wished to find a quiet corner in which to write a book. Many came there to take advantage of Hugo's hospitality. He reserved for them a chamber which he termed jocularly 'The Raft of Medusa.' One of those who occupied Medusa's Raft of Refuge for a considerable period was Balzac . . . An immense amount of work was accomplished in Guernsey, and it was in this pleasant asylum from the storms of a previously agitated existence that Victor Hugo completed the writing of *Les Misérables*."

From the scenic point of view the great attraction



By permission of

NEEDLE ROCK.

W. R. & Co.

The Caves of Plémont can only be visited at low water. They consist of a series of openings in the rock, many of them joined the one with the other by natural arches. Looking seawards from the largest cave, a good view can be obtained of the famous Needle Rock.



Photo by]

GOREY AND MONT ORGUEIL CASTLE.

[Charles E. Brown.

The great mediæval fortress of Mont Orgueil stands in a commanding position on the north of Grouville Bay, close to Gorey Harbour. Originally a Norman castle, it was much altered by the Tudors and adapted for an age of gunpowder. Until it fell to Blake and Haynes in 1651, the castle had a stirring history which included a siege in 1373 by the redoubtable Bertrand du Guesclin himself.



Photo by]

NEAR ST. CATHERINE'S BAY.

[Judges', Ltd.

St. Catherine's, the more northerly of the two large bays on the east coast of Jersey, is famous as the scene of a project by the British Government that never materialised. Works were begun with the intention of converting the bay into a harbour of refuge, but on the completion of a breakwater the water was found to be of insufficient depth and the then useless works were handed over to the Jersey States.



Photo by,

NEAR BONNE NUIT, JERSEY.

, Judges', Ltd.

Bonne Nuit is a small bay in the centre of the north coast of Jersey, the promontories that bound it on the west and east being respectively Fremont Point and Crete Point. The fortifications that used to guard the bay are now dismantled.

yelling for the blood of the French exiles and attacking the office of the hated journal. A few days later the Constable of Jersey called upon Hugo and informed him that his days in the island were numbered, and on October 31, 1855, he left it for Guernsey, snorting with indignation and quite failing to realise his good fortune in escaping full and final banishment.

He had a pleasant revenge five years later when he was invited back to St. Helier to voice the cause of Italian unity. The whole of the town was plastered with placards announcing that "Victor Hugo is here."

The parish church goes back in part to the thirteenth century and embodies work of later periods, but perhaps its greatest interest is as a kind of Westminster Abbey of the island. Of the many local notables whose memory it preserves, none is more worthy of lasting fame than young Major Francis Peirson, by whose valour Jersey was preserved for the British Crown in 1781. The adjoining Royal Square was the scene of his heroic exploit, and a house which is still standing commemorates his death in the so-called "Battle of Jersey." On the morning of January 7 in that year, St. Helier woke up to find itself captured by a *coup de main* effected by a French force under Baron de Rullecourt. The Lieutenant-Governor was taken prisoner, and gave orders to the garrison to surrender. Peirson, a young man of twenty-four who was second in command, disobeyed the order, collected his men, and after a fierce struggle, at the conclusion of which he met his death, compelled the surrender of the French.

Elizabeth Castle has neither the splendour nor the renown of Mont Orgueil Castle, frowning defiance at France from the vantage-point of its rocky cliff half-way up the east coast of the island. If the coastline between St. Helier and Mont Orgueil is dull, the great mediæval fortress is ample compensation.

Even in its present state, this castle seems to give proof of a history stretching back for nearly two thousand years, for there is strong evidence that part is of Roman origin, and tradition certainly records that Duke Robert of Normandy adapted and added to existing Roman and pre-Norman work.



[Photo by]

WATER LANE, MOULIN HUET, GUERNSEY.

[Judges', Ltd.]

The water lanes, lane and stream combined, are specially associated with Guernsey. That shown in the photograph, running from Ville Amphrey to Moulin Huet Bay, is one of the best known.

The freaks of history bring some curious names into association with the story of the stronghold. In one field there is the great Bertrand du Guesclin, who found it too hard a nut to crack in 1374. Nearly a century later Margaret of Anjou celebrated the year of Towton by procuring its surrender to the French, and practically the whole of Jersey was in their possession for some years until Edward IV turned them out.

In the seventeenth century the wheel of fate brought that extraordinary and interesting character, William Prynne, on the scene, for it was here that he spent three years of banishment for contumacy and composed a poem on the castle, of a remarkably unmusical and laboured kind. The stronghold also played its part in the Civil Wars.

North of Mont Orgueil the coast becomes finer and wilder, and from the angle at La Coupe to Grosnez Point there are splendid cliffs, frowning above indentations which have become house-



Photo by

MOULIN HUET BAY, GUERNSEY.

H. J. Smith, Northampton

In the beauty and variety of its inland scenery Jersey perhaps surpasses the smaller island, but in the grandeur of the rocks upon the coast Guernsey need fear no rivalry. Moulin Huet is considered one of the most beautiful of the Guernsey bays.

hold words for their picturesque charm—Bouley Bay, Bonne Nuit Bay, and the delightful Grève de Lecq and Grève au Lançon. Indeed, the alternation of bold promontory, cave, and chasm with sweeping shore makes this northern stretch of coast a walker's paradise. Inland is a paradise of a different kind, a region of wooded valleys and verdant pastures which have no parallel in the other islands of the group.

The south coast, by contrast, is much less high and imposing, but its bays have a charm all their own, and they make up for their less dramatic qualities in other ways, mainly by the profusion of fantastic rocks with which they are strewn.

In the centre of St. Brélade's Bay is the village of that name, with an ancient and interesting church, and an even more ancient "Chapelle ès Pêcheurs," which has the remains of fourteenth-century frescoes to show.

Round the next point is Portelet Bay, with a tiny island surmounted by "Janvrin's Tower," com-



Photo by,

OLD MILL, PETIT BÔT.

[Judges', Ltd.

The Old Mill at Petit Bôt stands just above the beach. According to a romantic legend attached to it, it was once entered by thieves, who flung the miller out of the little window above the wheel. The unfortunate man was carried beneath and drowned.



Photo by,

PETIT BÔT BAY.

[Judges', Ltd.

About 2 miles west of Moulin Huet is the little bay of Petit Bôt. The impression of smallness given by the beach is emphasised by one of the Guernsey round towers which stands in the middle. On the west side of the bay is an interesting cave.



Photo by

MOYE POINT, GOUFFRE.

[Judges', Ltd.]

Moye Point is reached by a broad path round the cliffs. It is formed by a narrow neck of grassy land, with almost perpendicular sides jutting out to form the point. There are small caves below Moye Point which can be visited at low tide.



Photo by

GULL ROCKS, PLEINMONT.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

Pleinmont Point is the promontory at the extreme south-west of Guernsey, and the Gull Rock, a huge black mass, is a short distance to the south-east. Close by is the building described as the Haunted House in Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea."

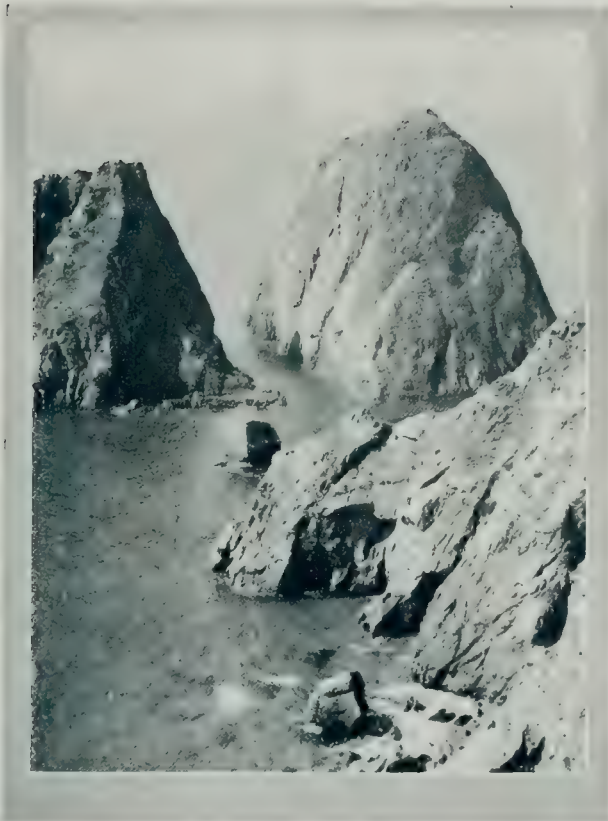


Photo by

THE SISTERS, ALDERNEY.

[F. Deaville Walk.]

Alderney is the third largest of the Channel Islands, being just a little larger than Sark. The Sisters, two fine rocks on the south-east coast, can be seen well from the steamer as it approaches the island.

of the south coast and the views of Burhou and the French coast seven miles away.

Sark is frankly sensational from a scenic point of view. Nothing could be more exciting to the well-trained eye and the less well-trained nerve than the narrow but giant neck of land called the "Coupée," which joins Little Sark to Great Sark. Nothing could be much more thrilling than the disembarkation in Creux Harbour, the only real landing-place, with its sixteenth and eighteenth century tunnels, the only means of access from the shore.

On the south coast the land assumes forms of almost unparalleled magnificence at Dixcart Bay and Derrible Bay, and the grim headlands enclosing them. On the west coast the scenery is little, if at all, inferior, and great caverns such as the Gouliot and Boutique Caves provide impressive natural curiosities.

memorating an unfortunate sailor who died of the plague and was temporarily buried here early in the eighteenth century.

Then comes the huge sweep of St. Aubin's Bay with the charming toy town of the same name and the inevitable island fortress, "St. Aubin's Castle."

Alderney, the next in size of the Channel Islands, lies somewhat apart and nearer to the French coast than all the others, being separated from the Cap de la Hague only by the width of the wild and turbulent waters of the "Race of Alderney." Like Guernsey, and unlike Jersey, the south coast has the finest cliff scenery, which is all but equal to anything to be found in the British Isles.

Apart from natural attractions, the great feature of this island is the evidence it furnishes of its military importance in days gone by. It simply bristles with towers and forts which for the most part have long since played any part History meant them to play. The same might almost be said of the one town, St. Anne, of which the island can boast. Life in so remote a spot must necessarily be peaceful and somewhat sluggish in days when the incessant threat of French invasion has long since ceased to supply the necessary spice of excitement. The visitor to Alderney now gets his thrills from the perpendicular cliffs



Photo by]

ALDERNEY COWS, ST. ANNE.

[H. J. Smith.

Alderney has long been famous for its breed of cattle, which is excellent for dairy purposes. St. Anne, where this photograph was taken, is the only town that Alderney possesses.

Indeed, there is hardly a dull spot in the island, and lovers of Nature in her wildest and sternest mood cannot do better than wander over every inch of Sark.

Considering its remote position and exposure to the full fury of the elements it is rather remarkable that Sark possesses the handful of inhabitants—some five hundred in number—which can be officially described as its "population." A large-scale map shows hotels to be a more prominent feature than cottages, but impressive words such as "Post Office," "School," and "Church" prove the existence of a self-contained community, and there is plenty to demonstrate that men thought Sark worth fighting over, as indeed they do now—and with justice.

landlords in recent times—a grandson of Jackboot Blücher of Waterloo and a famous English novelist, who is still alive. Politically, both islands form part of Guernsey, and geographers tell us that at a not too distant date they were actually joined to their larger neighbour.



Photo by,

(The Photochrom Co., Ltd)

CREUX DERRIBLE.

This is one of the show places of Sark, and is one of the most magnificent rock formations in the island. Looking down into it from above the effect is awe-inspiring.

But it was not always so. History tells us that there were considerable periods during which the island was deserted to the dumb creation. In others, and particularly the long spells of war between England and France, it was in the hands of the French and used by them as a jumping-off ground for attacks on richer prey like Guernsey and Jersey. We further know that there were times when the entire "population" was engaged in the profitable occupation of piracy until their merry trade was put an end to by organised operations by the Cinque Ports.

Jethou is a much smaller and tamer edition of Sark, and scenically speaking, Herm, too, is not in the same class as its illustrious brethren. But the latter has had two notable



Photo by,

PRISON, SARK.

This quaint prison is used for Sark's few malefactors. Amusing stories are told of how they sit patiently by the prison door until the arrival of the solitary policeman to let them in.

(F. De ville Walker



Photo by,

CREUX HARBOUR, SARK.

This is one of the smallest harbours in the world. In the corner of the harbour can be seen the entrance of the tunnel which leads to the interior of the island.

F. Deville Walker.



Photo by]

[C. N. & Co.

VIEW FROM LITTLE SARK.

Little Sark is the southern part of the island joined to Great Sark by a neck of land called La Coupée. The small island of Brechou can be seen in the middle distance, while beyond are Herm and Jethou.



Photo by]

[A. H. Hall.

LES AUTELETS, SARK.

Les Autelets or the Altar Rocks stand out prominently off the west coast of Sark. They are three in number. The Grand Autelet, the White Autelet, and the Needle.



By permission of

THE LITTLE HARBOUR, HERM.

[The Southern Ry. Co.]

The little island of Herm is only about a mile and a half long and half a mile across. Formerly used by Prince Blücher von Whallstadt as a summer residence, the island was until recently leased to Mr. Compton Mackenzie, the novelist. Herm is famous for its Shell Beach, where are many shells no longer found in northern latitudes.



Photo by]

EATON HALL.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

The present hall, the seat of the Duke of Westminster, is the fourth mansion on the site and was built about 1867-80. It is a huge building situated four and a half miles south of Chester in an extensive and well-wooded park which commands fine views of the Welsh mountains.

CHESHIRE

ALL good Americans go to Chester when they land at Liverpool, and thereby show their sound sense and taste. For Chester is the living embodiment of a phase of mediævalism which has no exact counterpart elsewhere in Europe. Many other towns have walls, and far finer and more picturesque walls. Old houses of Tudor and pre-Tudor times can also be seen in several ancient towns particularly on the Welsh border. But the Chester "Rows" are an individual and delightful feature, and the combination is unique. Add the cathedral and St. John's Church, a charming river, the wealth of small remains from Roman Deva, and a history which is highly picturesque, and the most obtuse can hardly fail to understand the great hold Chester has on the imagination.

No schoolboy requires to be told that Chester was the station of the celebrated XXth Legion. As at Chichester, the right-angular intersection of its two principal



Photo by.

CHESTER CATHEDRAL.

Judges', Ltd.

The cathedral belongs chiefly to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries and is in the Perpendicular style. It was at one time a Benedictine abbey, and did not become a cathedral until the Reformation.



Photo by

THE CRYPT, CHESTER CATHEDRAL.

[Judges', Ltd.

A convent of secular canons, dedicated to St. Werburgh, first occupied the site of the cathedral. This was transformed into a Benedictine abbey in 1093, and remnants of this Norman building are still to be seen. The vaulted crypt is a characteristic feature of many mediæval cathedrals.

triforium. The Cathedral, too, has some remains of the Norman church which it succeeded; notably in the north aisles of the nave and choir, the north transept, and the cloisters.

Of Early English work in the cathedral the outstanding specimens are the Lady Chapel and Chapter House, which date from the thirteenth century. The beautiful choir is Transitional or Early Decorated, and its *chef d'œuvre* is the fourteenth-century stalls with their wonderfully rich and varied carving. The rest of the church is mainly Perpendicular. The building does not take a high place among the cathedrals of Britain, but from an architectural point of view it is exceedingly interesting and instructive.

Old Borrow gives a description and advances a theory of the "Rows" which are worth quoting:

"The Chester row is a broad arched stone gallery running parallel with the street within the façades of the houses; it is partly open on the side of the street, and just one story above it. Within the rows, of which there are three or four, are shops, every shop being on that side which is farthest from the street. All the best shops in Chester are to be found in the rows. These rows, to which you ascend by stairs up narrow passages, were originally built for the security of the wares of the principal merchants against the Welsh. Should the mountaineers break into the town, as they frequently did, they might rifle some of the common shops, where their booty would be slight; but those which contained the more costly articles would be

streets in the centre of the town would alone indicate its Roman origin. The actual evidences of Roman occupation—and they are innumerable—are mainly to be found in the museums, with the exception of the foundations of the Roman walls which are not infrequently discovered beneath the mediæval walls.

After the withdrawal of the Romans the city suffered eclipse, if not extinction, for several centuries, with the result that the next period, of which substantial relics remain, is the Norman. The finest monument to their genius is the Church of St. John the Baptist, which is outside the walls. Its nave is an excellent example of Norman architecture, passing into Transition in the



Photo by

W. F. Taylor.

CARVING IN CHESTER CATHEDRAL.

This shows one of the interesting and grotesque pieces of carving that adorn the interior of the cathedral.



Photo by]

THE CHOIR, CHESTER CATHEDRAL.

[Judges', Ltd.

The beautiful choir of the cathedral comprises five bays with aisles, and is Early English and Early Decorated in style. There is a fine triforium above, but the late fourteenth-century choir-stalls are the most striking feature.

beyond their reach; for at the first alarm the doors of the passages, up which the stairs led, would be closed, and all access to the upper streets cut off from the open arches, of which missiles of all kinds, kept ready for such occasions, could be discharged upon the intruders, who would be soon glad to beat a retreat. These rows and the walls are certainly the most remarkable memorials of old times which Chester has to boast of."

The walls of this ancient city are themselves of great interest. A good deal of controversy has raged round the subject of their age, some experts maintaining that not even the foundations are Roman, and others that the foundations are Roman but the rest mediæval work. What is certain is that the lines of the Roman walls and the present walls coincide on every side but the south.

The Phoenix Tower, at the north-east angle, is of poignant historical interest, as it was there that Charles I witnessed the defeat of a royalist force by the Parliamentarians on Rowton Heath in 1645.



Photo by

KING CHARLES I'S TOWER.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

The Phoenix Tower stands at the north-east angle of the walls of Chester, and has been called King Charles's Tower from the fact that during the Civil War the King witnessed from it the defeat of his troops at Rowton Moor.



Photo by

MUSEUM TOWER, CHESTER.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

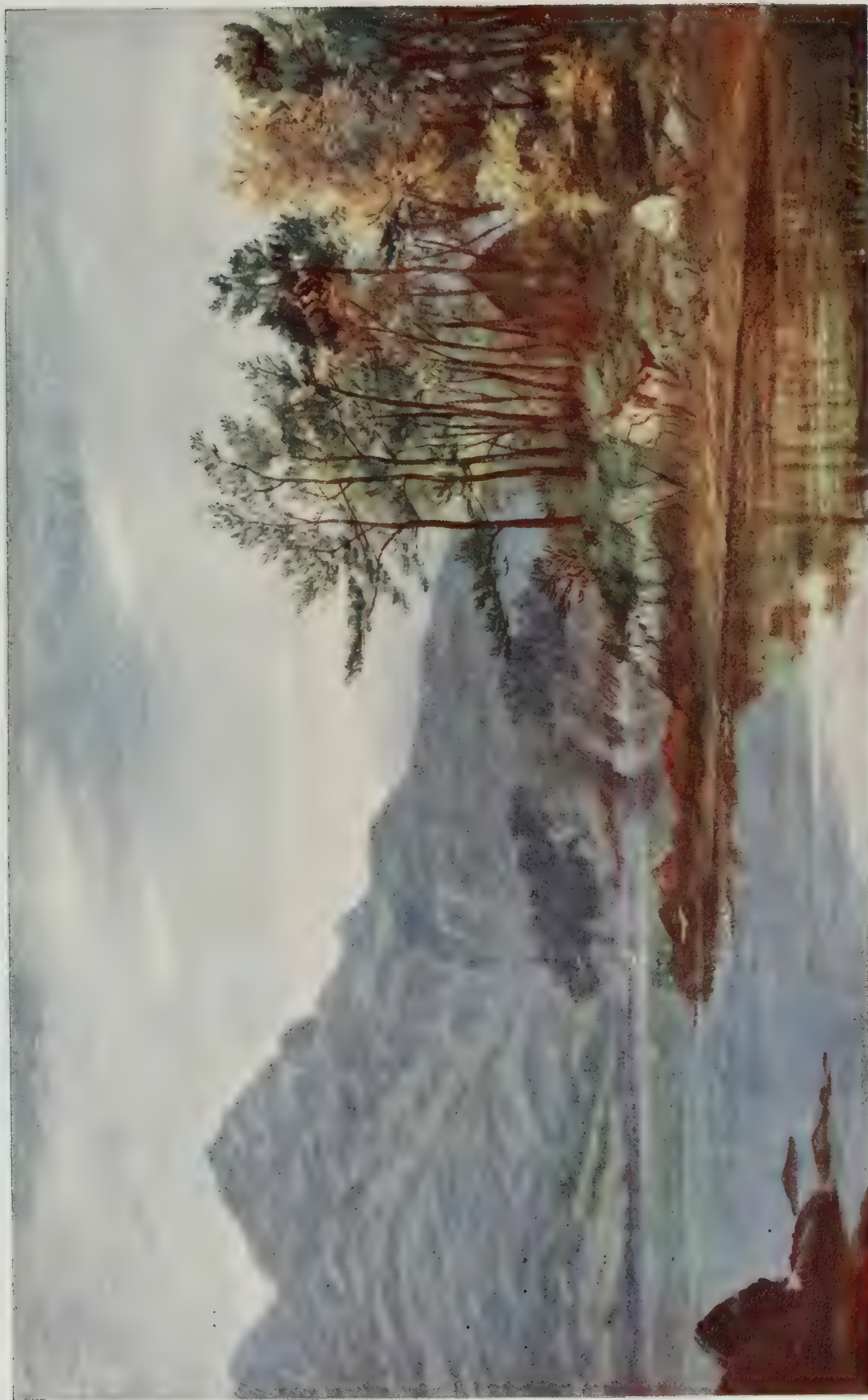
The Water Tower, built in 1322, as an outwork, has now been converted into a Museum. The remains of an old Roman bath are shown in the foreground.

Past Morgan's Mount, Pemberton's Parlour, and Bonwaldsthorpe's Tower the circuit of wall leads to the Water Tower, a reminiscence of the days when the waters of the Dee actually washed the walls of the city. The Castle has only a small portion of the original Norman building left, and even that has been modernised externally in such a way as to belie its true age.

But perhaps the greatest attraction of Chester is its ancient timbered houses, most of which are remarkably picturesque. With such a wealth of examples comparisons are odious; the most familiar, no doubt, is "God's Providence House," a delightful and elaborately carved seventeenth-century mansion whose name recalls, so it is said, a fortunate delivery from the ravages of the plague. The Stanley Palace, Bishop Lloyd's House, and the Bear and Billet Inn create an equally vivid atmosphere of Tudor and Stuart times.

The country round Chester is full of the charm that makes the county so popular with those who know it well. A green, smiling landscape, picturesque villages, and ancient half-timbered mansions form the ingredients of scenery which has no rival of its kind.

Eaton Hall, the princely residence of the Duke of Westminster, is not an old house, for it dates in its present form only from the seventies of the last century. But in successive



From the *Paintings*

GUGANE-BARRA.

Gougane-Barra, with its gleaming lake set like a dark gem between high and precipitous mountains, is one of the loveliest and most romantic spots in the county of Cork. The name means St. Fin Barre's Rock-Cleft, for at the end of the sixth century the patron saint of Cork made the small, wooded island in the middle of the lake his chosen sanctuary, and the remains of a tiny church, a convent, and eight cells are still to be seen there. St. Fin Barre, who became famed at an early age for his holiness, founded a monastery, in the place where the city of Cork now stands, which was celebrated for its learning and flourished for centuries.

By H. A. Hardland

mansions built on this spot the Grosvenor family has lived from time immemorial, for it traces its descent from Hugh Lupus, whom the Conqueror made Palatine of Chester. One of its treasures is a statue by the late G. F. Watts of that soldier-statesman.

At the point where the Chester—Crewe railway cuts through the ridge that stretches north from Malpas to Frodsham stands the fine ruin of Beeston Castle, on a bluff which gave it a tremendous range of vision over the surrounding country. Nothing could be more picturesque than its fantastic, doddering towers rising abruptly from the top of a sheer cliff, but it was not built to improve the landscape but to keep unruly neighbours, particularly the wild men of Wales, in a wholesome dread of the powers that be. It dates from the thirteenth century and passed



Photo by]

ST. JOHN'S RUINS, CHESTER.

[H. N. King

St. John's Church, which stands outside the walls, overlooking the Dee, was originally built about 1075, and there is still some beautiful Norman work remaining. The ruins of the choir and Lady Chapel are in the transitional style of about a century later.

through its most exciting experiences in the Civil War, when a long and troublesome siege preceded its surrender in 1644 to the Parliamentary forces, who took the precautionary measure of reducing it to a ruin two years later.

Peckferton Castle, hard by, looks Norman, and has almost as attractive a situation as Beeston; but so far from having grown old and decrepit in the wars, it has to rest content with a pleasant illusion of military strength and grandeur, for it is quite modern, and demonstrates how a martial exterior can well conceal all that the nineteenth century required in the shape of comfort and luxury.

Malpas, on the Shropshire border, has little to proclaim its links with the past or its acquaintance with the great, but its church has fine Perpendicular windows and Decorated work which is among the notable achievements of the style, at any rate so far as the country churches of Cheshire are concerned.

Nantwich, farther west, is one of the ancient towns of which Cheshire is justly proud. To a tripper in a hurry (if one can imagine such a person visiting this somewhat remote corner of the old world) it no doubt falls into the "dull and sleepy" category, but to anyone else its appeal is strong and varied. The delightful old street called "Welsh Row" recalls a day when Welshmen came in numbers to buy salt from the famous brine pits. There are old houses which have seen stirring local history made. Some, like



Photo by]

[Photokrom Co., Ltd.

CHESTER: THE CROSS.

The ancient city cross was destroyed when Chester was captured in 1646, but the site is still marked. Chester is famous for its fine old timbered houses.

Sweet Briar Hall, date from before the devastating fire of 1583; others came into existence during the reconstruction after that catastrophe, but in time to see the fierce sieges it sustained in the Civil War.

The fame of Crewe had better be allowed to rest on its amazing railway works and the little rhyme which begins: "Oh, Mr. Porter, what was I to do . . ." Vorticists can no doubt get æsthetic thrills out of mountains of coal-heaps and forests of locomotive funnels, but the uninitiated searching for the beauties of Britain will give this busy, thriving, and quite modern town a miss.

But once clear of Railwayopolis the true Cheshire landscape begins again, changing imperceptibly into the Derbyshire landscape, where the border sweeps north and takes in the outskirts of the Peak District in the neighbourhood of Macclesfield Forest.

All along this eastern frontier there are delightful and characteristic towns and villages, and within an hour's walk of Congleton lie two famous old houses which are in themselves worthy of a pilgrimage.



MAP OF CHESHIRE.

It is not easy to get a true son of Cheshire to be reasonable about Little Moreton Hall, or Moreton Old Hall as it is known locally. It is certainly a delight to the eye and a feast for the mind—a charming, irregular, sixteenth-century black-and-white mansion, complete with moat and bridge. A gate house and central courtyard give access to the buildings, which include a delightful Elizabethan "Long Gallery," chapel, banqueting hall, and other quaint and attractive rooms. Above one of them runs the legend:

"God is al in al things. This windoos whire made by William Moreton in the yeare of Oure Lorde MDLIX.

"Richarde Dale, Carpeder, made thies windows by the Grac of God."

Almost equally romantic and picturesque is the charming spot where Gawsworth Hall, Old Hall, and Rectory reproduce a real corner of a long-vanished world. The new hall, a massive pile of the

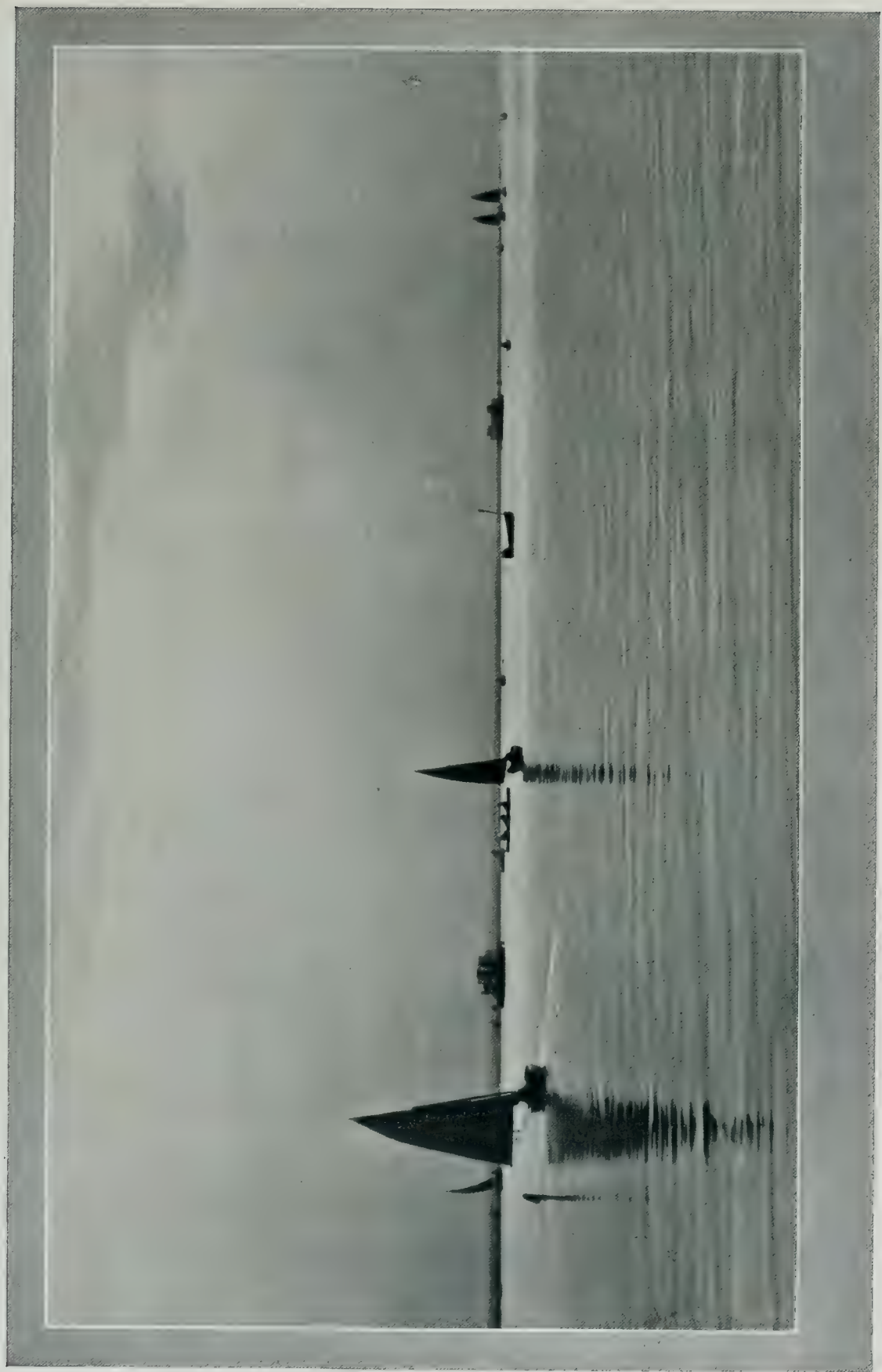


Photo by]

AFTER SUNSET, WEST KIRBY.

(Judges', Ltd.

The flats of the Dee estuary and the neighbouring coast are seen at their best in the glowing light of the setting sun. Because of the very gradual slope the sea retires to an immense distance, and comes racing in with almost incredible rapidity. The perils of the tide in this neighbourhood have been immortalised by Kingsley in his famous poem "The Sands of Dee."



Photo by

BIDSTON MILL, BIRKENHEAD.

[Judge's, Ltd.]

Bidston is situated about 2 miles from Birkenhead; and from Bidston Hill, where there are a lighthouse and an observatory, a fine view can be obtained of the surrounding country.



Photo by

COTTAGES, WEST KIRBY.

[Judge's, Ltd.]

West Kirby is situated on the right bank of the Dee estuary near the extremity of the Wirral peninsula. It is a pretty, popular resort. Caldy lies one and a half miles to the south-east.



Photo by

PRIORY RUINS, BIRKENHEAD.

[Judge's, Ltd.]

The Benedictine priory of Byrkhed, from which the town derived its name, was founded about the middle of the twelfth century. The chapter-house, refectory, and crypt are still standing.



Photo by

BIRKENHEAD DOCKS, AT NIGHT.

[Judge's, Ltd.]

Birkenhead was an obscure village until the opening of its first dock in 1847, since when it has risen rapidly to prosperity. The docks now cover an area of about 200 acres.



Photo by [Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

JACOB'S LADDER, NR. FRODSHAM.

It is a staircase in the rock that has given this spot its romantic name. Frodsam is a little town 10 miles north-east of Chester. Salt is worked there, and there are cotton manufactures.

eighteenth century, furnishes a striking and illuminating contrast to the half-timbered Old Hall, which has long been uninhabited, but reproduces some of the features that make Moreton so appealing. The rectory too is a very choice example of the black-and-white houses which contribute so much to the fame of this county.

Congleton is another of the Cheshire towns which have retained the smile of youth in their old age. As so often happens, the best proofs of its antiquity are to be found in its public-houses, but the whole place is remarkably quaint and unworldly. Macclesfield, on the other hand, though proud of its badges of age and honour, strives to



Photo by [Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

NORMAN DOORWAY, PRESTBURY.

Prestbury, a small village 2½ miles north-west of Macclesfield, is rich in ecclesiastical antiquities, as there is not only a fine thirteenth-century church but also a beautiful Norman chapel in the churchyard.

keep abreast of the times; nineteenth-century factories hobnob with relics of earlier days, of which perhaps the most memorable, if not the most picturesque, is the remains of a mansion of the Duke of Buckingham. St. Michael's Church has good Decorated work, though the hand of the restorer lies heavy upon it. Its greatest attraction is its tombs, which include several of the Savage family in the Savage Chapel and the Legh family in the Legh Chapel.

The extreme north-eastern corner provides Pennine scenery of a high order, which is in marked contrast to the rest of the county. It is an elevated, bare, and deserted region familiar to Cheshire men who motor or cycle into Derbyshire and southern Yorkshire. There are few inhabitants of the county who have not heard of the "Cat and Fiddle Inn," claimed to be the highest public-house in England, which marks the end of the long and tedious ascent from Macclesfield on the Buxton road.

The proximity of Manchester has inevitably converted the portion of Cheshire immediately south of it into a residential annexe of Cottonopolis. For better or worse the tide of middle-class invasion has swept around and beyond the old country seats. Fortunately a sense of reverence for the past



Photo by [Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

OLD ROMAN BRIDGE, MARPLE.

Like that of most "Roman" bridges, the pedigree of this one is more than doubtful. Marple lies on the extreme border of Cheshire, 4 miles from Stockport.



Photo by [Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

DINGLE, LYMM.

Lymm, noted, according to the guidebooks, for "a quaint market cross and stocks," is a pleasant little town lying 5 miles the south-east of Warrington.

seems to steal imperceptibly upon all who take up residence in Cheshire, so that even villages and towns which are little more than outer suburbs cling jealously to their old-world features. Some of the mansions are notable even in a county of notable mansions. Baguley Hall, near Altrincham, dates back in part to the fourteenth century, but the pride of north-eastern Cheshire is Bramhall Hall, the ancient home of the historic family of Davenport. No finer example of the timber and plaster house is to be found in the kingdom.

In the centre of the county the principal geographical features are the valleys of the Weaver and



Photo by **THE DANE VALLEY.** [H. Felton.
The River Dane rises in Macclesfield Forest and, after a 30-mile course, joins the Weaver at Northwich. With the higher ground in this district, which, though often grand, is sometimes bleak and dreary, the richly wooded valley of rivers such as the Dane are in striking contrast.

its tributaries and Delamere Forest. Some of Cheshire's most ancient towns lie on or near the line of these rivers.

Contrary to the prevailing rule in these parts, Northwich has been cruelly treated by industry. It is a place of great antiquity, for the salt industry dates back to the days of the Romans, but has little to show its age, and the establishment of large chemical works has prevented it from lapsing into that state of agreeable and picturesque old age which makes other towns hereabouts a sightseer's paradise. Sandbach, for instance, has nothing seriously to disturb its octogenarian slumbers, in which it no doubt dreams of the stirring scenes it witnessed in the Civil Wars. Middlewich is another salt town, but not so obtrusively busy and progressive as Northwich.

West of Delamere Forest and north-east of Chester the county runs up between the estuaries of the Dee and Mersey to form the Wirral Peninsula. In comparatively recent times the growth of Birkenhead and Liverpool has tended to make this district "residential" also, and the fame of Hoylake attracts the golfing pilgrim in ever increasing numbers.



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

MORETON HALL, CONGLETON.

Moreton Hall is one of the most magnificent specimens of an Elizabethan black-and-white timbered manor house in the country. It stands about 2½ miles south-west of the silk-manufacturing town of Congleton.



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd

THE BALL-ROOM, MORETON HALL.

The interior of the hall is as interesting as the exterior, and there are few finer specimens of timbered roofing existing in a private house. Cheshire is especially rich in houses of this kind.



Photo by

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

PECKFORTON CASTLE.

The village of Peckforton lies about 3½ miles south-west of Tarporley, and close by are the historic Beeston Castle and Peckforton Castle, the seat of Lord Tolemache, which is shown in this photograph.



Photo by

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

MOW COP.

The hill of Mow Cop rises to a height of over a thousand feet to the south of Congleton, almost on the Cheshire-Staffordshire border. The artificial ruin which crowns it was the scene of the first camp-meeting of the Primitive Methodists under the leadership of Hugh Bourne in 1807.

CLACKMANNANSHIRE

THIS Scottish shire enjoys the unique distinction of being incontestably the smallest county in the British Isles. But within its modest boundaries lies some exceedingly attractive scenery, thanks to its two principal geographical features, the Ochil Hills and the River Devon. The former, rising to a height of nearly 2,400 feet at BenCleugh, presents on the north a mighty barrier which descends abruptly to the plain. Along its southern rim runs the Devon, fed by little tributaries which rise in the mountains and form the charming glens in which the county's best scenery is to be found. South of the hills and the river, Clackmannanshire is a somewhat uneventful plain bounded by the windings of the Forth.

Geographically and historically, the shire is the southern gate into the county of Fife, and much that is characteristic of its scenery and story is thereby explained.

Clackmannan itself has little more than the name to justify its claim to be the county town, for industrial evolution has long given the busy town of Alloa the precedence in everything else. But the "capital" is worth a visit for the sake of its Tower, the oldest portion of which is said to have been built by Robert the Bruce himself. There are later and characteristic additions, so that the ancient fortress is both interesting and attractive.

The view from Clackmannan Tower has moved more than one dry-as-dust topographer to comparative rhapsody :



Photo by]

CROSS AND MAIN STREET, CLACKMANNAN.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

The county town of Clackmannan, situated on the River Black Devon not far from its junction with the Forth, has little to commend it to notice except that it is the capital of the smallest county in Scotland. However, as the photograph shows, it is not altogether without a certain quiet charm.

"The surrounding scenery, as beheld from this tower, is exceedingly picturesque and beautiful. To the west is seen Alloa, Stirling, St. Ninians, and all the country as far as Ben Lomond; on the north the prospect is bounded by the Ochils; on the south and east are the fertile fields of Stirlingshire, and the towns of Falkirk, Linlithgow, and Kincardine; while the foreground is filled by the Forth, here a mile in breadth, and 3 miles further down expanding into a wide sheet of water

resembling an inland lake." (Fullarton.)

Alloa is the industrial and commercial centre of the county, and also its port. Its growth has been a comparatively modern phenomenon, due to the exploitation of the great coalfield of the county, which has been turned to good account in the development of the local woollen industry. Alloa House, the mansion of the Earl of Mar and Kellie, has not yet celebrated its centenary, but the old "Tower of Alloa" close by is associated with some picturesque phases of the history of Scotland. It is a fourteenth-century keep, which was altered and added to by successive Earls of Mar until the great fire of 1800, which this ancient stronghold alone survived. In the earlier mansion part of the girlhood of Mary Queen of Scots, and the boyhood of James VI (afterwards James I of England) and his son Prince Henry, were spent.

Among the other mischief wrought by this fire was the loss of what was



Photo by]

CLACKMANNAN TOWER.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

This "square, grim mass of old masonry," which crowns a hill some 2 miles from Alloa, is connected by historical associations with the Bruces and, if the local traditions are to be believed, with King Robert himself. The tower stands about 80 feet high.

said to be the only authentic portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, who gave it to one of her attendants just before her execution. We are told that the "features were probably drawn with accuracy; but what little character they possessed was unpleasant, and might better have suited the cold and artful Elizabeth than the tender, animated Mary."

Of the members of the Mar Family perhaps the most picturesque (and certainly the most familiar to English schools) is that prince of turncoats who at length screwed himself up to the point of supporting the Old Pretender in 1715, and is known to history as the "Jacobite" Earl. It took him at least twenty years to decide on which side of the hedge to come down, and then he chose the wrong side!



Photo by]

ALLOA, FROM THE SOUTH.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Alloa, with a considerable harbour on the north bank of the Forth, is the most important town of Clackmannan. There begin those windings of the river usually known as the Links of Forth. Thus Stirling Bridge, only 6 miles away by land, is 12 miles distant when approached by water.



Photo by]

GARTMORN DAM, ALLOA, AND OCHIL HILLS.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Looking over the stretch of water formed by the dam, a fine view is obtained of the Ochil Hills, which reach from the neighbourhood of Perth nearly to the Bridge of Allan in Stirlingshire. Alloa is interesting historically as the seat of the warlike Earls of Mar, the ruins of whose ancient mansion still remain.



Photo by]

CRAIGHORN FALLS, ALVA GLEN.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Alva is a thriving little manufacturing town lying among the Ochil Hills. The country abounds with pretty mountain streams or burns, which pour their waters tumultuously over the rocks and pebbles at the bottom of the steep wooded glens, every now and then breaking into a graceful fall of many feet.

The rest of the interest of the county centres in the Devon valley and the Ochil glens north of it. A number of large villages or small towns are strung out along its course in a landscape which is very attractive, with the great mass of the Ochils as an impressive background.

Beginning at the eastern extremity, the village of Menstrie claims consideration as the birthplace of Sir Ralph Abercromby, the great soldier who died a hero's death as the result of wounds received in the action which led to the expulsion of the French from Egypt in 1801.

Next comes Alva, at



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

IN MENSTRIE GLEN.

The village of Menstrie lies 4 miles to the north-west of Alloa at the foot of the Ochil Hills. Menstrie Burn, on which the village stands, flows through one of the most picturesque of the Clackmannan glens.

the head of one of the finest of the Ochil glens, and in the very shadow of the great Bencleugh itself. This little town was one of the earliest centres of the woollen industry in the county, Alva shawls attaining a high renown in the first half of the nineteenth century.

An old official record of the activities of the industries of Alva seems to show that there were "good old days" after all. "Scots blankets and serges. The former 9d. to 1s. the Scots yard, and the latter from 10d. to 15d., and a few from 16d. to 18d. per yard."

Tillicoultry, 3 miles farther east, is also a focus of the local woollen



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

CASTLE CAMPBELL.

The historic home of the Argylls occupies a commanding position on a lonely hill about a mile from Dollar. The "Castle of Gloom," as it was called of old, is of curious and mixed architecture. It was destroyed by Montrose during the Civil War.



Photo by]

DANGAN CASTLE.

[W. Lawrence, Dublin.

Dangan Castle, standing $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Quin, is said to be the oldest fortress in Munster. It consists of a four-sided tower, flanked by round towers at the angles.



Photo by]

THE AMPHITHEATRE, KILKEE.

The rock-scenery of the coast near Kilkee is of the grandest description, and this great amphitheatre is only one of the magnificent rock-formations caused by the ceaseless buffetings of the Atlantic. Kilkee itself is situated on a small inlet called Moore, and the possession of a good bathing beach makes it very popular in the summer months.

[W. Lawrence, Dublin.



Photo by]

KILLONE ABBEY, ENNIS.

[W. Lawrence, Dublin.

The ruins of Killone Abbey are prettily situated on the shores of a lough. Like Clare Abbey it was founded by Donall O'Brien, the last king of Munster. The remains of Killone consist of a nave and south chapel.

COUNTY CLARE

THIS county has more than a fair share of the attractions conjured up by the words "West of Ireland," though only one of its geographical features can be said to be in the very first rank of its kind. The estuary of the Shannon is a noble sheet of water; the Clare bank of that river, from Limerick up to the county boundary on Lough Derg, is beautifully situated in the shadow of the Slieve Bernagh. But the county's one possession which can soberly be described as almost unrivalled is the lofty perpendicular wall of solid rock which goes by the name of the Cliffs of Moher. Inland there are many dreary patches, though the antiquarian can get a thrill almost every few yards; remains of all kinds, both ecclesiastical and military, are scattered about the county in the greatest profusion, and some of them are of great interest as well as great charm. Ruined castles, in particular, literally swarm in many parts of the county: so that it might almost be said that if an Englishman's house was his castle, an Irishman's castle was his house.

The Clare side of Lough Derg is, as has been said, one of the gems of Irish scenery, particularly where the hills of Slieve Aughty and Slieve Bernagh hold Scariff Bay in a tender vice. Much of the civilising work which was Ireland's mission in the Dark Ages is associated with men who drew their inspiration from this beautiful spot.

The little island of Holy Island, or Inniscaltra, is undoubtedly one of the cradles of Christian civilisation in the country. Its Round Tower is an early and interesting one and the ruined churches are structures of various ages, perhaps the most notable being St. Cairnin's Church, which was founded by that saint in the seventh century and rebuilt by the great Brian Boru at the beginning of the eleventh.

Killaloe, where the Shannon emerges from the lake, derives fame from its charming situation and still more from its ancient cathedral, the choir of



Photo by,

ABBEY RUINS, ENNIS.

[W. Lawrence, Dublin

The neighbourhood of Ennis abounds in old abbeys. This one, the tower of which has been disfigured by the restorer, owes its foundation to Donough Cairbreach O'Brien, King of Thomonds, 1240.

which now forms the parish church. Tradition says that it was built by a king of Munster towards the end of the twelfth century, and there seems little doubt that Murkertagh O'Brien, King of Ireland, was buried in an earlier church of which the existing magnificent Romanesque doorway is a relic. Close by is the primitive seventh-century church of St. Hannan, whose work and fame long made Killaloe a place of pilgrimage.

The western side of Slieve Bernagh is not to be compared with the eastern, so far as scenery is concerned, though here again the antiquary will see a paradise where ordinary mortals see a landscape which is agreeable without being in any way striking. But BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL is not primarily concerned with antiquities, so that even the splendid ruins of Quin Abbey, close to Ennis, must rest content with a summary reference. It is a fifteenth century Franciscan foundation, comprising a church and the usual monastic buildings, and acquires peculiar picturesqueness by being incorporated in the remains of the Norman castle which was built by the De Clares.



Photo by

ROSS BRIDGE, KILKEE.

[W. Lawrence, Dublin.

Ross, close to Kilkee, is famous for its magnificent natural bridges, the larger of which has a span of over 70 feet. This is caused by the washing away of the lower layers of soft carbonaceous slates of which these cliffs are composed.

Ennis itself, the county town, is not of great interest, apart from the remains of its Franciscan Monastery, but the coastline of the curious peninsula which terminates at Loop Head gives a foretaste of the splendours that await the visitor farther north.

The fun does not really begin until Loop Head, the "farthest west" of the county, is reached; but the northern shore of the Shannon estuary has several fine bays and the picturesque inlet on which stands Kilrush. This little town is itself unlikely to turn the head of the most impressionable visitor, but Scattery Island, a mile out in the river, has another of those collections of ecclesiastical remains which shed the glamour of romance on so many parts of western Ireland. The religious hero of this island is the pious St. Senan, who founded a monastery and died here in the odour of sanctity in the sixth century. Tradition has it that he sought out this remote spot to escape the attentions, conscious or unconscious, of the fair sex. In fact, he steeled his heart to the point of rejecting the company of a woman saint, St. Cannara, who came a long way to join him. But Moore, who deals with the story in "St. Senanus and the Lady," adds:



Photo by,

INTRINSIC BAY, KILKEE.

[W. Lawrence, Dublin.

The name Intrinsic Bay commemorates a tragedy, for it was here that an emigrant ship of that name was wrecked three-quarters of a century ago. The coast is exposed to the full force of the Atlantic and splendid seas are often witnessed.



Photo by,

DOONLICKA CASTLE, KILKEE.

W. Lawrence, Dublin

These ruins are all that is left of the once formidable stronghold of the McMahons. They stand to the south of Kilkee upon Castle Point, and are approached by a walk along the cliffs famous for its magnificent views.



Photo by

CLIFFS OF MOHER.

W. Lawrence, Dublin.

The cliffs of Moher, which at their highest are over 600 feet high and extend for about 5 miles, form perhaps the most magnificent rock wall on the Irish coast. They are crowned by O'Brien's Tower, shown in the photograph, which, built in 1835 by Cornelius O'Brien for the convenience of visitors, has since become a ruin.

" But legends hint, that had the maid
Till morning's light delayed
And given the saint one rosy smile,
She ne'er had left his holy isle."

From Loop Head northwards, the coast of Clare is one mighty battlefield between grim, gaunt cliffs and the restless Atlantic. Loop Head itself is memorable chiefly for the magnificent panorama of coastline, fjord and mountain, spread out under the traveller's eyes. A little farther north, the remarkable natural bridges at Ross provide an impressive geographical curiosity. Fine cliffs and caves, detached stacks and ruined castles are then the characteristic features of the coast until the watering-



Photo by]

ENNISTIMON FALLS, CLARE.

[W. Lawrence, Dublin

The pretty little town of Ennistimon stands upon the Cullenagh River and lies 15 miles to the north-east of Ennis, near the coast. The cascades into which the river breaks just below the bridge add greatly to the charm of the town.

place of Kilkee is reached. Bishop's Island, or to give it its full name "Oileen an Ospoig Gortaigh" (the "Island of the Hungry Bishop"), is so called after a tradition according to which a certain prelate, who had fled here from the mainland to escape the embarrassing necessity of tending his flock during a famine, himself perished from starvation owing to his inability to get back across the stormy seas.

As the coast trends northwards the cliffs become ever finer and wilder. Baneful names such as Mal Bay and Spanish Point testify to the unquenchable greed of the ocean for human victims. Haughty Philip II must have had painful memories of the Clare coast, off which several of the finest ships of the Armada came to a dreadful end; most of the survivors of these wrecks perished by massacre the moment they landed.

But nature's real masterpiece in this region is the far-famed cliffs of Moher, just north of Liscannor Bay. With a perpendicular drop of six hundred feet, they have no rival for sheer awesomeness in the British Isles.

Inland, northern Clare is not particularly interesting from a scenic point of view. It is a somewhat bare, limestone region, thickly strewn with antiquities, mainly castles and churches. Lisdoonvarna, however, is a much visited spot on account of its sulphurous springs and its convenience as a tourist centre.

Among the ecclesiastical and other remains which are of great interest even to those unversed in archaeology, a high place is taken by Corcomroe Abbey (almost on Galway Bay) and the ruins in the neighbourhood of Kilfenora. The former was a Cistercian foundation dating from the end of the twelfth

century. The monastic church contains a remarkable figure of King Conor O'Brien, the grandson of the Donall O'Brien who built it; it is one of the many in this part of Ireland which witness to the religious fervour of that great Irishman. The nave and chancel are still sufficiently well preserved to give some idea of the importance of this foundation in its palmy days, but the rest of the abbey buildings are in a sad plight.

Kilfenora, though one of the holy places of Irish mediæval civilisation, has become what Fullarton calls an "episcopal village . . . which belongs to the same category as Emly, Clonfert, etc. in exhibiting a shrunk and ghastly caricature upon the practical notion of a 'city'; and nothing but its episcopal name and historical associations prevent it from being regarded as a mean and shabby hamlet." The church of St. Fachnan, once the cathedral of a diocese which was only merged in that of Killaloe in the middle of the eighteenth century, is the most important and substantial of the existing relics. The nave alone is still used for worship, but there are some fine architectural details in the ruined choir. Among the monuments is one which is claimed (by "monastic dream-



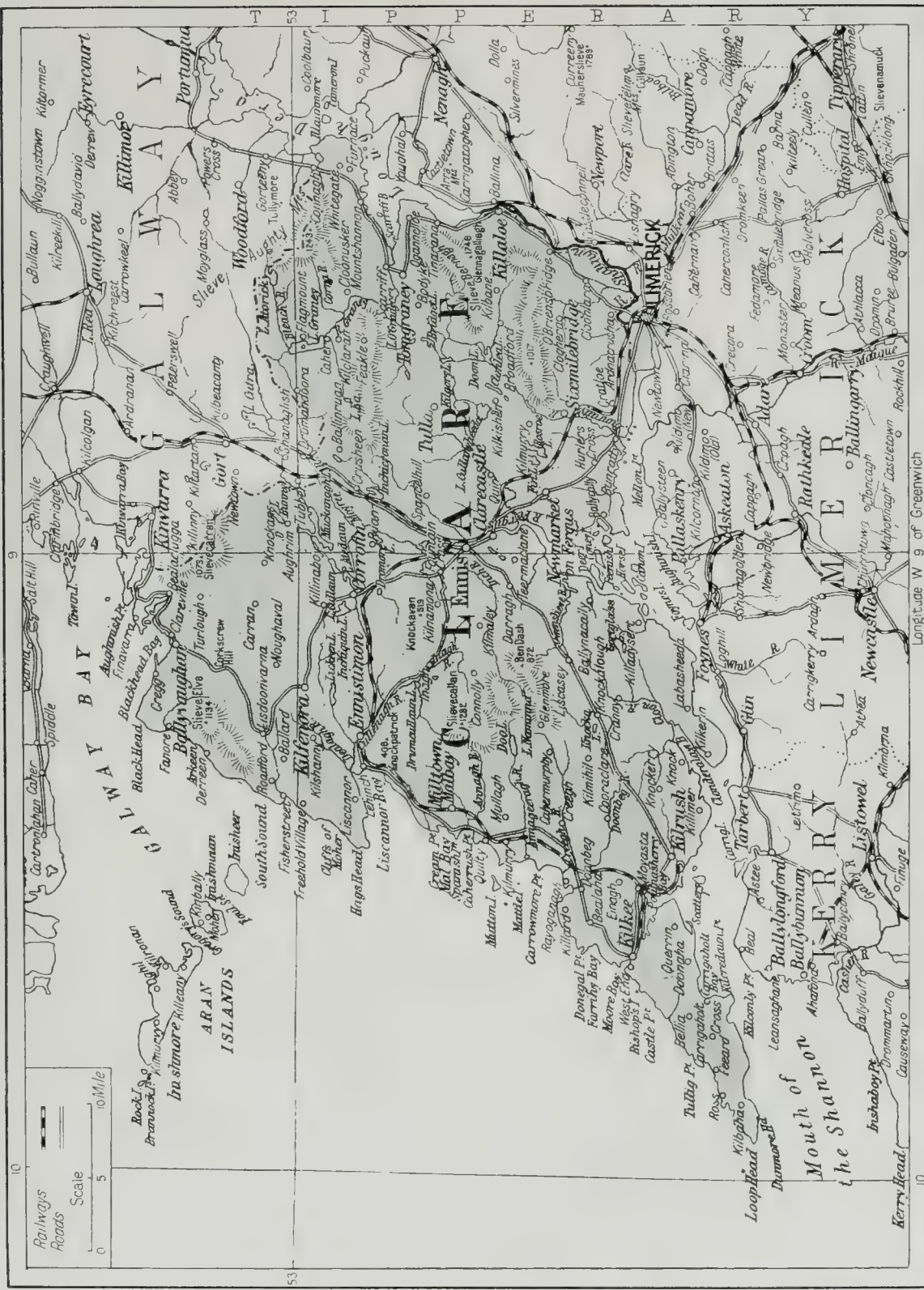
Photo by J.

SPECTACLE BRIDGE.

W. Lawrence, Dublin.

This curious bridge is crossed by the road which leads south of Lisdoonvarna towards the cliffs of Moher. Lisdoonvarna is a favourite inland spa.

ers," according to Fullarton) to be that of St. Fachnan himself, who appears to have been almost too good to be true. A picturesque, as well as antiquarian, feature of the ruins and their immediate vicinity is a number of ancient crosses, including one elaborate specimen bearing a representation of the Crucifixion.



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MAP OF COUNTY CLARE.

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Photo by,

THE SHANNON AT KILLALOE.

The Shannon here forms the boundary between Co. Clare and Tipperary and passes Killaloe as soon as it has issued from Lough Derg. The town is famous for its old cathedral, of which the choir is still used as a parish church. Like so many of the ancient ecclesiastical buildings in this part of the country, Killaloe Cathedral is said to owe its foundation to the piety of Donall O'Brien. Close to Killaloe was Brian Boru's famous palace of Kincora, sung by Moore.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.



Photo by]

[W. Lawrence, Dublin.

QUEENSTOWN.

Formerly known as Cove, Queenstown derives its present name from the fact that Queen Victoria first disembarked here on her visit to Ireland in 1849. It is a port of call for Atlantic liners.

COUNTY CORK

AS we all know only too well, County Cork "at all material times" (as the lawyers say) has been one of the great political storm-centres in the "Distressful Island," and it is almost impossible to mention it without giving offence to someone. Fortunately *BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL* is concerned with other things than political passions. The scenery of a fine region can be discussed without exciting party spirit, and even if the highly controversial names of Raleigh and Cromwell creep into this article it will be as a matter of historic interest and not in any spirit of commendation or otherwise.

No one can doubt that Nature meant County Cork to be a region of the blessed. There are parts which must be pronounced bare and dull, but any county with such assets as Bantry Bay, the coastline of Cork, or a wild mountain pass like Keighmanagh can cheerfully challenge comparison without fear of the result.

Cork, the county town, is full of memories, to Irishmen and Englishmen alike. Its reputed founder was one of the greatest saints of the Irish Church, St. Fin Barre, who was sent by God, so the legend runs, from his remote retreat in Lough Gougane-Barra to establish a Christian community at the mouth of the River Lee. He was buried in the first church which occupied the site of the modern St. Fin Barre's



Photo by,

ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL, CORK.

York & Son,

The Roman Catholic Cathedral of St. Mary was built in 1808 and is therefore older than the Protestant Cathedral of St. Fin Barre, which in its present form is some seventy years later. St. Mary's is a Gothic building situated on the north side of the city.



Photo by:

NEAR BANDON.

[W. Lawrence, Dublin.]

Bandon, lying to the south-west of Cork and north-west of Kinsale, is pleasantly situated on the river of the same name. This river, flowing through a wide open valley, is described by Spenser as "Thy pleasant Bandon crowned with many a wood."

seen. The old fort, where the Irish made the hardest fight, lies in ruins. The Doric Cathedral, so ungracefully joined to the ancient tower, stands on the site of

Cathedral. The Danes played havoc with the Christian settlement, and in the course of years the town they, in turn, established became one of the English strongholds in Ireland. At frequent intervals Cork distinguished itself by its championship of lost causes. It took the part of Perkin Warbeck, and also that of James II, and figured prominently in the campaign which culminated in the Battle of the Boyne.

Macaulay's description of the capture of Cork by Marlborough in 1690 gives quite a graphic description of the city of his day.

"Cork was vigorously attacked. Outwork after outwork was rapidly carried. In forty-eight hours all was over. The traces of the short struggle may still be seen. The Doric Cathedral, a Gothic edifice, which was shattered by the English cannon. In the neighbouring churchyard is still shown the spot where stood, during many ages, one of those round towers which have perplexed antiquaries. On another spot, which is now call the Mall, and is lined by the stately houses of banking companies, railway companies, and insurance companies, but which was then a bog known by the name of the Rape Marsh, four English regiments, up to the shoulders in water, advanced gallantly to the assault. Grafton, ever foremost in danger, while struggling through the quagmire, was struck by a shot from the ramparts, and was carried back dying. The place where he fell, then about a hundred yards with-



Photo by]

BLARNEY CASTLE.

[York & Son.]

Was built by Cormack MacCarthy, "the Strong," and dates from about 1446. It was besieged by Cromwell's forces and almost completely dismantled. It is within easy reach of Cork. It will always be associated with the famous Blarney Stone.



Photo by]

THE FERRY, KINSALE.

[W. Lawrence, Dublin.

The harbour of Kinsale, capable of sheltering over 300 sailing vessels, has become the centre of the South of Ireland fishing industry. Kinsale has had a stormy history, for in 1601 it was held for ten weeks by the Spaniards against Mountjoy. It again came into prominence during the Parliamentary War and the Revolution War of 1689.



Photo by]

BANTRY BAY.

[W. Lawrence, Dublin.

This fine inlet, twenty-one miles long, has twice come into marked historical prominence; on both occasions there was an element of farce. In 1689 Admiral Herbert was made Earl of Torrington for a battle which the French claimed as a striking success, the truth being that neither side lost a ship, while in 1796 out of a great invading French army only one officer and seven men landed, and these were all made prisoners.



Postcard.

MYROSS TUNNEL.

[W. Lawrence, Dublin.]

The Myross Woods are near Leap, a pretty little town on the river of the same name, at the head of the Glandore estuary. The woods are famous for their scenery, and this "tunnel" is only one of many characteristic beauties.

out the City, but now situated in the very centre of business and population, is still called Grafton Street. The assailants had made their way through the swamp, and the close fighting was about to begin, when a parley was beaten. . . ."

Unfortunately the tempestuous history of the city has cost it almost every vestige of its antiquity. New buildings have been erected with an eye to commercial necessities rather than considerations of æsthetics, and what the poet Spenser once called the " beautiful citie of Cork " is now a busy hive of industry, with fine patches, but not altogether beautiful. A modern cathedral occupies the site of the third or fourth successor of St. Fin Barre's Church. Being in the French Early Pointed style it has a somewhat novel appearance to English eyes.

The Roman Catholic cathedral of St. Mary is only some seventy years older than St. Fin Barre's,



Photo by]

GLENGARIFF HARBOUR.

[York & Son

The praises of Glengariff Harbour have been sung by Thackeray and other writers. The combination of water, woodland, and mountain, together with the tranquillity of the scene, explains much of its compelling attraction.

and dates from a decadent and unattractive period of church building. More famous than either of these structures is St. Anne Shandon, and that fame is less due to its own merits than a popular lyric of Father Prout, the priest who took to journalism and poetry and is buried near the tower. How far the change was successful may be judged from a line in " The Bells of Shandon " such as :

" Whose sounds so *wild would*, in the days of *childhood*,

or :

" I've heard bells *tolling*, Old Adrian's *mole in*."

On the other hand the bridges and numerous public buildings of the city attain a high standard. But if Cork itself is not more than a provincial city, its beautiful harbour is one of the minor

wonders of the world. Its curious ramifications, the frequency with which the channel is all but closed by the islands, its wooded shores, and the shipping at Queenstown give it an air all its own. Events of recent years have somewhat minimised its importance as a port of call for ocean-going steamers, but it is still a busy and attractive sea highway, full of memories and relics of days gone by. Monks-town has a seventeenth-century castle, built, so it is said, by Anastasia Gould at the modest cost of nothing, the lady having ingeniously stipulated that the workmen should buy their food and other necessities from her. The profit on this department exceeded her expenditure!

Carrigaline has an ancient castle also, and hard by is "Drake's Pool," an inlet of the harbour where the great seaman took refuge from the Spaniards in 1587. The enemy, in vastly superior



Picture

ORATORY, GOUGANE-BARRA.

(W. Lawrence, Dublin.)

Except on the eastern side the lake, about a mile long, is surrounded by steep mountains whose dark shadows are reflected in the surface of the water. The small wooded island in the middle of the lake contains the ruins of a tiny old church, and a cloister built more than one thousand years ago.

force, searched (as they imagined) every corner of the many creeks, and then abandoned the pursuit under the impression that the devil had spirited him away.

On the eastern side of the harbour lies Cloyne, with a fourteenth-century cathedral, which now does duty as the parish church, and the relics of an oratory which is claimed to date from the times of St. Colman in the sixth century. The Round Tower of Cloyne is a remarkably interesting and characteristic specimen: the doorway is some 12 feet above the ground-level, and the structure is otherwise notable for features which support the theory that these towers were primarily used as a belfry and place of refuge.

In the immediate vicinity of Cork perhaps the most famous, and certainly the most frequented, spot is Blarney Castle, in a delightfully wooded district. Fate has played curious pranks with Blarney. Shorn of its literary and popular associations, the great square keep is the grim relic of the mightiest



Photo by]

GOUGANE-BARRA.

The name of the lake means St. Fin Barre's rock-cleft, and it was the retreat of St. Fin Barre, whose chapel is on the islet which is approached by a causeway from the mainland. St. Fin Barre attracted many recluses, who built huts, the remains of which still exist. Many devout persons are still drawn to the spot because of a belief that the water of the islet's "blessed well" cures bodily ailments.

[W. Lawrence, Dublin.



Photo by

[W. Lawrence, Dublin.]

INCHIGEELA LAKE.

Inchigeela, situated 10 miles from Macroom, is a popular resort with anglers on account of the plentiful trout in its lakes and rivers



Photo by

W. Lawrence, Dublin.

SULLANE AND LANEY RIVERS, NEAR MACROOM.

The Laney is an affluent of the Sullane, which flows into the Lee, 3 miles above Macroom. The Sullane rises in Derrynasaggart Mountains.

stronghold of the MacCarthys. The present castle was built in the middle of the fifteenth century by Cormack MacCarthy, known as Laidir ("The Strong"). It was besieged and reduced to ruin in Cromwell's Irish campaign. "Kissing the Blarney Stone" (a process involving considerable gymnastic skill, as the particular stone is all but inaccessible) has become a synonym for acquiring the trick of soft and flattering speech. As Father Prout wrote :

"There is a stone there, that whoever kisses,
Oh! he never misses
to grow eloquent,



Photo by]

[W. Lawrence, Dublin.

CARRIGAPHUCA CASTLE.

This ruined castle, standing about 3 miles west of Macroom, was once a fortress of the M'Carthys. The "pooka," whose supposed residence there is indicated by the name, is a malicious spirit famed in Irish folklore.

'Tis he may clamber to
a lady's chamber,
Or become a Member
of Parliament...."

No one quite knows how the stone came to be invested with such mystic powers. It is said that the term "Blarney" for fair and false promises originated with Queen Elizabeth or someone at her court to describe the behaviour of Cormac Dermot MacCarthy, who found innumerable ingenious excuses to evade his undertaking to come to London.

At the mouth of the Blackwater, on the extreme eastern corner of the county, is the ancient and picturesque town of Youghal, rich in



Photo by]

[W. Lawrence, Dublin.

MEETING OF THE WATERS, MACROOM.

Macroom is a market-town of some importance, lying about 24 miles to the west of Cork. It is celebrated as the native town of Admiral Sir William Penn, father of the founder of Pennsylvania.

memories of Sir Walter Raleigh and other celebrities, and the proud possessor of several interesting antiquities. Its walls, part of the original circuit, still testify to the military importance of the place in earlier times, and there are picturesque "bits" such as "Cromwell's Arch," the Clock Gate, built by the civic authorities in 1771, and Tynte's Castle, a tower which probably dates from the fifteenth century.

The pride of the town is St. Mary's Collegiate Church, one of the rare cases in which restoration has produced a building probably finer than the original. The first church on the site was pre-Norman, but both that and its Norman successor fell on evil days, and the latter was practically rebuilt by the eighth Earl of Desmond in the fifteenth century. Restoration of an extensive character was also carried out by the first or "Great" Earl of Cork, whose seventeenth-century biography is one of the



Photo by]

[W. Lawrence, Dublin.

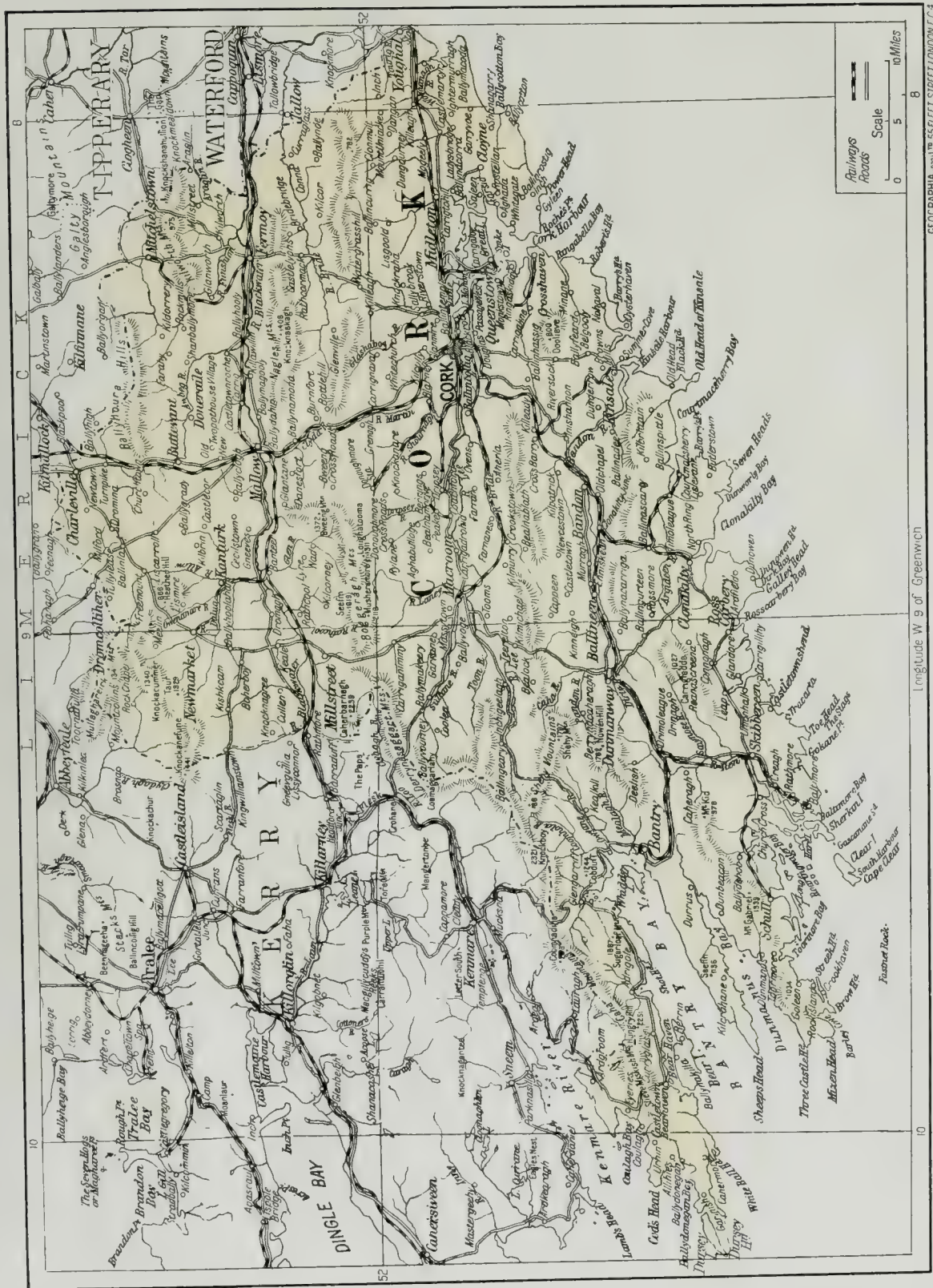
COOLGOWER BRIDGE, MACROOM.

Standing as it does near the confluence of three rivers, the vicinity of Macroom abounds in pretty waterside views.

first and most notable memoirs of the memorable. Among several interesting tombs is that of this eminent pioneer and adventurer.

The house in which Raleigh lived in 1588 and 1589 is a beautiful Elizabethan mansion now known as Myrtle Grove. It is an attractive and characteristic Tudor domestic building, and the setting, so tradition runs, of more than one scene dear to the schoolboy heart. Here was the bucket of water poured over him as he smoked his first pipe on British soil, and in this garden was planted the first potato to make acquaintance with Ireland. Here, too, he received the poet Edmund Spenser, and listened enthralled to the stanzas of the "Faërie Queene."

Spenser's own residence was at Kilcolman Castle, near the little town of Doneraile, on the Limerick border in the north. Here he lived for eight years and wrote that faithful but terribly depressing "View of the Present State of Ireland," as well as a large portion of the "Faërie Queene" and "Colin Clout's Come Home Again." In 1598, however, the disaster overtook him that ultimately caused



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Longitude W 9 of Greenwich

MAP OF COUNTY CORK.

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MEETING OF THE WATERS, CASTLETOWNROCHE.

The village has a picturesque situation on the River Awbeg, whose course lies between steep banks, and derives its name from a castle of the Roches, the old keep of which now forms part of Castle Widenham. In 1649 Lady Roche put up a gallant defence for many days against Cromwell's forces, but the Lords Roche fell on evil days after the Restoration on account of Charles II's ingratitude for their support of the Royal cause.

W. Lawrence, Dublin.

his death. In the Irish rebellion of that year Kilcolman Castle was looted and burned, and though the poet and his wife escaped alive his infant son perished.

The neighbourhood of Kilcolman ruin well illustrates the alternation of bleak and dreary regions with picturesque and well-wooded patches which is highly characteristic of the interior of County Cork. Buttevant has little to recommend it but the very interesting ruins of its Franciscan Abbey. Mallow, on the other hand, is on a delightful stretch of the Blackwater. It once enjoyed considerable fame as a spa, but changing fashions have now left it with little to boast of but the charm of its old houses and streets, the ancient castle of the Desmonds, and its local scenery.

The real "lions" of this county are the magnificent inlets of the Atlantic Ocean on the west (with the routes leading to them) and the splendid cliffs on the southern coast. No one needs telling



Photo by]

RUINS AT BRIDGETOWN

[W. Lawrence, Dublin.

Bridgetown lies 1 mile south of Castletownroche, and about half-way to the latter across the Awbeg stands the picturesque ruin of Bridgetown Abbey.

of the beauties of Bantry Bay, and Glengarriff is as much a household word among lovers of fine scenery as the Lakes of Killarney themselves.

The northern route from Cork to Bantry proceeds through the old town of Macroom (with a castle that may date from the end of the twelfth century) to the fearsome defile of Keighmaneigh, noted a hundred years ago as the haunt of Captain Rock and his gang of bandits who terrorised the countryside for a considerable period. Hard by is the holy mountain lake of Gougane-Barra, almost completely surrounded by great precipices, where St. Fin Barre lived in solitude on the island before his summons to carry the torch of Christian civilisation to Cork.

Bantry itself is not particularly notable, but the long and narrow inlet of the same name is one of the finest of the fjord-like bays that make the west coast of Ireland not unworthy of comparison with Norway. On the north, Slieve Miskish and the Caha Mountains provide a grand background for the tender beauties of Glengarriff, at the head of its island-studded bay. The British Isles are

so rich in scenic wonders that one must be cautious with superlatives, but the adjective has not yet been invented which could do complete justice to this earthly paradise.

Bantry Bay has its little niche in British history. In 1689 there was a famous though indecisive encounter here between a French fleet and an inferior force under Admiral Herbert, and a little more than a century later another French fleet and army under General Hoche attempted to make Bantry the starting-point for an invasion of Ireland—with a ridiculous result which has been duly emphasised in the history books.

On the southern side of Dunmanus Bay there is very fine coast scenery in the neighbourhood of Mizen Head, and further south the meeting of land and ocean is accompanied by every imaginable contortion of contour.

Bold headlands and fine bays succeed one another all along the southern coast of the county, and



Photo by,

BALLYHOOLY.

[W. Laurence, Dublin.]

Ballyhooly, lying almost due north of Cork, is one of the notable beauty spots upon the Blackwater. Ballyhooly Castle, now a ruin, in Cromwellian times was an important stronghold of the Roches.

the shores are everywhere dotted with the picturesque relics of ancient days, among which a very high place is taken by the ruins of the important Franciscan abbey at Timoleague.

The Old Head of Kinsale leaped into tragic prominence in 1915 as the scene of the torpedoing of the *Lusitania* by a German submarine, and Kinsale itself is rich in historic memories. In 1601 it was occupied by the Spaniards for ten weeks, and before the century was over it played a prominent part in James II's unfortunate attempt to use Ireland as a base for military operations against England. It is a picturesque old-world place of crooked streets and crazy houses, and no effort of imagination is required to visualise it as the scene of events that were half grim and half grotesque.



Photo by]

SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S HOUSE, YOUGHAL.

[York & Son.

Myrtle Grove, once the residence of Sir Walter Raleigh, was built in 1586 and was included in a grant made to him for crushing the rebellion of the Earl of Desmond in 1579. It stands almost intact, a fine specimen of an Elizabethan gabled building. Raleigh planted the first potatoes in Ireland, and he is said to have greatly alarmed the servants of the house by smoking tobacco newly introduced from America.



Page 1.

WINDINGS OF THE TAMAR.

[The Photochrom Co., Ltd.

For a considerable part of its course the Tamar, which flows out into Plymouth Sound, forms the boundary between Devon and Cornwall. Its windings take it through some delightful woodland scenery.



Photo by,

A CORNISH DAWN.

[W. Lawrence, Dublin.

Cornwall is famous for its sunrises and sunsets, which have been the inspiration of countless artists. This photograph was taken at Looe, one of the pretty little towns that fringe the Cornish coast.

CORNWALL

ANYONE with even the most casual acquaintance with Cornwall and things Cornish will probably resent being told, what he already knows, that compared with the rest of England this county—or rather Duchy—is to some extent a foreign land, foreign in its scenery and above all in the appearance and manners of its people. Yet this platitude is a necessary starting-point for a survey of the ancient peninsula where Celtic Britain still flies its flag. It is the key to nearly everything that interests the stranger. For it was the geographical character of the region which made possible that isolation of its inhabitants which has enabled them to preserve, almost unchanged through twenty centuries of varied fortunes, their national personality, and above all a certain primitiveness which forcibly strikes even the most casual observer.

An historical disquisition, enticing though it is in the case of Cornwall, is outside the scope of this book, but one salient feature of the Cornish character—its rooted dislike of change—has played so large a part in the making of that history that it deserves a passing reference. Let it be said, then, that Cornishmen have ever distinguished themselves by their championship of lost causes. Trained in the hard school of centuries of conflict with Romans, Anglo-Saxons, Northmen, and Normans, the Britons of Cornwall suffered conquest, but never blended with their conquerors or lost their nationality. How strong Cornish feeling was, even as late as the close of the fifteenth century, is well brought out by Hume in his account of the Cornish insurrection of 1497:

“The inhabitants, numerous and poor, robust and courageous, murmured against a tax, occasioned by a sudden inroad of the Scots, from which they esteemed



Photo by]

LONG TOM.

[J. Bastard.

This ancient cross stands upon Bodmin Moor, a large stretch of wild hill country near Liskeard. Cornwall is particularly rich in these relics of a distant past.



Photo by

TREVETHY STONE.

[L. Bastara]

The cromlechs or dolmens, of which the Trevethy Stone near St. Cleer is one of the most famous, are sepulchral monuments believed to date from the early Bronze Age.

would give it authority ; and, in order to procure the concurrence of the rest of the kingdom, care must be taken, by their orderly deportment, to show that they had nothing in view but the public good, and the redress of those grievances under which the people had so long laboured.

“ Encouraged by these speeches, the multitude flocked together, and armed themselves with axes, bills, bows, and such weapons as country people are usually possessed of. Flammoc and Joseph were chosen their leaders. They soon conducted the Cornish through the county of Devon. . . .”



Photo by

ST. KEYNE'S HOLY WELL.

[C. Uchter Knox]

The waters of St. Keyne's Well, situated between Liskeard and Looe, were supposed to have the power of making, whichever of a newly married couple drank of them first, master for life.

themselves entirely secure, and which had usually been repelled by the force of the northern counties. Their ill-humour was farther incited by one Michael Joseph, a farrier of Bodmin, a notable prating fellow, who, by thrusting himself forward on every occasion, and being loudest in every complaint against the government, had acquired an authority among those rude people. Thomas Flammoc too, a lawyer, who had become the oracle of the neighbourhood, encouraged the sedition, by informing them that the tax, though imposed by parliament, was entirely illegal. . . . The Cornish, he said, must deliver to the king a petition, seconded by such a force as

They marched to London, and “ notwithstanding their rage against the administration, they carefully followed the directions given them by their leaders ; and as they met with no resistance, they committed, during their march, no violence or disorder.”

The enterprise terminated in the Battle of Blackheath, on the very outskirts of the capital. “ They [the Cornish] were formidable from their numbers, being sixteen thousand strong, and were not defective in valour ; but being tumultuary troops, ill armed and not provided with cavalry or artillery, they were but an unequal match for the King's forces. . . . After some resistance, the



Photo by]

THE HARBOUR, LOOE.

[Judges', Ltd.

The harbour at Looe can accommodate vessels of considerable tonnage, which are brought up for consignments of ore and granite and shipped thence to Liskeard and its neighbourhood.



Photo by]

AT LOOE.

[C. Uchter Knox.

In the time of Edward III Looe was the only port of any consequence in Cornwall, except Fowey. It still carries on quite a substantial import and export trade, and for some time had considerable dealings with France, Spain, and the Mediterranean.



Photo by

LOOE.

Judges', Ltd.

Looe, standing at the mouth of the River Looe, was a prominent market town in Henry II's time, and sent ships and men to the siege of Calais in the time of Edward III. It has a church dating from the fourteenth century, and many quaint old houses jumbled together in such irregular order as would have charmed the pen of Ruskin or the brush of Turner.

rebels were broken, and put to flight. Lord Audley, Flammoc, and Joseph, their leaders, were taken and all three executed. *The latter seemed even to exult in his end, and boasted, with a preposterous ambition, that he should make a figure in history. . . .*

The "preposterous ambition" is a little cruel, but the spirit of sturdy independence that inspired the revolt against cold and calculating Henry Tudor still lives between the Tamar and Land's End.

In the Civil War, nowhere did the Royalist cause find stouter adherents. Witness the famous letter from Charles I, copies of which can still be seen in Cornish churches.

"C.R.

"TO THE INHABITANTS OF THE COUNTY OF CORNWALL.

"We are so highly sensible of the merits of our County of Cornwall, of their zeal for the defence of our person and the just rights of our Crown, in a time when we could contribute so little to our own defence, or to their assistance; in a time when not only no reward appeared, but great and probable dangers were threatened to obedience and loyalty; of their great and eminent courage and patience in their indefatigable prosecution of their great work against so potent an enemy, backed with so strong, rich and populous cities, and so plentifully furnished and supplied with men, arms, money, ammunition, and provision of all kinds; and of the wonderful success with which it pleased Almighty God (though with the loss of some most eminent persons,



Photo by]

W. LOOE, LOOKING ACROSS TO E. LOOE.

[E. Bastard.

West Looe and East Looe, the two towns composing Looe, are separated by a creek and connected by a long bridge.



Photo by]

OLDEST HOUSE IN POLPERRO.

[H. Felton.

This small fishing town lies 5½ miles east of Fowey. Polperro is an ancient place, and was once a notorious haunt of smugglers.

who shall never be forgotten by us), to reward their loyalty and patience by many strange victories over their and our enemies, in despite of all human probability and all imaginable disadvantages ; that as we cannot be forgetful of so great a desert, so we cannot but desire to publish it to all the world, and perpetuate to all time the memory of their merits, and of our acceptance of the same ; and to that end we do hereby render our royal thanks to that our County in the most public and lasting manner we

can devise, commanding copies hereof to be printed and published, and one of them to be read in every church and chapel therein, and to be kept for ever as a record in the same ; that as long as the history of these times and of this nation shall continue, the memory of how much that County hath merited from us and our crown, may be derived with it to posterity. Given at our camp at Sudely Castle, the 10th of September, 1643."

Throughout the eighteenth century the Cornish continued to distinguish themselves by the strength of their local feeling, and the fact that it was tinged with a marked strain of primitive barbarism is proved by the practice of wrecking (i.e. luring ships to destruction by displaying lights, and so forth), which was undoubtedly prevalent. It was not for nothing that John Wesley made Cornwall the scene of a special spiritual campaign in which the wickedness of this means of livelihood was brought home to the mining and seafaring population. The religious revival of that time was unquestionably one of the events in the duchy's history the effects of which can be observed even to-day.

During the last fifty years Cornwall has been steadily coming into its own, for the aspect which mainly concerns BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL, as the possessor of some of the finest scenery in the British Isles. But it may be said here



Phot. by

FISHERMEN IN POLPERRO.

A. H. Hall.

The fishing industry in Cornwall shows no diminution, though mining is now a decayed industry. As far back as 1776 its principal fishery is given as pilchards, and to this day the inhabitants of Polperro continue to be employed in the pilchard-fishing and the coasting trade.

and now that the term "Cornish Riviera" fosters an immense illusion. The mildness of the climate is the only point of resemblance between Cornwall and the so-called "Rivieras" of the Continent, and though there are some charming wooded valleys the interior of the county is in the main bare and uninviting and its well-merited reputation for its scenery is based almost entirely on its rocky coast.

A typical bit of old Cornwall greets the traveller who crosses the Tamar from the Devonshire side



Photo by]

A BIT OF POLPERRO.

[H. Felton.

This quaint fishing village partakes of much of the charm which distinguishes Cornwall among English rural counties. The beautiful climate and scenery attract many prominent artists, and the ancient and modern beauties of the county have been well portrayed as well as the humours and traits of the people.

by that seventh wonder of the Victorian world—Brunel's Royal Albert Bridge. For Saltash, perched crazily on its steep bank, has its appearance as well as its name to indicate its great antiquity. Not that it has altogether preserved the picturesque of the past; its propinquity to busy Plymouth has involved to some extent the intrusion of suburbia into its ancient peace, and even the older part of the town owes some of its historic atmosphere to a certain musty disorder. It may certainly be surmised that the Saltash which the Cornish Royalists recovered for King Charles in 1643 was a eighteenth-century domestic architecture in England. The style here is comparatively successful.

It has often been said that, generally speaking, the Cornish churches are somewhat poor, but an

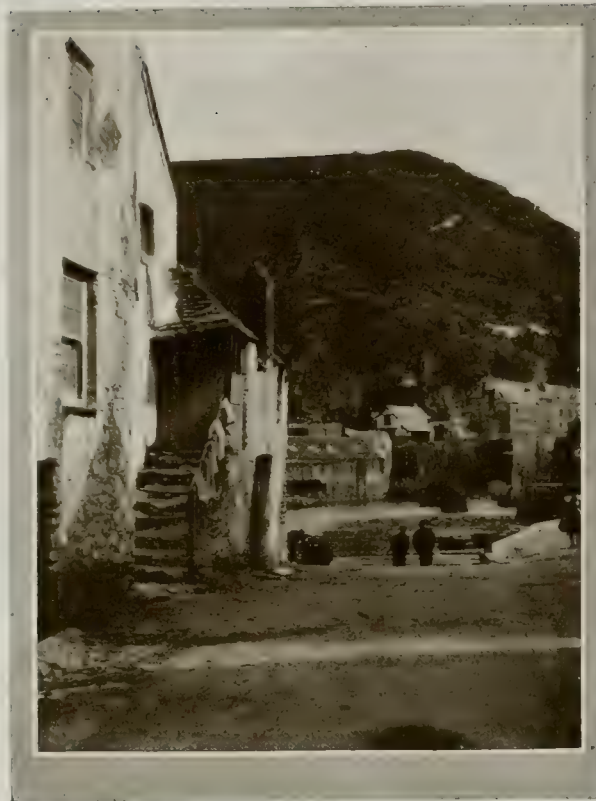


Photo by]

POLPERRO.

[R. C. de Morgan

Polperro stands on the rocky shore of an inlet embraced by a ravine, and is surrounded by rock formations of great interest to geologists. The prefix "Pol"=a pool.

more attractive place than its modern representative.

For those whom the old houses of Saltash cannot carry far back enough into the past, there is in the immediate neighbourhood the ivy-mantled ruin of Trematon Castle, whose days of usefulness had expired even by the time of the Civil War. Another object of architectural interest (though of a different kind) in this quarter is the mansion which Gibbs built for the Carews in 1721. Anthony is known mainly for its collection of pictures by masters of various schools, and the house itself has a place among the existing specimens of early



Photo by]

POLPERRO HARBOUR MOUTH.

[Judges', Ltd

The fishing industry employs a great many men on the sea, and women as well as children on land engaged in salting, pressing, washing, and cleaning, in making and repairing nets, etc. Large quantities of pilchards are exported.



Leonard Francis

THE HARBOUR, POLPERRO.

London, R.B.A.

Polperro, a quaint fishing village in a valley on the south coast of Cornwall, has a picturesque natural harbour which serves as a haven for the fishing-boats upon which the inhabitants mainly depend for their livelihood. The chief catch is pilchards, and Polperro derives most of its importance from the fact that it is one of the main outlets for the large fish exports of the county.

exception must certainly be made in favour of the church of St. Germans, at the head of the Lynher, a charming tributary of the Tamar. Its Norman west front, with a fine doorway and towers in that style, is a feature rare in this county. The church is interesting, too, as the successor of the cathedral which was the centre of the first Cornish bishopric, which lasted from the time of Athelstan to its merger in the see of Exeter in the middle of the eleventh century. It is difficult now to imagine the quiet little town as a busy centre of ecclesiastical industry, and even more difficult to see in the adjoining mansion of Port Eliot all that is left of a once famous priory. The name of Eliot stands in high honour and renown in the county. None bore it more worthily than the courageous opponent of Charles I, Sir John Eliot. As every schoolboy knows, he was flung into the Tower by that monarch and died there after three years' confinement. But every schoolboy does not know that the King demeaned himself by refusing to allow this great Cornishman's body to be returned for burial in his native place.



Photo by

POLPERRO.

[R. C. de Morgan]

In the grey light of the morning or evening this typical little Cornish town, with its fishing boats and irregularly built cottages, is seen at its best.

Between the Lynher and the Channel there is an odd peninsula which terminates on the south in the fine promontory of Rame Head and a magnificent stretch of cliffs overlooking Whitesand Bay.

But the real celebrity of this corner of the county is the palatial house and demesne of Mount Edgcumbe, which is such a beautiful feature of the landscape seen from Plymouth Hoe. The view from the Plymouth side is perhaps even excelled by the view from Mount Edgcumbe itself, a panorama which can have few rivals in the British Isles. It is said that the commander of the Spanish Armada, the haughty Duke of Medina Sidonia, was so smitten with the charm of the spot that he staked out a claim for it to Philip II as his reward for the conquest of England. But there are two drawbacks to this pretty story. It is a moral certainty that the Spanish commander was never within sight of this point of the coast, and even the grandest of grandees would hardly have been so tactless as to talk of rewards to the downcast Philip when the hapless expedition returned !

Proceeding westwards along the coast, the next point of interest is Looe, a name which is a lazy modernism for East and West Looe, the twin hamlets separated by the little river Looe. Time was, and not very long ago, when people visited Looe to see a primitive human community in its ancient home.



Photo by

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

RESTORMEL CASTLE.

This castle, standing on a hill overlooking the valley of the Fowey, was built in Henry III's time and was originally a palace of the Norman Earls of Cornwall. It figured in the Civil Wars; and is now a circular ivy-decked ruin surrounded by a moat.

little church of St. Nicholas, which the Victorians meritoriously rescued from baser uses. It was originally a chapel, but fell on evil days and touched the depths of disgrace by being used as a town-hall and then a temporary theatre!

Among the many merits of Looe, or the Looes, must be reckoned the stupendous local effort which sent forth twenty ships and over three hundred men to help Edward III in the siege of Calais.

Inland the country slopes up on each side of the ravine furrowed by the River Looe to the Bodmin



Photo by

[H. J. Smith.]

FOURTEENTH-CENTURY BRIDGE, LOSTWITHIEL.

Lostwithiel, one of the ancient stannary towns of Cornwall, was the scene of the defeat of the Parliamentarians by the Royalists in 1644. It has a church which also dates from the fourteenth century.

East Looe, in particular, still wears the garb of mediævalism, and no one on the hunt for the "old-fashioned" will be disappointed even now. But the hand of the week-end is visible and the place is fast becoming a popular seaside resort—with all it implies. The fourteenth-century bridge, with its multitudinous narrow arches, gave place in the last century to one which is far less picturesque but more "commodious," to use an adjective beloved of Victorian topographers. West Looe looks, and is, more modern than its eastern neighbour, but it has one antiquarian gem in the

moors. Almost at the foot of this knot of high ground is the ancient town of Liskeard, over the origin of whose name the experts have quarrelled in the most approved manner. Relics of its former importance are hard to seek, as the Norman castle was long since levelled and a town park occupies its site. In the Civil War the town was as stoutly Royalist as any part of the duchy. It was to Liskeard that Sir Ralph Hopton came after his startling victory on Braddoc Down, near Lostwithiel, and King Charles expressed his

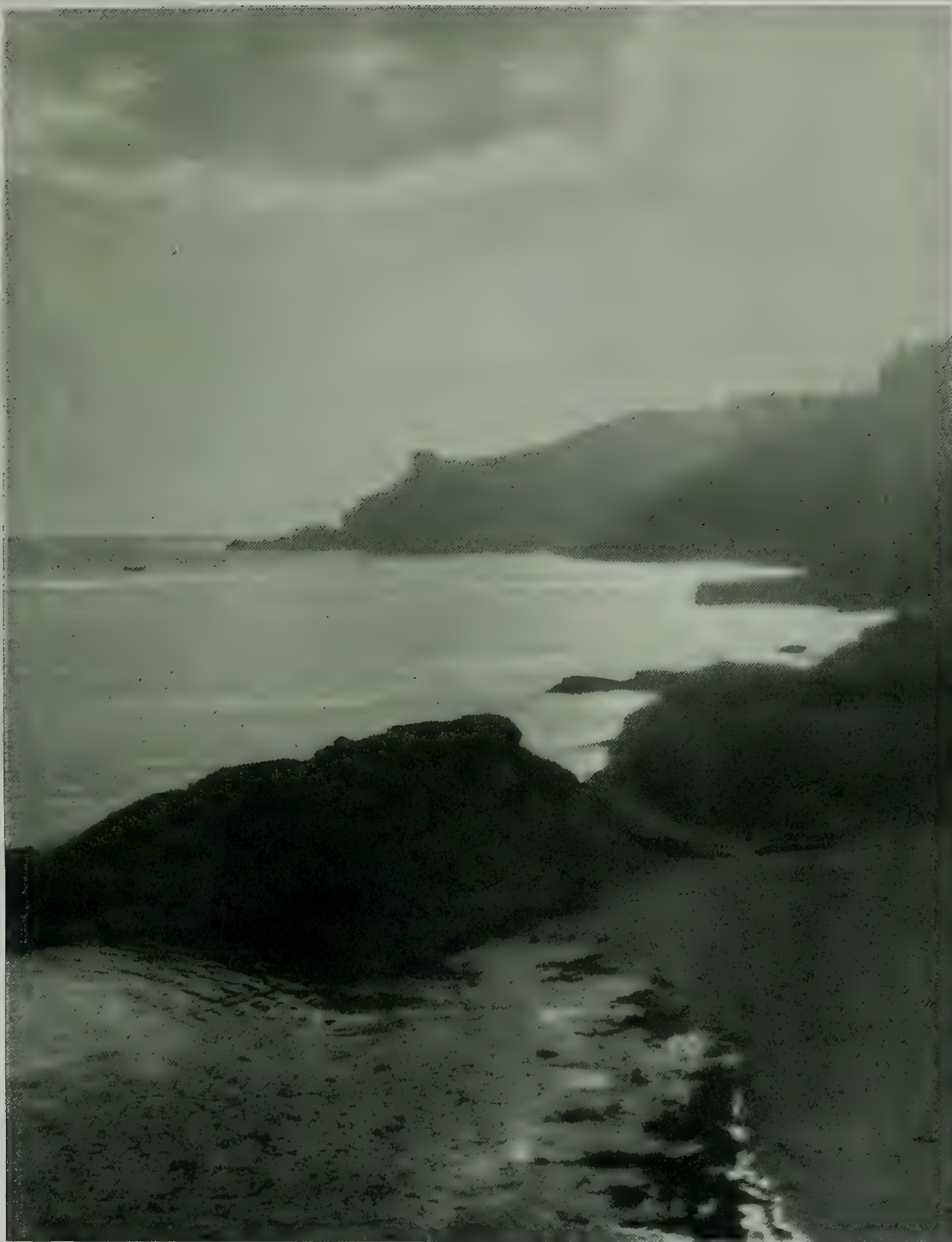


Photo by]

COAST AT FOWEY.

[Hoppe.

Fowey stands on the right bank of the River Fowey a mile or so from its mouth, and lies in a valley surrounded by hills. As a Cornish seaport it is characteristically quaint and is very irregularly built, the coast at this point being also very rugged. It once figured as one of the principal seaports of England, and many vessels were fitted out here for the Crusades.



Photo by

PASSAGE FERRY FROM BODINNICK.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

Bodinnick is a hamlet in the east of Cornwall, half a mile east of Fowey. A road connects Polperro with Bodinnick Ferry.

appreciation of this hotbed of loyalist feeling by visiting it twice when his fortunes were certainly on the wane.

One of the chief celebrities in the neighbourhood of Liskeard is St. Keyne's Well, traditionally possessed of remarkable powers. "Lest you make a wonder first at the saint, before you take notice of the well," says Carew, "you must understand, that this was not Kayne the manqueller, but one of a gentler spirit, and milder sex, to wit, a woman. He who caused the spring to be pictured added this rhyme for an exposition :

'The quality, that man or wife,
Whose chance, or choice, attains,
First of this sacred stream to drink,
Thereby the mastery gains.' "



Photo by]

Judges', Ltd.

FOWEY HARBOUR.

The excellent harbour is well sheltered by hills and can accommodate large vessels. The commercial importance of the town was recognised as far back as the time of Edward III, when it was made a member of the Cinque Ports. The "Gallants of Fowey," as its seamen were then called, are remembered for their plundering raids on the coast of Normandy.

Southey improved upon this in his delightfully whimsical rhymed story of a husband who was the first to get out of the church on his pilgrimage to the well, but found himself outwitted by his shrewd lady, who had adopted the precaution of taking a bottle of its water to the wedding ceremony !

But the most celebrated natural curiosity hereabouts is the remarkable pile of rocks known as the "Cheesewring," from its resemblance to the machine used for getting cider from the compressed pulp of apples (*fam.* "cheese"). For centuries this pile was regarded as artificial and associated in some way with druidical practices. But science has stepped in and corrected this flight of imagination, and the Cheesewring is now accepted as a natural phenomenon, due to the lower weathering power of the material in which the granite was embedded.

There is another holy well at St. Cleer, with a charming ancient chapel. The church has some fine features, but is not to be compared for interest or beauty with that of St. Neot's, which has a corner



Photo by

ST. AUSTELL: ROCHE ROCKS.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

St. Austell is the centre of the china-clay industry. The Roche Rocks, some 5 miles north-west of St. Austell, rise to a height of 680 feet.

ease." When robbers stole the oxen from his monastery he brought it about that stags came from the neighbouring woods and "offered their necks to the yoke." He was also fed miraculously from a spring. It was the home of three fishes, but so long as the saint took no more than one at a time for his midday meal he always found their number undiminished.

St. Neot is close to the Fowey River, which proceeds westwards for a space before turning south to slip through a beautiful defile into the noble estuary on which stands the famous little town of

of its own in the history of ecclesiastical glass-painting.

Many and wonderful are the stories of the saint's miraculous doings, some of which are recorded pictorially in one of the splendid stained-glass windows of the church. He was so small that "when he performed mass he was obliged to be exalted on an iron stool," and he was actually unable to reach the keyhole of the church door to unlock it, to meet which difficulty he stood on a high stone at some distance and "would fling the key into the lock with the greatest certainty and

ease." Just below the right-angular bend is one of the most charming places in the county, with the musical (and much debated) name of Lostwithiel. It is the centre of one of the most attractive inland districts of Cornwall, and itself has an old-world, unspoiled air, to which a fourteenth-century bridge and a particularly graceful church very largely contribute.

This church suffered very severely from the ravages of the Parliamentary soldiers in the Civil War. We are told that it "was converted into a stable, where they



Photo by

A COVE NEAR ST. AUSTELL.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

St. Austell is situated on the side of a hill which descends to a narrow vale watered by a rivulet. It dates from about the time of Henry VIII.



By permission of

MEVAGISSEY.

Mevagissey stands on a bay of the same name 5 miles south of St. Austell. Its inhabitants are mostly engaged in the pilchard fisheries, which have been a local industry for many centuries, and the harbour is excellent. There is a fixed light here visible for a distance of 10 miles.

(Underwood Press Service.



Photo by

TRURO CATHEDRAL.

(Judges', Ltd.)

Truro was chosen as the cathedral city on the reconstitution of the see of Cornwall in 1876. The cathedral, begun in 1880, was completed in 1910, and is an imposing structure in the Early English style. The choir, which was consecrated in 1887, contains a magnificent reredos. The baptistery is a memorial of Henry Martyn, a missionary who was a native of the city.

not only lodged and fed their horses, but treated the lofty edifice with the most hideous contempt and sacrilege. Among these acts of infidelity and barbarism, one man is said to have brought his horse to the font, and there sprinkling water in its face, and crossing the forehead with his finger, said, 'Charles, I baptize thee . . . and do sign thee with the cross, in token that thou shalt not be ashamed hereafter to fight against the round-heads in London.' "

But the same chronicler admits that religious bigotry is not solely responsible for the spoliation of the church, for he adds that "the interior formerly contained several interesting antiquities, but these are nearly destroyed, *to make room for modern accommodation.*"

Perhaps the good folks of Lostwithiel have derived some consolation from the fact that they have only a mile or so to walk to find themselves on Braddock Down, where the Parliamentarians suffered one of the worst reverses they ever experienced, and at the hands of an enthusiastic Cornish Royalist, Sir Ralph Hopton.

It was about this time that the King's enemies found a use for the venerable ruin of Restormel Castle, just north of Lostwithiel. This attractive ivy-mantled relic was once a great fortress. It apparently dates from about the time of Henry III and was frequently visited or occupied as a residence by the Earls of Cornwall. The castle was a ruin in Queen Elizabeth's time, for Carew wrote feelingly that: "Certes, it may move compassion, that a palace, so healthful for air, so delightful for prospect, so necessary for commodities, so fair (in regard of those days) for building, and so strong for defence, should in time of secure peace, and under the protection



Photo by

THE FAL AT MALPAS.

'Judges', Ltd.

The Fal rises near Roche and flows a distance of 23 miles to the English Channel at Falmouth. Malpas, 2 miles south-east of Truro, was the birthplace of Matthew Henry, the commentator, and Bishop Heber, the hymn-writer.



Photo by

ST. CLEMENT'S, NEAR TRURO.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

St. Clement stands at the head of the Fal estuary, 2 miles south-east of Truro. The church, still in good condition, contains a transept belonging to the thirteenth century.



Photo by GERRANS CHURCH, ROSELAND. (E. Step.)

The village of Gerrans, which stands on the west side of a bay of its own name, is supposed to have been founded by a King of Cornwall, Gerennius, in the latter part of the sixth century. The church contains a monument to the Hobbe family.

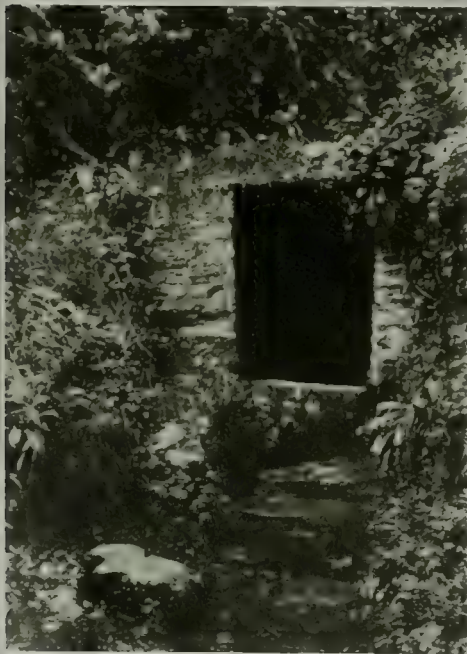


Photo by CORNISH WELL, ST. JUST-IN-ROSELAND. (E. Step.)

The village stands on St. Just Creek on the east side of Falmouth Harbour. There are traces of an old circular fort on Bartini Hill. The quaint old well is peculiarly Cornish in style.

of his natural princes, be wronged with those spoilings, than which it could endure no greater, at the hands of any foreign and deadly enemy; for the park is disparked, the timber rooted up, the conduit-pipes taken away, the roof made sale of, the planchings rotten . . . only there remaineth an utter defacement, to complain upon this unregarded distress."

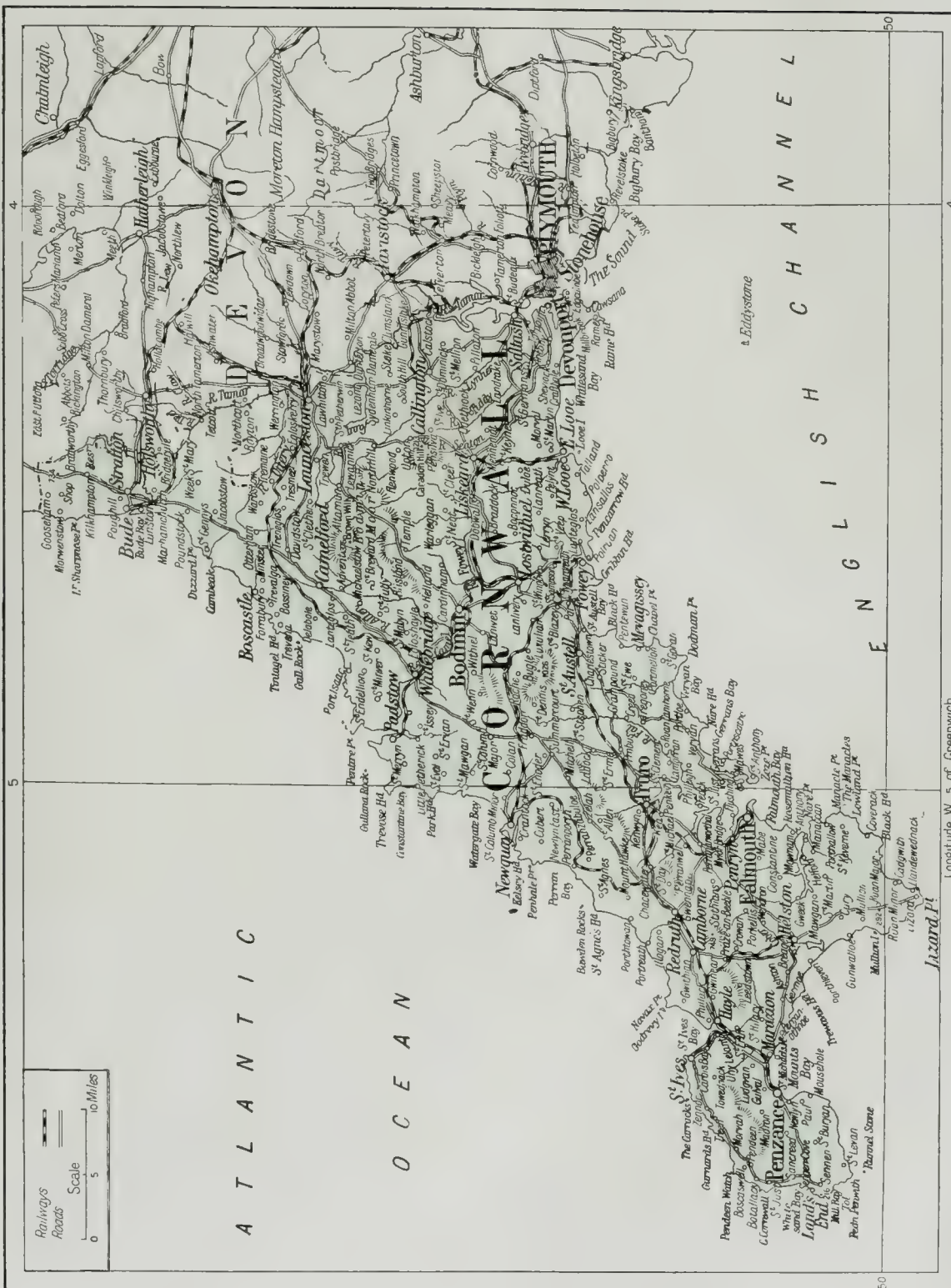
Between Lostwithiel and the sea the Fowey is a beautiful stream, flowing between wooded banks. As the Channel is approached it widens out into a respectable estuary which was once the haunt of brave and adventurous seamen whose doings have a prominent and brilliant place in the earlier naval annals of England. To Fowey belongs the honour of sending the largest quota of ships to Edward III's expedition against Calais, and a century later or so the French paid the townsmen the startling compliment of singling them out for special attack. It was a spectacular affair. The enemy carried out a surprise landing by night; the town was captured and set on fire, but the onslaught on Place House, the residence of the family of Treffry, was beaten off in the most gallant style, and the expedition then withdrew.

A few years later an even greater disaster befell Fowey when a new King had ascended the throne and for reasons of state desired the friendship of France.

The story of the Rise and Progress, and Decline and Fall of Fowey's maritime greatness is admirably and succinctly given by old Leland:

"The glorie of Fowey rose by the warres, in King Edward the firste and thirde, and Henry the V. day, partly by feats of warre, partly by pyracie, and so waxing riche, felle al to merchaundice, so that the town was haunted with shippes of diverse nations, and their shippes went to al nations. The shippes of Fowey sayling by Rhie and Winchelsey, about Edward the IIIrd. tyme, would vaile no bonet beyng required, whereupon Rhie and Winchelsey men, and they fought, when Fowey men had victorie, and thereupon bare their arms mixt with the arms of Rhie and Winchelsey, and then rose the name of the Gallants of Fowey. When warre in England 4 days ceased, betwene the French men and English, the men of Fowey used to pray [prey] kept their shippes, and assalid the French men in the sea, agaynst King Edward's commandment, whereupon the Captaines of the shippes of Fowey were taken and sent to London, and Dartmouth men commanded to fetch their shippes away, at which time Dartmouth men took away, as it is sayde, their great chaine that was made to be drawn over the haven from town to town."

But if Fowey, for all its splendid harbour, is now a ghost, it is a picturesque ghost. It has some



Geographical coordinates: Longitude W. 5 of Greenwich, Latitude 50° 45' N. The map is titled "MAP OF CORNWALL" and is published by "GEORGRAPHICAL INSTITUTION, 55, WHITE STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4".

MAP OF CORNWALL.



Photo by

THE HARBOUR, ST. MAWES.

[Judges', Ltd.]

St. Mawes' Harbour is an offshoot of Falmouth Bay and may have got its name from St. Mawe, an early hermit of Wales, but it is more probably a corruption from St. Mary. Henry VIII erected a castle here in 1542 to protect Falmouth Harbour against the French.



Photo by

PENDENNIS HEAD AND CASTLE, FALMOUTH.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

Falmouth stands on a peninsula terminating in a point crowned by Pendennis Castle, which stands many feet above sea-level, and covers a great area. Its circular tower was built in Henry VII's time, and enlargements were made during Elizabeth's reign.

quaint old houses, the ruins of its forts, and a fine fifteenth-century church, which was the official burial-place of the Treffrys. The monument to John Treffry in the south aisle is the subject of a well-known observation by Polwhele: "This was put up during the lifetime of Mr. Treffry by his direction. He was a whimsical kind of man. He had his grave dug, and lay down and swore in it, to show the sexton a novelty."

Another Place House stands on the site of the fortified mansion which defied the fury of the French on that exciting night in 1457. The earliest part of the present house dates from the time of Henry VII, and something is also left of the Elizabethan additions. The Tudor portion is an alloyed delight, but critics differ as to the merits of the later restoration. Leland records that after the great fight Thomas Treffry "builded a right faire and strong embattled tower in his house, and embattled it to the walls of his house, in a manner made it a castle, and unto this day it is the glory of the towne building of Foey." But of that tower nothing is now to be seen.

The Luxulyan valley, east of that of the Fowey, is

one of the few features of the county which give the lie to the Devon men's gibe that Cornwall cannot produce enough wood to make a coffin. With its trees and tumbling stream in a furrow of granite, it is not inaptly described by that over-worked and ill-used epithet "romantic." An atmosphere of romance also clings to the church of Luxulyan itself, for here, in a specially adapted chamber in the



Photo by,

BARRACKS OPE, FALMOUTH.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

Framed in this opening the sailing-boats below make a charming picture. Falmouth is a centre for yachting as well as for the fishing industry.



By permission of

THE LIZARD.

Underwood Press Service.

This headland in the south-west of Cornwall is the most southerly promontory of England. It consists of a tableland some hundreds of feet in height.

is not only thriving but actually growing, to the great benefit of the inhabitants. As this work is concerned with picturesqueness rather than prosperity, it must be confessed that nothing in the town calls for special mention except the church, which is worthy of immense respect, both within and without. It has an Early Decorated chancel and a remarkably fine Perpendicular nave and tower, with carved figures. Externally, the most notable feature is the emblems of the Crucifixion

tower, were long stored the records of the Stannary of the county. In the Civil War they were transferred to Lostwithiel for greater security. But such is the contrariness of Fate that it was not long before they were destroyed—to the distress and dismay of lawyer antiquarians and a few others.

The valley is also noted for its profusion of boulders, one of which, a porphyry monster, was fashioned into a sarcophagus for the Duke of Wellington.

When we come to St. Austell, we are in the centre of one of the few districts of Cornwall which are "alive" in a commercial sense. For though the tin-mines of the vicinity have long since ceased to absorb the activities of the local population, the china-clay industry

which are sculptured on the buttresses of the south side, a form of pious ornamentation which is very rare in this country. Internally, the building is famous for some of its beautiful stained-glass windows.

The china-clay of St. Austell makes its way into the world via the little port of Charles-town, near to which is the granite boulder, the "Giant's Staff," which is the centre of one of Cornwall's most agreeable legends. The giant was crossing the hills above Carclaze one night, when a gust of wind carried away his hat. He planted his staff in the ground to facilitate his chase after the hat, but in the intense blackness of the night not only failed to retrieve it but could not find the staff either. Both were found by the awe-stricken



Photo by

POLRAN CASTLE, OPPOSITE FALMOUTH.

[H. Felton.]

Falmouth is pleasantly situated on the west side of the estuary of the Fal. Opposite, on the east side, which is connected with the west by a steam-ferry, are St. Mawes and another of the castles erected by Henry VIII to protect the harbour.



By permission of]

CADGWITH.

[Underwood Press Service.

This is a pretty fishing village and seaside resort, lying in a valley $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles north-east of Lizard Head. Near it is a pit or amphitheatre called the "Devil's Frying-pan" with sides two hundred feet high, into which the rising tide flows through an arch. Iron pyrites, amianthus, and other minerals are found at this spot.



By permission of

KYNANCE COVE.

[Underwood Press Service.]

This little bay lies $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles north-west of Lizard Head. The cliffs and shaggy rocks, dotted with peculiar grottos, combine to make its shores strikingly picturesque. A quantity of serpentine and fine pebbles are found near by, the serpentine being manufactured into tables, columns, and ornaments.

local inhabitants next morning. The staff, a genuine witness to the truth of the story, remains *in situ* to this day, and that hat would have been equally visible had not some soldiers, encamped on these cliffs in 1798, pitched it into the sea under a foolish impression that it was responsible for the bad weather they experienced!

After the two indentations of Veryan Bay and Gerrans Bay, the coast is next broken by the fine inlet of Falmouth Harbour, once the gateway to the New World. For the splendours of this great sheet of water, credit is usually, and quite erroneously, given to the River Fal; a stream quite in-



Photo by

[E. Bastard.

KYNANCE COVE.

At high water a pyramidal rock, called Asparagus Island, rises into view. This rock has two chasms, called the Devil's Throat and the Devil's Bellows, the latter of which ejects a volume of water with great force at certain states of the tide.



Photo by

MULLION ISLAND FROM THE COVES.

[Photograph Co., Ltd.

Mullion Island lies off the coast some miles north of Lizard Point. It is separated from the mainland by a passage called the Gap and is about a mile in circumference.

capable of producing so noble a junction with the sea without the potent assistance of the Truro and Tressillian rivers.

This splendid estuary, which is tidal all the way up to Truro, must always have invited exploitation for maritime and commercial uses, but curiously enough Falmouth itself is only the final recognition of its natural advantages. There is an "Old" and a "New" quarter, but even the "Old" quarter is new compared with Fowey, and practi-

cally nothing is left of the buildings which came into existence as the result of the local patriotism and foresight of the Killigrews, a family who badgered and bullied the Stuarts into giving their foundling royal recognition. Fortunately, something remains of Arwenack House, the Killigrew mansion. In the Civil War the house of that time was set on fire by bombardment from the walls of Pendennis Castle, whose gallant governor, John Arundell (*fam.* "John-for-the-King"), was determined that it should not fall into the possession of the "Psalm-singers," as he called them.

Though Falmouth has long been an important haven, it only came into existence as a town in the seventeenth century, and its first appearance under that name is in a charter of 1661. Leland speaks of it as "a havyn very notable and famose, and in a manner the most principale of al Britayne," but says not a word about any town. We are also told that Sir Walter Raleigh once called



Photo by

HELSTON LOOE POOL.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

Helston stands one mile north of Looe Pool, to the south-west of Falmouth. It is one of the Stannary towns and within easy reach of the Lizard. Flora Day (May 8) is a popular annual event and large crowds come to the town to see couples taking part in the solemn "Furry Dance," in which they move through the streets and gardens.

here, being entertained at the mansion of Arwenack and installing his men *at the solitary house*. By the end of that century, however, it was a growing and thriving place, mainly owing to its selection as the station for post-office packets to the West Indies. In the middle of the next century the packets for New York began to sail from here; and until the era of steam the place had no difficulty in holding its own with the leading ports of the kingdom. Then science made shipping more or less independent of the forces of nature, and the great days of Falmouth were over. Its greatest claim to a place on the scroll of fame is its part in the Civil War of the seventeenth century and the siege at the hands of the Parliamentary forces under Fairfax. Pendennis Castle came into existence in Tudor days. "Henry the Eighth," we are told, "having warrs with the Frenche, buylte there first a Castelle, which now serveth for the governor's howse, a strong rounde pyle; but since her late Majestie [Queen Elizabeth], having like occasions with the Spaniardes, fortified it more strongly." In 1644 it was the home of



Photo by]

A FISHERMAN'S COTTAGE, NEWLYN.

[E. O. Hoppé.

The little fishing village of Newlyn, close to Penzance, has become well known as the abode of a group of artists, in whose work almost every corner of the place and type of its inhabitants has been depicted.



By permission of

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT, NEAR PENZANCE.

This is a small island lying in Mount's Bay 3 miles east of Penzance. The Mount, composed of granite rock, is joined to the mainland by a causeway which for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four is under water. Edward the Confessor founded a Benedictine priory on the summit of the Mount, and some remains of the ancient building still stand.

[The G.W. Railway.]

Queen Henrietta Maria at a time when her husband's cause was going ill, and two years later it received a visit from Prince Charles. At the time of the siege its governor was the octogenarian John Arundell, who only surrendered after a close investment of six months and when all food stores were completely exhausted.

In the eighteenth century the only warfare Falmouth experienced was spiritual. John Wesley records in his diary (August 18, 1789): "The last time I was here, above forty years ago, I was taken prisoner by an immense mob, gaping and roaring like lions. But how is the tide turned! High and low now lined the street, from one end of the town to the other, out of stark love and kindness, gaping and staring as if the King were going by. In the evening I preached on the smooth top of the hill,



By permission of,

[The G.W. Railway.

LANYON QUOIT, PENZANCE.

Cornwall is a splendid hunting-ground for the antiquarian. Among the most interesting remains are many cromlechs, such as this one, which are supposed to date from the Bronze Age.

at a small distance from the sea, to the largest congregation I have ever seen in Cornwall, except in or near Redruth."

Truro has come into its own again as the intellectual centre of the Duchy, after a period of comparative eclipse. A hundred years ago it could be said with truth that "it concentrates in itself all the elegance of this distant county. Here all the modes of polished life are visible in genteel houses, elegant hospitality, fashionable apparel, and courteous manners"; and two centuries earlier Norden recorded that "there is not a towne in the west part of the shyre, more commendable for neatnes of buyldinges, and for being served of all kynd of necessities, nor more discommendable for pryde of the people." It was "a pretty compacted towne, well peopled, and wealthy marchauntes, althowgthe it be

somote from the haven, yet it exceedeth Perin " [Penryn : Falmouth did not then exist] " the haven towne, for providence, traffique and good government."

But most relics of ancient Truro have long since vanished, and its main claim to fame now rests on the modern cathedral, which came into being after the creation of the bishopric of Truro in 1876. The architect was not given a clear field, and most of the criticisms of his church are possibly to be traced to the limitations that were imposed upon him. In the first place, the site was remarkably cramped and confined, and, secondly, he was instructed to incorporate some part at least of the ancient church of St. Mary's. On the whole he solved his problem very effectively. The best feature of St. Mary's was preserved in the new building, and its monuments were transferred there, so that at least one memorable example of Jacobean sepulchral art has found a worthy setting. This is the tomb of John Robartes and his wife, members of a family bearing one of the most ancient and honoured names in the Duchy.



Photo by]

APPROACHING STORM, EASTERN BEACH, PENZANCE.

[Judges', Ltd.

The word "Penzance" means "holy headland," and this name it owes to a chapel of St. Anthony, which used to stand there. In 1595 the town was burnt by the Spaniards, and a further misfortune befell it in 1646, when it was plundered by Fairfax. At no place along the Cornish coast are finer effects of sea and sky to be witnessed.

It is impossible here to enumerate the distinctive features of this fine modern cathedral ; perhaps the most successful is the baptistery which commemorates the life and work of young Henry Martyn, the inspired and whole-souled missionary.

West of Truro lies the portion of the county which seems best to have preserved the imprint of wild nature and a grim past. The cliffs of the south coast are indescribably grand, as indeed they need to be to hold up the savage onslaughts of the Atlantic. The interior is wild and bare, and studded with monuments of primitive and remote times. Human habitations are mostly such as will best withstand the fury of the ocean gales, and picturesqueness must in general be sacrificed to utility. Yet it is this remote corner of Cornwall which probably has the greatest fascination for the visitor, and not only the visitor whose odd psychology leads him to derive immense satisfaction from merely having reached the Land's End. As we shall see when we come to that promontory itself, the achievement is *per se* only a sentimental triumph. The cliffs of Moher, for instance, provide a much more impressive spectacle.



Photo by]

NEAR LAND'S END.

[“ Sport and General.”

Land's End, the extreme westernmost point of England, is a granite mass about 60 feet high, capped with turf. From this a narrow ridge juts out into the sea. Close by is some of the finest rock scenery in the county.



Photo by

LAND'S END : GOG AND MAGOG.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

In a direct line Land's End is only 10 miles from Penzance, but this distance can be prolonged by magnificent walks or drives which can be made along the coast. These rocks stand out conspicuously as among the finest in the Land's End neighbourhood.

But there is an atmosphere of romance and legend (somewhat sinister, if you like) which broods over this desolate region, and this it is which in all probability has inspired the army of scribes and myriads of tourists.

The sinister side of this fascination is conjured up by the group of rocks called the Manacles, which have ever been a standing terror to ships making for Falmouth, and are one of the prominent features of the eastern coast of the Lizard promontory. Many and dire have been the marine disasters of which they were the scene. The ancient church of St. Keverne, on the mainland, is full of memorials of these triumphs of the savage forces of nature over the ingenuity and audacity of man.

The Lizard promontory derives its attraction not only from the gaunt forms of its splendid cliffs, but even more perhaps from the colours of the beautiful serpentine rock of which the larger part of the



Photo by]

[C. Uchter Knox.

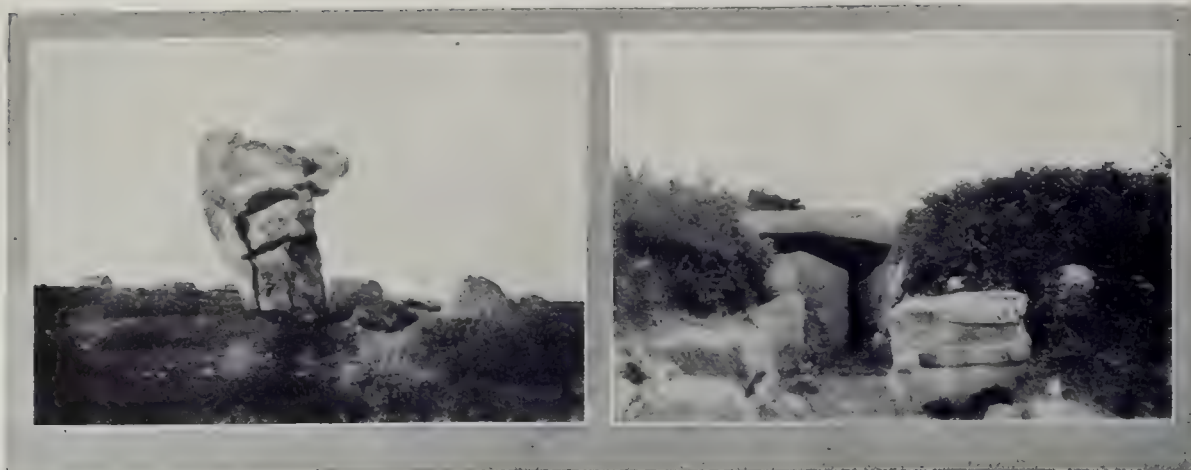
LAND'S END.

Looking westward from Land's End immediately in front can be seen the Longships Lighthouse, while beyond, about 25 miles distant, lie the Scilly Isles. These cannot be seen in this photograph.

peninsula is composed. From the point of view of colouring, the Land's End must be admitted to be inferior to the Lizard as a spectacle. Nor does the merit of the serpentine end there, for it can be worked up into all sorts of attractive objects, with a marketable value, and thus provides a livelihood for the inhabitants of the peninsula.

Between these two promontories lies Penzance, in the apex of Mount's Bay, and overlooking the little island of St. Michael's Mount (which, for all its charm, is not the equal of its brother across the Channel).

Like so many Cornish towns, Penzance is rapidly and increasingly benefiting from the discovery that the climate of the Duchy makes it the best winter resort in the British Isles. An atmosphere of great gentility has descended upon it during its climb to favour, but that has not been at the expense of its ancient and picturesque features, for the simple reason that those features largely vanished in two historic visitations. In 1595 occurred an event which makes even the modern Englishman's blood rise slightly



Photos by

[E. Victor Tanner.

THE NAG'S HEAD, ST. AGNES.

A glance at the photograph betrays the origin of this rock's name. St. Agnes is one of the smaller of the Scilly Isles, and, like the others, is of interest to the antiquarian.

ENTRANCE TO ANCIENT BARROW.

This barrow or burying-place, dating from years before the Roman Conquest, is situated on Normanby Gap in St. Mary's, the largest of the Scilly Isles.

in temperature. A party of Spaniards landed (seven years after the destruction of the Invincible Armada!) and sacked and burned the place, together with Newlyn, Mousehole, and Paul. Fifty years later the town paid a further penalty for its unswerving fidelity to Charles I in the Civil War.

Penzance is of course the starting-point for the expedition to the Land's End, the most westerly point of a granite promontory, the cliffs of which have an almost awful fascination for visitors. The secret of the fascination is not altogether easy to explain.

In *The Land's End* the late W. H. Hudson deals delightfully with this point, and the power this otherwise comparatively commonplace promontory possesses of working up impressionable scribes to extravagant and most misleading rhapsodies. "That," he says, "is indeed the secret of the visitor's expectant feeling and disappointment—the vague vision of a vastness and grandeur and desolateness almost preternatural, conceived in childhood, which all the experience of a long life of disillusionment has been powerless to eradicate from the mind, or to replace with a mental picture more in accord with the reality." And he goes on to paint a picture which has the ring of truth as well as the glow of literary fire:

"Although the vague image of an imagined Land's End fades from the mind, and is perhaps lost



Photos by

[E. Victor Tanner

CROMWELL'S CASTLE, TRESCO.

The so-called "Cromwell's Castle" lies to the north of Treseo, second in size of the islands. The Scilly Isles are said to be the only relics of Lyonesse, famed in Arthurian legend, which is said to be sunk between the islands and the Cornish coast.

ABBEY RUINS, TRESCO.

The ruins of this abbey stand about 2 miles inland, and parts of it are said to date from the tenth century. The chief industry of the Scilly Isles is flower-growing for the markets.



By permission of]

PULPIT ROCK, ST. MARY'S, SCILLY ISLES.

St. Mary's is about 2 miles in length, and Hugh Town, situated upon it, is regarded as the capital of the islands. As well as the numerous antiquities, there are many strange rock forms, of which this is a fine example. The Scilly Islands are favoured by a remarkably equable climate, which allows the growth of almost sub-tropical vegetation.

[The G.W. Rattaway.



Photo by

THE HARBOUR, ST. IVES.

Judges', Ltd.

The little town of St. Ives, which now has considerable reputation as a resort, is delightfully placed near the west side of the entrance to St. Ives Bay. The town itself is built on a series of terraces, overlooking the sea, and the hills, of almost terrifying steepness, leading from one to the other, add to the charm of the place, if not to the pedestrians' ease.

when the reality is known, the ancient associations of the place remain, and if a visit be rightly timed, they may invest it with a sublimity and fascination not its own. . . . At dark I would fight my way against the wind to the cliff, and down by the sloping narrow neck of land to the masses of loosely piled rocks at its extremity. It was a very solitary place at that hour, where one feared not to be intruded on by any other night-wanderer in human shape. The raving of the wind among the rocks; the dark ocean—exceedingly dark except where the flying clouds were broken, and the stars shining in the

clear spaces touched the big black incoming waves with a steely grey light; the jagged isolated rocks, on which so many ships have been scattered, rising in awful blackness from the spectral foam that appeared and vanished and appeared again; the multitudinous hoarse sounds of the sea, with throbbing and hollow booming noises in the caverns beneath—all together served to bring back something of the old vanished picture or vision of Bolerium as we first imagine it. The glare from the various lighthouses visible at this point only served to heighten the inexpressibly sombre effect. . . ."

Some of the rock formations are, of course, magnificent; they might be the work of some mad and fantastic Titan. Certain among them have achieved literary



Photo by

ST. IVES: THE HERRING FISHERY.

[Charles E. Brown.

Fishing is the principal industry pursued by the inhabitants of St. Ives, as of so many other Cornish towns. The artist has only to go down to the harbour to find an unlimited number of subjects in the picturesque fisherfolk and the signs of their craft.



Photo by]

GURNARD'S HEAD.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

Gurnard's Head lies about 6 miles to the south-west of St. Ives, and just under 2 from the little place of Zennor. It is one of the finest promontories on this part of the coast.

renown of a sort, notably the southern headland, known as Tol-Pedn-Penwith, the "Holed Headland of Penwith," with which superstition has been particularly busy. One of its characteristic features is the odd formation known as "Madgy Figgy's Chair," associated with one of the best and most lugubrious of Cornish stories. Madgy Figgy had no rival for sinister horror among the witches of St. Levan, and in this "chair" she would sit when raising the spirits of the storm; for in private life the hag was a professional wrecker, and she and her gang made a gruesome living out of the spoils of ships she had lured to destruction. One fearful night her satanic spells procured the destruction of a Portuguese merchantman, and among the bodies thrown ashore was that of a beautiful young lady; it was stripped of everything, including a gold chain and many gems. To the surprise of the gang, the witch would not allow the loot to be distributed, and as the



Photobry

COTTAGES NEAR CAMBORNE.

H. J. Smith.

No county, perhaps, is richer than Cornwall in delightful old cottages, which give a homely character to landscapes which are sometimes almost too austere. The town of Camborne, lying inland to the east of St. Ives Bay, is the centre of an important mining district.

result of her hideous threats and prophecies it was all stored in a box in Madgy Figgy's hut. The corpse was then buried, but that same night a wavering light was observed to rise from the grave and flit along the cliffs to the old crone's "chair" high above the black and foaming waters; it stayed there for a short time, and then went to her hut and hovered over the box. This phenomenon was frequently repeated. Such an unearthly proceeding would have appalled anyone but a minion of the Evil One; but the old woman professed to regard it as a good omen. And, sure enough, before long a stranger arrived; guided by the ghostly light he went straight to the lady's grave, and then to the box, from which he took the jewellery, generously compensating the wreckers, who congratulated themselves on such an unexpected reward for a happy combination of virtue with business.

Closely associated with the Land's End corner of the Duchy are the Scilly Isles, visible thirty miles away on a very clear day. To most men the name conjures up a picture of early flowers and vegetables for the London market. Some few may associate them with the dreadful disaster to Admiral Sir



Photo by

RETREAT ROCK, PERRANPORTH.

Judges', Ltd.

Following along the north coast of Cornwall from the east of St. Ives Bay, Navax Point is turned, then St. Agnes Head, and shortly afterwards is reached the little fishing town of Perranporth, called after St. Piran, the ruins of whose little church were disclosed in 1835. All along the coast the scenery continues to be fine.



Photo by

BEDRUTHAN STEPS.

Judges', Ltd.

The cliffs known as Bedruthan Steps are situated $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles south of Trevoze Head, the promontory to the west of Padstow. The "steps" form a fine piece of rock scenery, to be seen at its best during rough weather.



Photo by

TREGUDDA GORGE.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

The neighbourhood of Padstow is rich in beauty spots, and few have a more distinctive character than this fine rock-gorge. The prefix "Tre-," which belongs to so many Cornish names, both of people and places, means "dwelling."

Cloudesley Shovel and three of his finest ships in October 1707, when over two thousand lives were lost. But though only five of the group are inhabited they are worthy of more attention than they receive, and would no doubt get it were it not for the mild adventure the crossing from the mainland almost always involves.

A glance at the map will show that the northern coast of the Duchy is in some ways in marked contrast to the southern. There are no long and beautiful estuaries, such as those of the Fal and the Fowey (for that of the Camel, on which Padstow stands, is all but choked by a bar), and the ports in suburbs, such as Carbis Bay. In addition to the domestic "ruins," three and four centuries of age, St. Ives possesses a good though somewhat late church, where, if legend speaks truly, St. Ia's

and harbours are with one or two exceptions little more than such in name.

St. Ives is the centre of a district which is an open book to those versed in the lore of antiquities, prehistoric and later; pagan and Christian remains of all kinds and dates abound, and the very name of the little town recalls the memory of the woman saint Ia, who came to Cornwall from Ireland in the train of St. Piran in the fifth century.

The smell of fish and antiquity clings closely to the twisted streets and houses of the older part of the town, and has been too much for a later and more fastidious generation, which is making its habita-

tion in suburbs, such as Carbis Bay. In addition to the domestic "ruins," three and four centuries of age, St. Ives possesses a good though somewhat late church, where, if legend speaks truly, St. Ia's



Photo by

F. Bastard

THE FONT, CRANTOCK CHURCH.

Crantock is a little place 2 miles from Newquay. The interesting old font in the church dates from 1473.



Photo by]

PADSTOW HARBOUR.

[Photachrom Co., Ltd.

Though Padstow has no longer the importance that it once had as a port, there is still a considerable coasting trade, while the beauties of Camel Estuary tempt an ever-increasing number of visitors.

remains were interred after her martyrdom by the wicked King Tewdar. The building dates from early in the fifteenth century, and perhaps its best features are the carved wagon roof and bench ends, which well illustrate both the strength and weakness of Cornish artistry.

Continuing in a north-easterly direction, a mining region intervenes in the midst of which lie Camborne and Redruth, towns which cannot reasonably claim more than a passing reference in this brief description. Nor, generally speaking, is the coast of any particular interest until the vicinity of Newquay is reached, where northern Cornwall suddenly begins to challenge comparison with all the splendours of the south.

Of Newquay itself, it must suffice to say that it is now perhaps the most fashionable watering-place



NEAR PADSTOW.

Photocrom Co. Ltd

Padstow stands on the south side of the Camel Estuary, and is a very ancient town. It possessed a religious house founded in 560 and burnt by the Danes in 981; and assisted in the siege of Calais in 1344.

in the county, and therefore as un-Cornish as might (or might not) be desired. According to old Carew, the origin of the name was as follows: "Newe Kaye, a place in the north coast of Pydar Hundred, so called because in former times the neighbours attempted to supply the defect of nature by art, in making there a Kay for the rode of shipping." But all the efforts of the neighbours did not succeed in making Newquay more than a little fishing village, until the age of railways put the inhabitants of inland towns in touch with the vivifying breezes of the ocean, and made the seaside holiday a family institution.

Between Newquay and Padstow there is a succession of fine bays, frowning cliffs, fantastic rock formations, and mysterious caverns—in a word, all the ingredients of a really thrilling and romantic coast. Inland, too, the Vale of Lanherne provides a lovely wooded avenue to the little village of St. Mawgan, which all the artists swear by. Its church is a notable building, and perhaps even more notable is a sculptured cross, which has proved quite a bone of contention among the antiquarians.

Padstow is a very ancient place (though it by no means looks its age), which has for centuries had



Photo by

AN AUTUMN SUNSET, POLZEATH.

Polzeath lies 2½ miles north-east of Padstow, and consists of a small hamlet surrounding a sheltered sandy bay and a few outlying farms. Although one of the most attractive little coves on the whole of the Cornish coast, Polzeath is little known owing to its remote position and difficulty of access.

F. J. Mervin.



Photo by

THE CLIFFS OF PENTIRE.

F. A. Maycock.

Cornwall is itself a great promontory, and its coast scenery is striking and picturesque. This illustration is a splendid example of the towering cliffs that rise abruptly from the sea.

to contend with the misfortune of lying on an estuary which is closed to ships of any real size by a natural bar of sand. But as modern science has now taken in hand the removal of this obstacle, it may be anticipated that the port will at length reap the benefit of its position on one of the few sheltered inlets on the north coast of the Duchy. The name is a curious corruption of Petrockstowe, and derives from St. Petroc, a Welsh ecclesiastic who came to Cornwall from Ireland in the missionary invasion of the sixth century. St. Petroc's church dates from a time at least seven hundred years subsequent to the good man's demise, but some authorities maintain that a curious little effigy in the chancel is a speaking likeness of him. The other architectural lion of Padstow is Place House, the ancient (*circa* 1600) home of the Prideaux family, and a curiosity of a somewhat uncommon order is the fifteenth-century church of St. Enodoc, which was rescued and restored to daylight when all but entombed by the shifting sands of Padstow Bay.

Wadebridge, at the head of the Camel estuary, will always (or at least one hopes so) have its noble



Photo by¹

LUNDY BAY, POLZEATH.

(F. A. Maycock

Polzeath stands on a little bay, surrounded by massive rocks and tall cliffs, among which are many caves which probably provided a refuge for smugglers in bygone days.

fifteenth-century bridge to boast of ; it must have been an engineering feat of no mean order in its day, for the foundations of the arches rest on packs of wool which were sunk in the river.

Inland the main topographical feature is Bodmin, the county town of the Duchy, around which a good deal of its history, both political and ecclesiastical, is gathered. But it must be admitted that the town possesses little that is a worthy memorial of its importance in the recorded story of Cornwall. Scattered fragments of the ancient monastery remain, but the sole substantial relic of the past is the church, the largest in the county. It dates in the main from the second half of the fifteenth century, though there is Norman and Early English work in the tower and chancel, and the font is a particularly elaborate example of the Norman style. Until 1699 the church had a spire which was considered to be one of the finest in England.

Bodmin is the scene of an historical event which must take a high place among happenings that are grim and grotesque as well as true. At the close of the rebellion of 1549, which has been already



PORT ISAAC.

[E. Bastard.

Finely situated on the bay of its own name, which extends from Varley Point in the south to Dennis Point in the north.

mentioned, the King sent his emissary, Sir Anthony Kingston, into these parts to do "justice" to the rebel leaders. That worthy duly informed Nicholas Boyer, Mayor of Bodmin, that it was his pleasure to dine with him. The mayor was a little flattered and more than a little intrigued when Sir Anthony told him, as the meal began, that he must have a gallows put up at once for the execution of a rebel. At the conclusion of the feast, Sir Anthony asked to see the gallows. He then inquired if it was strong enough, and on receiving an affirmative reply exclaimed: "Up with thee, then, for thou art the man! Thou hast been a busy rebel."

North and north-east of Bodmin the so-called Bodmin Moors, a somewhat bleak and desolate region which culminates in the height of Brown Willy and Rough Tor, stretch away to the vicinity of Launceston on the Devon border. It plays an appropriate part in the Arthurian legend. According to tradition it was to Dozmary Pool that the sword Excalibur was returned after the passing of Arthur, and Slaughter Bridge was the scene (though there are dissentient voices on this subject) of that last great battle in which the royal saint met with the fatal wound.

But if the interior is somewhat featureless, the coast between Padstow and Bude is indescribably grand, the names of Tintagel, Boscastle, Crackington Cove, and Bude having become almost household words.

All temptation to add to the number of lyrical ecstasies that have been poured out on the subject of Tintagel must be sternly resisted here, especially as imagination, and legend which is only just more than imagination, are so largely responsible for its story and attractions. Left to itself, the ruin is all but mute as to its origin and fate. Leland, writing in the first half of the sixteenth century, says that "The residew of the buildings



Photos by

[Underwood Press Service.

KING ARTHUR'S TOMB, CAMELFORD.

Two battles were fought near Camelford in 543, in one of which King Arthur and his nephew Mordred participated with fatal results. According to one of many legends, Camelford was the Camelot of King Arthur.



Photo by

SLAUGHTER BRIDGE, CAMELFORD.

[Photophon Co., Ltd.]

Slaughter Bridge was the scene of a battle between the Britons and the Saxons, but is only doubtfully celebrated as the spot where King Arthur was killed.



Photo by

OLD POST OFFICE, TINTAGEL.

Judges', Ltd.]

Tintagel, near Camelford, "the wild Tintagel by the Cornish seas," is the centre of the country associated with the legend of King Arthur.



Photo by

CASTLE DOORWAY, TINTAGEL.

[F. A. Maycock.

Tintagel is alleged to have been the birthplace of King Arthur, and was known in the time of the Domesday survey as Dunchine, meaning "chain castle." David, Prince of Wales, was entertained here in 1245, and up to the reign of Elizabeth it was used from time to time as a prison. Slate rocks surrounding the castle's site have been weathered into curious forms, and some have received the name of "King Arthur's cups and saucers."

of the Castel be sore wether-beten and yn ruine ; but it hath been a large thing." The one thing certain is that all the existing ruins date from a period hundreds of years after the age of Arthur, if there ever really was an Arthur. But BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL is not out to throw doubt on legends and traditions which are certainly of immemorial antiquity ; and questions as to whether the King ever lived at all, and if so at Tintagel or elsewhere, have nothing to do with the fact that this mighty ruin-crowned headland is one of the most romantic and impressive spots to be found in the British Isles.

Boscastle is famous for its minute and winding harbour, only just large enough to admit small vessels, which have to perform a manœuvre always perilous save in the calmest of weathers. In the vicinity is Forrabury Church, which is associated with an interesting legend. A ship, carrying new bells for the church, arrived off Boscastle harbour in fair weather, and the grateful pilot thanked God for this blessing in the presence of the captain. The latter immediately burst out : " Thank the ship and the captain ; you can thank God on shore ! " An argument then ensued, and the captain's language became in accordance with the best traditions of the ocean. Soon an avenging storm arose ; the ship failed to make the entrance of the harbour, was wrecked, and of course the only survivor was the pious pilot.

The interest of Launceston centres in its fine ruined castle, perched on a height above the town, the remarkable church of St. Mary Magdalene, and the remains of its priory. The church is unique in the county for the number and variety of the decorative devices which, set in panels, completely cover the building. It is a feature which is somewhat characteristic (and many consider unhappily characteristic) of Late Perpendicular. But in this case its origin is due to special circumstances, for there is a good deal of ground for believing that the elaborate panels were originally destined



Photo by

[E. Bastard.]

TINTAGEL CASTLE.

The castle ruins stand on a cliff 300 feet high which is nearly separated from the mainland. It was once the stronghold of the Earls of Cornwall, and the keep on the mainland seems to be of Norman construction.



Photo by

F. A. Maycock.

BREAKING SEA, TREBARWITH.

Trebarwith lies 2 miles S.S.E. of Tintagel Head. Trebarwith Strand is a very fine stretch of sandy beach.

for the house of Sir Henry Trecarrel, who rebuilt all but the tower of the church early in the sixteenth century. The tower itself is all but detached from the church and is all that remains of the earlier building. Of the monuments the most notable is the tomb of Sir Hugh Piper, one of Charles I's most loyal adherents in the loyal west.

The castle is one of the most picturesque ruins in the Duchy, and owed its immense importance in earlier times to the natural advantages of the site. Up to the time of the Civil War at least it was rightly considered one of the strongest fortresses in the country, but the new methods of siege warfare developed and put into practice by the New Model Army proved altogether too much for it.

One cannot leave Cornwall without a fitting tribute to Morwenstowe, away in the extreme north-east corner, if only because its famous vicar, Hawker, deserves the gratitude of all good Englishmen



Postcard

INNER HARBOUR, BOSCASTLE.

[Judges', Ltd.]

This small village in northern Cornwall derives its chief interest from its singular harbour, sometimes compared to that of Balacava.

as well as all good travellers. His verse may seem somewhat poor stuff in these days, but his forty years of strenuous endeavour in this remote parish stands out as shrewd and wholesome missionary labour of a very fruitful kind. No man did more than he to cure the unruly native of that taste for wrecking and kindred irregularities.

The church itself contains some exceptionally fine Norman work, and much of the woodwork was undoubtedly of unusual character. It is one of Hawker's many merits that he saved a good deal of it from the ignorant iconoclasm which wrought such havoc with the antiquities of the Duchy in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Close by is Tonacombe, one of the best and most interesting Tudor mansions in the West of England.



Photo by

VALENCY VALLEY, BOSCASTLE.

[Judges', Ltd.]

The name Boscastle is a corruption of Bottreaux Castle, the seat of the Norman family of De Bottreaux. The manor passed by marriage to Lord Hungerford in the time of Henry VI and descended to the Earls of Huntingdon.



Photo by,

BUDE.

This is a popular watering-place at the mouth of the River Bude, whose fine climate and coast scenery make it particularly attractive. A breakwater protects Bude Haven. Bude Castle, at the bend of the stream, is a modern structure.

The S. Railway.



Photo by]

RIVER EDEN AT CORBY.

[A. H. Robinson

The Eden rises in the east border of Westmorland and flows through a beautiful green valley for a distance of 65 miles. Corby lies $4\frac{1}{2}$ south-east of Carlisle, and in the vicinity is Corby Castle.

CUMBERLAND

CUMBERLAND is so essentially one of the *literary* counties, complete with its own school of poets (grudgingly shared, perhaps, with the two other counties that manage to incorporate a portion of the Lake District), that a humble scribe almost hesitates to recount beauties that have been enumerated, with varying degrees of exaggeration and embellishment, by voices that still resound powerfully from the tomb. But this survey of the county will not be unduly influenced by the thunders of the prophets. It may be that the twentieth century has a different viewpoint and standard from those of its immediate predecessors, and the fool may now rush in where Wordsworth and Ruskin did not fear to tread, and tread somewhat heavily.

But there are some lines of Wordsworth (in his moments of *moderate* exaltation) which give so vivid and illuminating a summary of the main features of Lakeland (and, therefore, the nucleus of Cumberland), that it cannot be omitted here :

" I know not how to give the reader a distinct image of the main outlines of the country more readily than by requesting him to place himself with me, in imagination, upon some given point ; let it be the top of either of the mountains Great Gavel " (Great Gable in modern times) " or Scawfell ; or rather, let us suppose our station to be a cloud hanging midway between those two mountains, at not more than a half-mile's distance from the summit of each, and not many yards above their highest elevation. We shall then see stretched at our feet a number of valleys, not fewer than eight, diverging from the point on



Photo by

CARLISLE CATHEDRAL (INTERIOR).

Photodrom Co., Ltd.

The two bays of the nave and the south transept date from the early twelfth century ; but the north transept after its destruction by fire about 1390 was rebuilt by Bishop Strickland. The special glory of the choir is the Late Decorated east window.



CARLISLE CATHEDRAL.

Photograph Co. Ltd.

Though it is one of the smallest in England, the cathedral is of very great interest. It has the distinction of being the only ancient Augustinian church in England that, before the Reformation, was also the seat of a bishop.



CARLISLE CASTLE.

Photograph Co. Ltd.

First built in 1092, the castle includes an outer and inner ward: and was the place of imprisonment of many Scottish captives after the '45 rebellion. Mary Queen of Scots, whose name is perpetuated by the ruin of Queen Mary's Tower, was a prisoner here for about two months in 1568.

which we are supposed to stand, like spokes from the nave of a wheel. First we note, lying to the south-east, the vale of Langdale, which will conduct the eye to the long lake of Winandermere, stretched nearly to the sea; or rather to the sands of the vast bay of Morecambe, serving here for the rim of this imaginary wheel; let us trace it in a direction from the south-east towards the south, and we shall next fix our eyes upon the vale of Coniston, running up likewise from the sea, but not (as all the other valleys do) to the nave of the wheel, and, therefore, it may be not inaptly represented as a broken spoke sticking in the rim. Looking forth again, with an inclination towards the west, we see immediately at our feet the vale of Duddon, in which is no lake, but a copious stream, winding among fields, rocks, and mountains, and terminating its course in the sands of Duddon. The fourth vale, next to be observed, viz. that of the Esk, is of the same general character as the last, yet beautifully



Photo by

BRAMPTON: GELT WOODS.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

Brampton lies between the Rivers Irthing and Gelt, south of the Roman Wall, and was once a Roman station. It is very rich in antiquities.



Photo by

LANERCOST STEPPING-STONES.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

Close by Brampton is Lanercost Priory, now a beautiful ruin. It was founded for Austin Canons by Robert de Vaux about 1169. The Early English nave is still used and the gateway of the west front remains.

discriminated from it by peculiar features. Its stream passes under the woody steep upon which stands Muncaster Castle, the ancient seat of the Penningtons, and after forming a short and narrow estuary enters the sea below the small town of Ravenglass. Next, almost due west, look down into and along the deep valley of Wasdale, with its little chapel and half a dozen neat dwellings scattered upon a plain of meadow and corn-ground intersected with stone walls apparently innumerable, like a large piece of lawless patchwork, or an array of mathematical figures, such as in the ancient schools of geometry might have been sportively and fantastically traced out upon sand. Beyond this little fertile plain lies, with a bed of steep mountains, the long, narrow, stern, and desolate lake of Wasdale; and beyond this, a dusky tract of level ground conducts the eye to the Irish Sea. The stream that issues from Wastwater is named the Irt, and falls into the estuary at the River Esk. Next comes in



Photo by

NAWORTH CASTLE, BRAMPTON.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

Naworth Castle, 2½ miles north-east of Brampton, dates from about 1335 and passed from the Dacres to the Howards in 1577. It is picturesquely built round a central courtyard. The oratory contains a painting of the Passion and Resurrection, dated 1514.

view Ennerdale, with its lake of bold and somewhat savage shores. Its stream, the Ehen or Enna, flowing through a soft and fertile country, passes the town of Egremont and the ruins of the castle, then, seeming, like the other rivers, to break through the barrier of sand thrown up by the winds on the tempestuous coast, enters the Irish Sea. The vale of Buttermere, with the lake and village of that name, and Crummock Water beyond, next present themselves. We will follow the main stream, the Cocker, through the fertile and beautiful vale of Lorton, till it is lost in the Derwent, below the noble ruins of Cocker-mouth Castle. Lastly, Borrowdale, of which the vale of Keswick is only a continuation stretching due north, brings us to a point nearly opposite to the vale of Winandermere with which we began. From this it will appear that the image of a wheel, thus far exact, is little more than one-half complete; but the deficiency is partly made up on the eastern side by the vales of Wythburn, Ullswater, Haweswater, and the vale of Grasmere and Rydal; none of these,



Tramlet cutting

ON THE MARSH NEAR LODORE, CUMBERLAND.

By C. Frebby.

At the south end of Derwentwater the Derwent issues from the beautiful valley of Borrowdale. Close by, though not on the Derwent itself, are the celebrated Falls of Lodore, and the marshy ground in this neighbourhood is shown in this picture, which has been named by the artist "The Jaws of Borrowdale."

however, run up to the central point between Great Gavel and Scawfell. From this, hitherto our central point, take a flight of not more than four or five miles eastward to the ridge of Helvellyn [on the border of Cumberland and Westmorland] and you will look down upon Wythburn and St. John's Vale, which are a branch of the vale of Keswick; upon Ullswater, stretching due east. . . ."

It might be added that if Wordsworth and his companion had possessed better (perhaps superhuman) eyesight, they could have seen the remainder of the county, the stretch of flat coast on the west and the northern plain hemmed in between the Solway Firth and the Penines, which in Cross Fell possesses a giant by no means unworthy of comparison with the Cumbrian monsters.

From every point of view save the æsthetic, Carlisle has first claim to consideration in a descrip-

tion of the county. It may not have been (as some have claimed) the headquarters of King Arthur, but it was unquestionably a Roman town and of considerable importance. Leland (*sixteenth century*) writes that: "In digging to make new buildings in the towne, oftentimes hath bene and now is found diverse foundations of the old cite, as pavements of stretes, old arches of dores, coynes, stones squared, painted pottes, money hid in pottes. The hole site of the towne is sore changed, for the places where the great stretes and edifices were are vacant and garden plottes."

That the "great stretes and edifices" themselves had vanished is hardly remarkable, seeing that the town was in all probability almost



Photo by]

LANERCOST ABBEY FROM THE SOUTH.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.

The church of the priory was built mainly with stones from the Roman wall. The nave is the only portion in a state of repair, as it was recently renovated to form the parish church.



Photo by]

LANERCOST PRIORY, NEAR BRAMPTON.

[A. Logan.

The choir of this beautiful old building is in ruins, but the Early English nave is still in use. It was founded in 1169 by Robert de Vaux for Austin Canons.

destroyed by the Danes in the second half of the ninth century. It was left for William Rufus to start Carlisle on its second life, and he did it in a thorough manner by making it the guardian of the western high road from Scotland into England. It was in his time that work on the castle and cathedral began, and there is no reason to doubt that before his evil days were ended he had done at least one good thing in placing a very formidable obstacle in the path of marauders from over the border.

The present appearance of the city, that of a busy manufacturing place, imposes a certain strain on the imagination in associating it with

the many thrilling and picturesque historical incidents of which it has been the scene. It is not so difficult to think of Edward I making it his base for his great Scottish campaign of 1307, and the prolonged and stubborn siege by the Parliamentarians in the Civil War seems quite in the order of things. But it is hard to conjure up the scenes that actually took place in the '45: "Bonnie Prince Charlie" prancing through the gate on his white horse preceded by a hundred pipers, and

then the reaction after Culloden—the arrival of long convoys of unhappy prisoners, most of whom were solemnly conveyed to Gallows Hill and there hanged, drawn, and quartered in the approved manner of the times.

The chief witnesses of those stirring times are the castle and the cathedral, but the former subsequently passed through many vicissitudes and has been shorn of much of its glory. Even the tower in which Mary Queen of Scots started her long calvary to Fotheringay was ruthlessly pulled down ninety years ago, and it is left for the keep to give some idea of its importance.

It would not be difficult to fill a book with exciting stories of Carlisle Castle for



Photo by]

LANERCOST ABBEY.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.

The priory was pillaged by David Bruce in 1346, and was given at the Dissolution to Thomas, Lord Dacre. The transept contains monuments of the Dacres and the Howards.

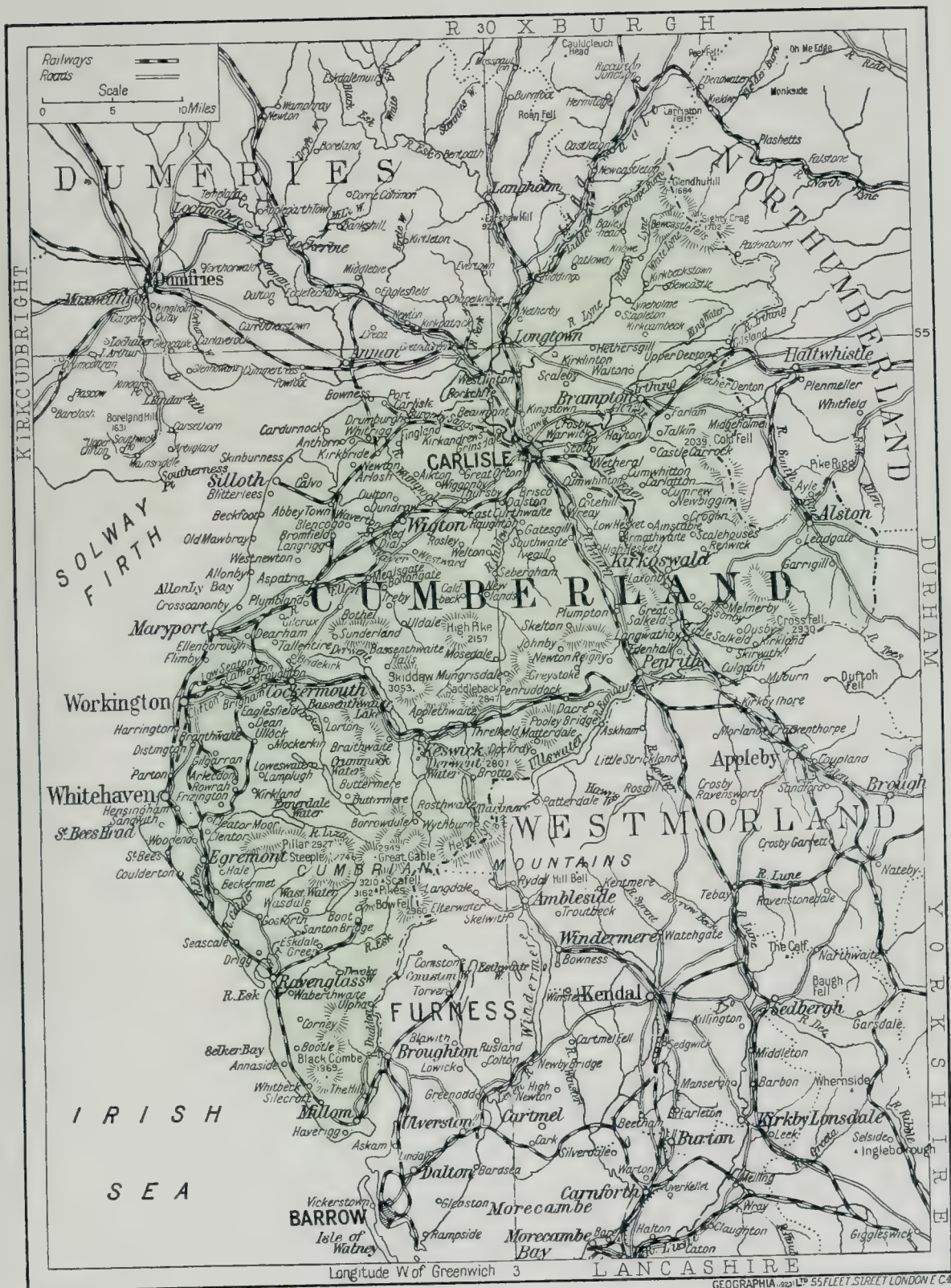


Photo by]

IN LANERCOST ABBEY.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.

The photograph shows the Lady Chapel, one of the most interesting parts of the abbey. In 1346 the priory was devastated by the Scots. Edward I visited it in 1299, and Robert Bruce stayed there in 1311.



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MAP OF CUMBERLAND.

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Photo by]

ASTIGILL: ALSTON.

This beautiful piece of scenery, one of the most picturesque spots in Cumberland, is near Alston, one of the highest market towns in England.

[A. H. Robinson.



Photo by]

THE POPPING STONE: GILSLAND.

This curiously shaped stone can be seen in the centre of the picture. Gilsland is $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Gilsland Spa, famous for its sulphur and chalybeate springs. It is the scene of Sir Walter Scott's "Guy Mannering."

[A. H. Robinson.

centuries of Border warfare, intensified by national hatreds, bred a cut-throat temperament which exhibits every variety from the genteel to the merely degraded. Consideration of space forbids any substantial excursion into this inviting realm, but an exception may be made in favour of that great raid to release "Kinmont Willie" which has been immortalised in one of the best of the Border ballads. The picturesque

ruffian who bore that name was a Scotsman whose ravages filled the English side of the Border with dismay. But there are rules of the game even in ruffianism, and in the days before good Queen Bess began to deal with the lawlessness of the Border one of these rules was that at the joint international courts held by the Wardens the persons of all such as appeared there were sacred. Kinmont Willie took advantage of this unwritten rule to enjoy a scene for once in his vivid life, and the English officer presiding promptly took advantage of his presence to seize him and whirl him off to Carlisle Castle. Lord Scrope approved the step and Elizabeth haughtily supported her Chief

Warden. Thereupon Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch planned a daring raid to effect his release :

"And have ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Withouten either dread or fear,
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
Can back a steed or shake a spear."



Photo by

BEACON PIKE, PENRITH.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

The Beacon, standing 940 feet high, commands a very fine view of the surrounding countryside. Penrith stands on the Eamont, 12 miles from Carlisle.

The audacious *coup* was carried out during the night and early hours of the morning, and ended in complete success. We must suppose that the surprised and delighted Willie made excellent use of his new lease of wicked life.

Carlisle Cathedral has been considerably more fortunate than the Castle, though both the destroyer and the restorer are in a large measure responsible for the fact that it is among the least imposing of English cathedrals. The fragmentary remains of the Norman nave would no doubt have the dignity inseparable from that style if the arches had not become contorted by the subsidence of the piers. The central tower is too small to be effective, and the choir is not too happy a blend of mixed styles. But there are some excellent features: the great east window, in the most decorative



Photo by

ASHNESS BRIDGE, NEAR KESWICK.

(H. N. King.

Three miles south of Keswick, this picturesque bridge spans Barrow Beck, which runs into Derwentwater. It harmonises perfectly with the boulder-strewn bed of the beck.

manner of the Decorated period, and quaint fifteenth-century stalls which have survived many perils from iconoclasts and others.

The rest of the city is mainly devoted to commerce and the important business of sorting out travellers from the south and dispatching them to their various destinations across the Border.

For those with eyes to see, and the archaeological mind which reads sermons in stones, the neighbourhood of Carlisle tells stories of which the ordinary mortal knows little or nothing. Hard search in its suburb of Stanwix discovers fragments of the ancient Roman station which was an integral part of their great wall, and of course the wall itself may be traced or followed to the Northumbrian border, an excursion well worth the making.



Photo by]

[A. H. Robinson.

NEWLANDS VALE, KESWICK.

Lies on the road between Buttermere Lake and Derwentwater, a few miles outside Keswick. There are some old mines in this valley named the Goldscope Mines, after some Bavarians who were imported by Queen Elizabeth.



Photo by]

[W. G. Thorold.

DRUIDS' CIRCLE, NEAR KESWICK.

This northern rival to Stonehenge consists of thirty or forty stones, the tallest nearly 8 feet high, while the diameter of the circle is about 100 feet.



Photo by]

[A. H. Robinson.

THE RIVER AT KESWICK.

The River Greta passes through Keswick about half a mile from Derwentwater. Although quite close Keswick is hidden from the lake. It is a centre for tourists visiting the Lake District.

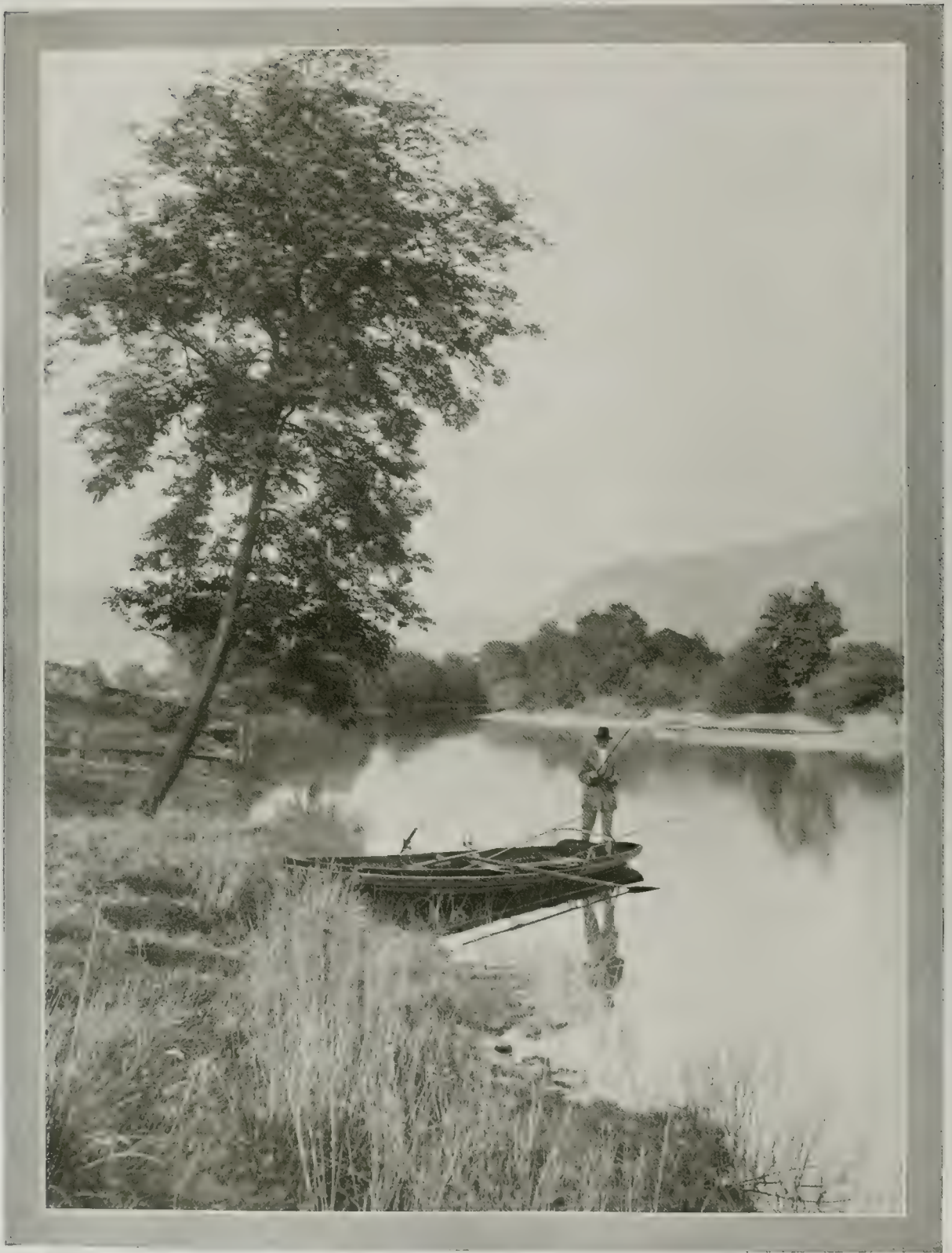


Photo by

RIVER DERWENT, CUMBERLAND.

[C. Read.]

The River Derwent flows between the Bassenthwaite Lake and Workington on the west coast. Both the river and the lake are favourite resorts for anglers, as there is an abundance of many kinds of fish, including salmon, trout, perch, and pike.

But our business takes us southward, up the gap between the Pennines and the Lakeland mountains which is threaded by the winding and lovely Eden. It is a region full of memories of border forays and other exciting incidents, and it might be asserted with some confidence that prior to the beginning of the seventeenth century no one ever wandered southwards from Carlisle with motives of pure diversion such as ours.

A glimpse of the needs and ways of olden times is afforded at points innumerable between Carlisle and Penrith. At ancient and picturesque Kirkoswald is what remains of perhaps the most formidable of the strongholds of the Dacres, that Cumberland family whose story plays no small part in the history of the county.

Next in order both of geography and archæological importance comes the remarkable "Druids' Circle" near Little Salkeld, which has been christened "Long Meg and her Daughters," an ellipse of



Photo by]

F. Deaville Walker.

FRIAR'S CRAG, DERWENTWATER.

From Friar's Crag, which is seen in the background, opposite Derwent Isle, one of the best views of the lake can be obtained.

nearly seventy stones which is one of the finest in England. These things tell a tale, so antiquarians say (each, incidentally, with a version of his own). But there is no mystery about the tale of the "Luck" of Eden Hall close by, the beautiful goblet which came into possession of the Musgrave family in a manner unrecorded and whose fate is so closely intertwined with theirs. The German poet Uhland made the story the subject of a famous ballad, and the pith of a popular version runs :

" If e'er that glass should break or fall,
Farewell the luck of Eden Hall."

Penrith is an ancient place which for a long period paid the penalty for relying too much on Carlisle for its immunity from the unpleasant attentions of the wild man over the border. But if the great fortress was perhaps an insuperable obstacle to a large organised force, it by no means hindered the operations of small and highly mobile forces of raiders. In the reigns of both Edward III

and Richard III it was sacked in the approved manner of the times, and the second occasion was particularly insulting because crook-backed Richard had lived here in some state in his salad days, when brother Edward was still alive. The Gloucester Arms Hotel (it was called otherwise in those days) still shows the room where the cunning and ambitious Yorkist, who was to become a royal murderer, kept house in a style which was a nine days' wonder to the hardy and frugal inhabitants. The castle, now a picturesque ruin, came into existence during that century, mainly as the result of private enterprise, the citizens having realised that too much faith must not be reposed in the ability of Carlisle to stem the flood of Scottish irruption.

Another Penrith memorial of the Lancaster-Yorkist snarls and quarrels is the upper half of the tower of the parish church. There the most ignorant tourist may read that it is the work of Warwick the Kingmaker, for his emblem, the bear and ragged staff, is more eloquent than any book. It might be supposed that the creation of so eminent a potentate would have a church worthy of it. But one



Photo by

DERWENTWATER: A CALM MORNING.

F. Deaville Walker.

This is one of the most lovely lakes in England. It is 3 miles long and 1 mile wide. The lake contains several wooded islands, and beautiful views can be obtained of the surrounding hills and valleys.

must not suppose a vain thing. The body of the structure is a rebuilding of a very unfortunate period, the early years of the eighteenth century, and its only interest lies in the ancient relics it contains, such as what is said to be an authentic portrait on glass of Cecily Neville, Richard III's unfortunate mother. But the greatest curiosity is the odd monuments in the churchyard known as the "Giant's Grave" and the "Giant's Thumb," the former having rude carved pillars at the head and foot. Legend has of course been busy with them, and no true son of Penrith will allow them to be anything but the tombstones of the giant Owen Caesarius. But observation would seem to point pretty strongly to the conclusion that they are Norse work dating from the time when the Northmen were establishing themselves pretty securely in these parts.

All round Penrith (and particularly just over the border of Westmorland, where respect for the biographer of that county makes intrusion into his province impertinent) there are very many, if small, remains of the lawless days when every house was a miniature fortress, and had good need to be, as appears abundantly from Macaulay's alarming description of Cumberland and the Border country at the



Photo by]

THE UPPER FALLS, LODORE.

[H. N. King.

These famous Cumberland falls are seen at their best after a heavy fall of rain, for in dry weather there is little to be seen of a spectacular nature. The glen, however, in which they are situated is sufficiently beautiful to recompense any disappointed sightseer.



Photo by]

[C. Reid.

THE CATBELLS, DERWENTWATER.

The Catbells, which form a ridge on the western bank of Derwentwater, at their highest point reach an altitude of 1,482 feet, but are considerably lower than many of their neighbours. From the terrace, an excellent view of the lake may be obtained.

close of the seventeenth century. It is a key to much that is still of interest in the county and deserves quotation :

"The parishes were required to keep blood-hounds for the purpose of hunting the freebooters. Many old men who were living in the middle of the eighteenth century could well remember the time when those ferocious dogs were common. Yet, even with such auxiliaries, it was often found impossible to track the robbers to their retreats among the hills and morasses. For the geography of that wild country was very imperfectly known. Even after the accession of George the Third the path over the fells from Borrowdale to Ravenglas was still a secret carefully kept by the dalesmen, some of whom had probably in their youth escaped from the pursuit of justice by that road. The seats of the gentry and the larger farmhouses were fortified. Oxen were penned at night beneath the overhanging battlements of the residence, which was known by the name of the Peel. The inmates slept with their arms at their sides. Huge stones and boiling water were in readiness to crush and scald the plunderer who might venture to assail the little garrison. No traveller ventured into that country without making his will. The Judges on circuit, with the whole body of barristers, attorneys, clerks and serving men, rode on horseback from Newcastle to Carlisle, armed and escorted by a strong guard under the command of the sheriffs. It was necessary to carry provisions ; for the country was a wilderness which afforded no supplies."

Yet a little more than a hundred years later Wordsworth tranquilly wrote "We are Seven" on the scene of so much unruly behaviour.

But it is not of these things that the average visitor to Penrith is thinking. The town is now first and foremost the northern gateway to the Lake District, and the pleasures of anticipation of its world-famed beauties is not altogether compatible with reflections on human doings in the past.

The nearest of the famous lakes is Ullswater, and in the normal course of things one's pen would begin to describe rhapsodical gambols at the very mention of the word. Fortunately or unfortunately, geography prescribes restraint. The plums of the lake are in Westmorland's keeping, for, just where the

third and finest stretch of this beautiful sheet of water begins, the county boundary strikes due west to the summit of the long north-south ridge of which Helvellyn is the monarch and centre.

So a regard for the natural order of things would seem to dictate our following the most obvious avenue from Penrith into Lakeland, that fine road (or useful railway) which cuts through the gap between Saddleback and the Helvellyn range and leads to the head of Derwentwater at Keswick.

It must frankly be admitted that if Keswick were the chief town of the Black Country, instead of the centre of some of the most beautiful scenery in Europe, the mere mention of its name would do it sufficient justice in a work of this kind. It is not old, nor picturesque, nor built of any of the materials which seem to lend a certain charm to the most unpromising buildings, and it might be said with much conviction that its sole attractions are Greta Hall and Crosthwaite Church. The Hall itself is an architectural nonentity, but its justified claim to be the home of Coleridge and then of Southey for forty years or so invests it with a romance all its own. For an account of the place during that memorable period we need seek no further than a letter Charles Lamb wrote to a friend after much coaxing had induced him to visit Coleridge at Keswick in 1802 :

" He received us with all the hospitality in the world, and gave up his time to show us all the wonders of the country. He dwells upon a small hill by the side of Keswick, in a comfortable house, quite enveloped on all sides by a net of mountains, great floundering bears and monsters they seemed, all couchant and asleep. We got in in the evening, travelling in a post-chaise from Penrith in the midst of a gorgeous sunshine, which transmuted all the mountains into colours, purple, etc. We thought we had got into fairy-land. But that went off (and it never came again ; while we stayed we had no more fine sunsets), and we entered Coleridge's comfortable study just in the dusk, when the mountains were



Photo by]

DERWENTWATER.

[H. N. King.

This view of the lake shows the wooded slopes and the mountain background which make one of the most beautiful spots in the British Isles. The reflections of the mountains in the water add a further charm to the landscape.

all dark with clouds upon their heads. Such an impression I never received from objects of sight before, nor do I suppose that I ever can again. Glorious creatures, fine old fellows, Skiddaw, etc., I shall never forget ye, how ye lay about that night like an intrenchment; gone to bed as it seemed for the night, but promising that ye were to be seen in the morning. Coleridge had got a blazing fire in his study; which is a large, antique, ill-shaped room, with an old-fashioned organ, never played upon, big enough for a church, shelves of scattered folios, an Eolian harp, and an old sofa, half bed, etc. And all looking out upon the fading view of Skiddaw and his broad-breasted brethren."

Coming from an inveterate and full-blooded Cockney who had never before understood the appeal of England's finest county, what better tribute could Keswick desire!

But if Keswick itself can claim little merit beyond its inestimable services in bedding and boarding



Photo by

Judges', Ltd.

THIRLMERE AND HELVELLYN.

Thirlmere looks very pretty behind the huge shoulder of Helvellyn. The lake is the property of the Corporation of Manchester, of which city it is now the chief reservoir

the traveller, it can lay claim without fear to have the finest situation of any town in the country. On the north the immense mass of Skiddaw rears itself up to the fourth highest point in England and all but unites its majesty with that of the impressive and romantic Blencathra (*pop.* Saddleback). To the discerning, Blencathra has few rivals. It presents a magnificent silhouette to the sky and it has been the subject of much poetical effusion. Did not Scott perpetuate a well-known "howler" by calling it Glaramara and then proceed to stretch poets' licence to the uttermost by saying of its charming "Scales" Tarn that

"Never sunbeam could discern
The surface of that sable tarn;
In whose black mirror you may spy
The stars, when midday lights the sky."



Photo by]

BORROWDALE BIRCHES.

Borrowdale is famous for its trees, and its birches are almost as well known as its four historic yews. "The mountains and hills around it [Borrowdale] have many outlines of bare form and summit, but generally are so bold in character, so cloven with ravines, and so strikingly grouped together as to form a series of imposing pictures,"

P. Nicholson Co., Ltd.



Photo by]

BORROWDALE, FROM GRANGE BRIDGE.

[A. H. Robinson.

The River Derwent runs through Borrowdale on passing out of Derwentwater. Grange Fell, on the left, has been acquired by the National Trust.



Photo by]

FIR-TREES IN BORROWDALE, NEAR KESWICK.

[J. S. Barlow.

Borrowdale is said to be the most beautiful valley in the Lake District. One of the finest drives in Great Britain is by coach from Keswick to Buttermere, passing through Borrowdale.



Photo by,

GRANGE AND BORROWDALE.

[A. H. Robinson.

Grange is a small village at the foot of Derwentwater and near the entrance to the famous Borrowdale, seen in the background. At Grange is the junction of the two roads, which skirt the east and west banks of the lake respectively.

Derwentwater lies embedded between lofty hills and mountains that separate it charmingly from Buttermere and Crummock on the west, Thirlmere on the east, and the Langdale Valley and Windermere on the south. The River Derwent, rising high on Glaramara, threads its way through Borrowdale (a household word wherever the English language is spoken), under the leafy precipices of Castle Crag, and throws itself into the lake that bears its name, emerging at the northern end to form a charming link with Bassenthwaite in the very shadow of Skiddaw.

Historic memories of proved authenticity are somewhat rare in the Lake District proper, but they gather thickly round Derwentwater. St. Herbert's Isle recalls the name of a holy man of the seventh century who loved St. Cuthbert so dearly that the one wish and prayer of his life was to die at the same moment as his friend. And tradition records that his desire was granted! Friar's Crag, that matchless



Photo by

THE BOWDER STONE, CUMBERLAND.

[A. Logan

This is a huge mass of rock which has become detached and has rolled down from the adjoining fellside. It is poised on a keel like a stranded ship, and it is possible for two people lying on the ground to shake hands through a small opening beneath.

viewpoint from which the lake and its ring of hills seem to take on an unearthly beauty, is so named either because St. Herbert made it one of his haunts or because it was the point where the friars from Grange were in the habit of landing. Opinions may differ as to whether the romantic associations of the place are enhanced by the monument of Ruskin with an inscription in his own words: "The first thing that I remember as an event in life was being taken by my nurse to the brow of Friar's Crag, Derwentwater." Of course Ruskin is entitled to immense respect as one of the sages of the Lake District; but the dividing-line between the sublime and the ridiculous is very thin!

Lord's Island was once the home of the Radcliffes, Earls of Derwentwater, and a curious and lugubrious association of ideas links it up with the Tower of London and the melancholy spot where the axe and block are shown to the curious. For was not the Jacobite Earl of Derwentwater the last to suffer in that ignominious fashion?

But Derwentwater has even earlier links with the past. Close to Keswick is the so-called "Druids'

Circle," which may be a circle, but has probably never had anything to do with the Druids. For if modern scientific research is on the right trail at last, it may be accepted that this circle was immeasurably old long before the Druids, with their picturesque appearance and strange doctrines, had begun to trouble the spirits of the simple-minded.

Centuries younger – and yet how venerable – is Crosthwaite Church. The present building cannot have been in existence before the sixteenth century, but there is no doubt that a Christian church stood on this site some time in the sixth, for it is the foundation of St. Kentigern, who flourished in that century.

But the historic interest of this region is industrial, no less than ecclesiastical and political.



Photo by]

PILLAR ROCK.

The Pillar Rock has the reputation of being one of the most dangerous climbs in the Lake District. The Pillar Mountain, about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles south-east of Ennerdale Water, reaches a height of 2,927 feet.

[A. Pettitt.

NEEDLE ROCK.

The Needle Rock upon Great Gable is one of the most sensational-looking climbs in the district, and is, especially in a wind, of quite considerable difficulty. The man in the foreground would be rash to continue his climb unroped.

Three hundred years and more ago, the Vale of Newlands was a hive of industry, thanks to the determination of Good Queen Bess to make the most of her country's natural resources. The men of the seventeenth century could not have been alive to the appeal of beautiful scenery, because we find Fuller bewailing the fact that "within this twenty years the copper in this county" [he is referring to the mines at Newlands, "hath been wholly discontinued, and that not for want of metal but mining for it. Sad that the industry of our age could not keep what the ingenuity of the former found out. And I would willingly put it on another account, that the burying of so much steel in the bowels of men during the civil wars, hath hindered their digging of copper out of the entrails of the earth, hoping that these peaceable times will encourage to the resuming thereof."

BRITAIN BEAUTIFUL must be thankful that on the whole "these peaceable times" have done nothing of the sort.



Photo by

LAKE BUTTERMERE.

Both this lake and its larger neighbour, Crummock Water, fill a trough-like valley some 5 miles long. On the western shore the mountains fall abruptly to the water's edge.

[A. H. Robinson,



Photo by

CRUMMOCK WATER.

This lake, 2½ miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide, is connected by a stream with Buttermere. The lake abounds in pike and trout. It is 321 feet above sea-level.

[A. H. Robinson,



Photo by]

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.

WASTWATER.

The lake is 3 miles long and half a mile wide. The south end of the lake is covered with pretty woods which make a splendid foreground. At certain times sudden squalls lash the surface into a fury and the spray is felt hundreds of feet above the level.



Photo by

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.

HONISTER CRAG, CUMBERLAND.

This is decidedly the most striking crag in the ordinary tracks of the Lake District. Its height above sea-level is 1,750 feet. The upper part is sheer precipice, down the side of which tracks have been blasted or hewn out of rock.

On the opposite side of Derwentwater we get a modern example of utilitarianism, where Thirlmere has been compelled to shed some of its beauty for the sake of the thirsty population of Manchester. Now human beings must drink, and as it appeared that even the torrents with which Heaven endows that city were insufficient for its needs, ingenious minds soon seized the possibilities of the Lake District. On the whole it must be admitted that the Corporation let their victim off fairly lightly, for Thirlmere, though considerably altered in shape and disfigured by a dam, is still a beautiful lake and worthy of its delicious situation at the foot of the mighty Helvellyn.

Perhaps the saddest feature of the scheme was that it ultimately involved the disappearance of ancient Armboth Hall, which enjoyed a delightful sinister reputation as the scene of all sorts of grim and ghostly happenings. Fortunately, other ancient landmarks in the valley still survive. Old inns still cheer the passing tourist and induce him to eat far more than is good for him, and the plain but familiar figure of Wythburn Church still poses in local imagination as the smallest in England, though by no means entitled to that distinction.

Of the avenues leading out of the hollow filled by Derwentwater none are more celebrated than Borrowdale and its offshoots, the road leading to Buttermere over Honister Pass, and the deep ravine of Lang Strath which leads to the hub of that wheel of which Wordsworth speaks in the quotation with which this survey opened. At Esk Hause the traveller is in the very centre of the grandest and wildest mountains of the Cumbrian system. The monarchs of the region lie in a ring around him: Bowfell (which must be shared with Westmorland), the mighty wall of Scafell and the Scafell Pikes, Great Gable, Glaramara, and other



Photo by]

[Photokrom Co., Ltd.

WASTDALE AND GREAT GABLE.

Great Gable stands sentinel at the head of Wastdale, and looking up the valley a fine view of it can be obtained. Standing 2,949 feet high, this mountain offers many opportunities to the rock-climber, while to the less adventurously disposed there are several interesting ascents



Photo by,

[H. J. Smith.

A STREAM IN WASTDALE.

This photograph was taken from the bridge about one mile west of Netherwastdale. Wastdale extends 7½ miles from the foot of Styhead Pass, which leads into Borrowdale.



Photo by

VIEW FROM RAVENGLASS.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

From Ravenglass, a well-known resort on the Cumberland coast, fine views can be obtained of the lake mountains.

everything really inaccessible and challenging. Ennerdale, in its own way, is only second to Wastwater for sombre and solitary magnificence. It was a fitting theatre for the unholy ravages of that fearsome beast, "the girt dog of Ennerdale," whose suppression took six months and the efforts of half the county to effect a century ago.



Photo by

ESK BRIDGE, ESK DALE.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

Eskdale, leading right up to the foot of Scafell, is one of the loveliest of the Cumberland valleys. At the head of the dale is Esk Hause, from which routes go to Scafell Pike, Bow Fell, the Styhead Pass, Glaramara, and Borrowdale.

peaks only less majestic. From the summit of any one of them he will obtain views second to none upon this earth for splendour and variety. Nor are the lakes at all unworthy of the giants that enclose them. Wastwater, Ennerdale Water, Buttermere, and Crummock Water need fear no comparison with their brothers on the eastern side of the great divide.

Of Wastwater's reputation as the wildest and grandest of the lakes, all that need be said is that it is richly deserved. If any proof were needed, there is the fact that the well-known inn at Wasdale Head has ever been the headquarters of the climbing fraternity, who can safely be trusted to find

On the south the Rivers Esk and Duddon force their way to the sea in channels less exciting but invested with great charm. The Duddon Valley has more claims to fame than its quiet beauty, for it inspired Wordsworth to more than twenty sonnets and also acts as the county boundary.

The Esk rises between Scafell Pike and Bowfell, and its junction with the Irish Sea is historic ground; for Ravenglass, now a sleepy little town, stands on the site of the most famous Roman port in all the north of Britain. It seems difficult to imagine that this quiet spot should ever have been a scene of great human activity, and the explanation must be sought in the



Photo by]

DALEGARTH FORCE, BOOT.

[J. S. Barlow.

Another name for this fall, one of the finest in the district, is Stanley Ghyll.



[Photo by]

WATERFALL, BOOT.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

Boot is the terminus of the light Eskdale Railway, which, by its leisurely progress, allows plenty of time to admire the beautiful scenery. From Boot a road continues up Eskdale and into the Duddon Valley, while a pony track leads by way of Burnmoor Tarn to Wasdale.



[Photo by]

ULPHA BRIDGE, CUMBERLAND.

[H. J. Smith.]

Below the bridge flows the River Duddon, which passes through the Duddon Valley and descends, in a wonderful series of bends and water breaks, to the fine gorge just above Seathwaite

proximity of the Roman Wall. It is obvious that the execution of so vast a scheme must have involved bringing together vast numbers of workers, both civil and military, and a sea base of some kind must have been practically a necessity. However that may be, the evidences of Roman occupation are clear enough; there are remains of a camp, and even stronger proof of the existence of a settled community in the relics of a villa which has been absurdly misnamed "Walls Castle."

History steps on more than a thousand years before leaving a visible proof of its passage in Muncaster Castle, where one tower is the sole survivor of the mediæval building. But it enshrines some authentic souvenirs of a tragic and stirring past. It was to Muncaster that the unfortunate Henry VI came after the irreparable disaster to his cause on Towton field. Cumberland was strongly Lancastrian in



Photo by

RIVER COCKER.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

The River Cocker rises near Borrowdale Hause and flows through Buttermere and Crummock Water to join the Derwent at Cockermouth, 8 miles from the coast.

its sympathies and he was coming among friends. He slept on a bed which can still be seen, and he presented the faithful lord of Muncaster with a glass bowl, still one of the family treasures. Like the "Luck of Edenhall," the "Luck" of Muncaster preserves its owners from misfortune so long as it remains unbroken.

Continuing up the strip of coastal plain, the next point of call—after a glance at the seventh-century cross at Gosforth—is the ruin of Calder Abbey, an ecclesiastical settlement which was second only to Furness in importance. Few ruins in the country are more picturesque, and the Norman, Early English, and Decorated work which has survived is eloquent of the building fervour and taste of its time.

Of Egremont it is perhaps kinder to say nothing except that the picturesque wreck which was once its castle is a delightful feature of a landscape otherwise not particularly inspiring. The iron industry



Photo N.

BASSENTHWAITE LAKE.

A. H. Robinson.

The lake is in the basin of the Derwent River and extends $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles north-west of the foot of Derwentwater, with an average breadth of three-quarters of a mile. Pike and perch are plentiful, and salmon pass through it to the Upper Derwent.

which flourishes in this region no doubt contributes to the wealth of the nation, but its effect on the countryside is disastrous, and when we proceed a little farther north to the coal district of Whitehaven and Workington it takes all one's faith in economic progress to overcome disgust at the appalling disfigurement of what should be a magnificent glacis to the fortress of the Lake mountains.

Cockermouth, fortunately, is clear of the "black" country, and is a quaint old place with a reputation as Wordsworth's birthplace and the possessor of a splendid ruined castle, which once sheltered Mary Queen of Scots just after she had tried the disastrous experiment of placing her fate in the hands of Elizabeth. Less than a century later, there was a strenuous siege in the Civil War, ending in the inevitable surrender to the Parliamentary siege specialists, and a curt order for immediate dismantling from Cromwell.

The county cannot be left without a fitting tribute to Caldbeck, the little village north of the Skiddaw group, where the best known of Cumbrian characters had his home and rests in the churchyard. For who does not "ken John Peel," whose tombstone is adorned with stone replicas of the whip, horn, and hound, which are his emblems wherever the English language is spoken. It is only seventy years since he died, and in that time a fame purely local has become imperial, if not international, owing entirely to the inspiration of a friend, the weaver Woodcock Graves.

Nor should the county be left without mention of Burgh-on-Sands, the scene of an event in 1307 which had a profound influence on British History. For it was in his camp there that the greatest of England's monarchs, Edward I., died at the outset of a campaign which might well have effected the union of England and Scotland four hundred years before it actually took place.



Photo N.

BRAITHWAITE, NEAR KESWICK.

A. H. Robinson.

Braithwaite, a township in Crosthwaite Parish, stands on the Cockermouth and Penrith Railway 3 miles west of Keswick. The inhabitants are chiefly employed in lead-mines and woollen manufactures.



Photo by

A FARM NEAR WIGTON, CUMBERLAND.

[C. Reid.]

This rural scene shows a farm near Wigton, a market town built near the site of Old Carlisle. The cattle grazing in front of the house and the ducks in the foreground seem almost posing for the picture.



Photo by,

[Judges', Ltd.]

DENBIGH.

This town was originally called Caledfwyn, signifying a "rocky hill." It occupies a steep slope overhung by a castle-crowned rock, and consists of one long main street, smaller diverging streets, and a spacious market-place.



Photo by,

[C. Reel]

DENBIGH CASTLE, DENBIGHSHIRE.

Denbigh Castle was built by Henry de Lacy. Situated on an eminence in the Vale of Clwyd near the municipal borough of Denbigh, it is a favourite spot with visitors to North Wales.

DENBIGHSHIRE

THE Romans knew this county as Venedotia, and included the county in the province of Britannia Secunda; in the time of Egbert it was overrun by the kings of Mercia, and from very early days was one of the battlegrounds in the long struggle that ended when the infant English prince was born at Carnarvon, the first Prince of Wales of the English royal house. But long before this, in the time of Henry II, Denbighshire came under English rule—or rather, under Norman rule.

There is little trace remaining of the Roman occupation, but ancient "standing stones" testify to the Druid influence, together with the barrows of ancient British dead. At Cerig-y-Druidon—itsself a testimony to the Druid faith—at Llanarmon, Llansallan, Capel-Voelas, and Eliseg, these relics of old time survive. Across the south-eastern wing of the county ran Offa's Dyke and Watt's Dyke, from the region of Chirk to that of Caergwrle. Denbigh and Ruthin are characterised by Norman strongholds, and at Llan-Egwest, Wrexham, and Llan-rhaiadr are fine old ecclesiastical remains.

Along the west of the county lies an upland tract, partly tableland, partly summits rising to over two thousand feet above sea-level; in the south that part of the Berwyn Mountains within the county rises higher still; the vales of Conway, of Dee, and Clwyd, together with the smaller valleys of their tributaries, form the most beautiful parts of a beautiful county. The vale of Llangollen is world-famous, and Bettws-y-Coed divides itself between Denbighshire and Carnarvon. Such towns as Abergele and Denbigh itself are full of interest and of beauty.

Denbigh occupies a steep acclivity, overhung by the rock on which the castle stands—its name is derived from two words meaning a "small hill." Under the last Llewellyn it formed the gathering place of the Welsh chieftains against the English, and up to quite modern times it was the rendezvous for the triennial Eisteddfodd, or meeting of the Welsh bards.

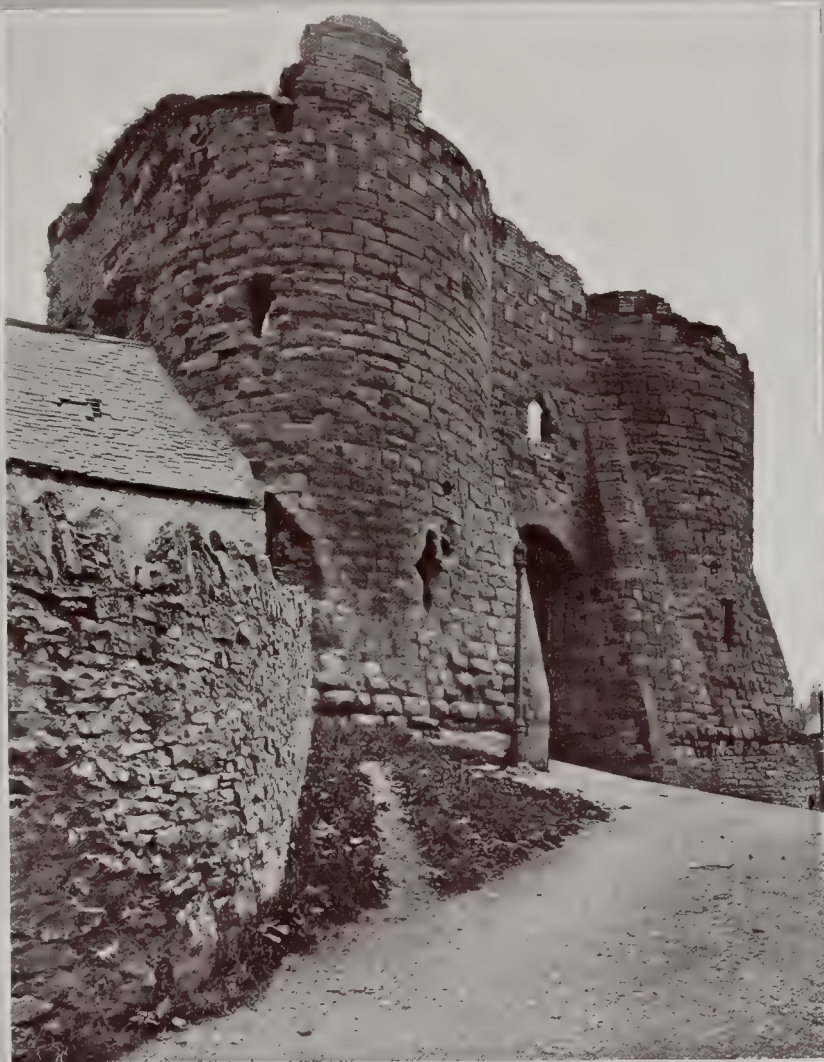


Photo by]

THE BURGESSES' TOWER, DENBIGH.

[E. Bastard.

Charles I sought asylum in Denbigh Castle in 1645. The ruins are nearly 800 years old. The Burgess Gate in the outer wall is known for its remarkable buttressing.

Little of the castle remains to-day, but some idea can still be gained of the enormous strength of its walls, the great gateway still stands, a desolate specimen of mediæval architecture, with a statue of Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, over the arch, while passages and dungeons still remain to attest the former extent of the fortress. It was destroyed at the time of the Restoration of Charles II, having previously withstood a siege of four months' duration. The Lacy whose statue survives was the builder, as he was of the wall of Denbigh, in the time of the first Edward; castle and wall alike were necessities then, with the principality newly subdued.

The postern passage, with three rectangular turns for purposes of defence, and its two portcullises, is still a feature of the sights of Denbigh, and there is a wonderful view of the Vale of Clwyd from the



Photo by]

RUTHIN CASTLE.

[Photocrom Co., Ltd.

The original castle was built in 1281 by Reginald Grey. In 1646 it was captured and completely dismantled by General Mytton. The site of the castle is now occupied by a modern mansion of the same name.

walls of the castle. In 1579 the Earl of Leicester of unhappy memory began the building of a large church in the grounds of the castle, and the outer walls of the unfinished building remain, a fitting monument to the designer.

Denbigh church is a new edifice, replacing the mother-church situated a little over a mile outside the town, at Whitchurch, which was built in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Its hammer-beam roof is a fine piece of work, and in it is a Renaissance design alabaster tomb bearing the recumbent figure of Sir John Salusbury, with quaint figures of his children, dating from 1578.

Ruthin, originally "Rhudd-din," or the Red Fortress, overlooks the Vale of Clwyd, and is noteworthy for its timbered houses with old-time projecting porches. Its church is fourteenth-century work in part - the chancel was destroyed in 1663, and the spire is nineteenth century--with a splendid roof over the original nave, now the north aisle. Ruthin Castle occupies the site of a stronghold erected



Photo. by

RUTHIN FROM LLANFWROG.

The town stands on rising ground on the right bank of the River Clwyd. It was attacked and burnt in 1400 by Owen Glendower, and was given by Henry VIII to his son Fitzroy and by Elizabeth to the Dudleys.

Phot. chrom. Co., Ltd.



By permission of

VALLE CRUCIS ABBEY BERWYN.

G.W. Rlv.

Valle Crucis (Vale of the Cross) Abbey is 2 miles north-west of Llangollen. It was founded by Cistercians about 1200. The abbey attained much celebrity and has left very interesting remains.



By permission of

THE HORSESHOE FALLS, BERWYN.

G.W. Rlv.

These curiously shaped falls are situated near Berwyn, at the foot of the Berwyn Hills, a few miles to the south-west of Llangollen.

shortly after the Conquest by Hugh, Earl of Chester; the existing ruins are those of the fortress, rectangular in shape, set up by Edward I, and unsuccessfully besieged in 1400 by Owen Glendower. The Parliament troops dismantled it after a siege by General Mytton.

Perhaps as noteworthy as any part of Denbighshire is the Vale of Llangollen, which drew encomiums from Ruskin on the score of its beauty. That great reveller Borrow had a word to say on the place, but in accordance with his character he praised its ale and said nothing about its beauty. The "ladies of Llangollen," who devoted their lives to "friendship, celibacy, and the knitting of blue stockings," are buried in the churchyard here, together with their faithful servant, Mary Carryl. Their visitors included Wellington, Scott, de Quincey, and Wordsworth, the last-named of whom wrote a sonnet to which the eccentric ladies took great objection. The "ladies'" house still stands, and one of its window recesses is lined with part of its occupants' old pew in Llangollen church, while its external decorations of oak carving render it worthy of notice, though the fine collection of curios which the "ladies" acquired has been dispersed for nearly a century.

Commanding Llangollen in old times was Dinas Bran Castle, the most conspicuous feature of the beautiful valley. Madoc ap Gruffyd, a thirteenth-century chieftain, was one of its early occupants, and he seems to have kept his castle—and his head—by favouring either Welsh or Norman as fortune veered from one to other. Madoc was of the thirteenth century, and less than three hundred years later a chronicler described the castle as "old and ruinous." Destruction



Photo by]

THE ROAD TO WORLD'S END, NEAR LLANGOLLEN.

[E. Bastard.

World's End is a little pass leading from Craig-y-Forwyn in the north to Craig Aderyn in the south. In the background can be seen the Eglwyseg Mountains.



Photo by]

PLAS NEWYDD, LLANGOLLEN.

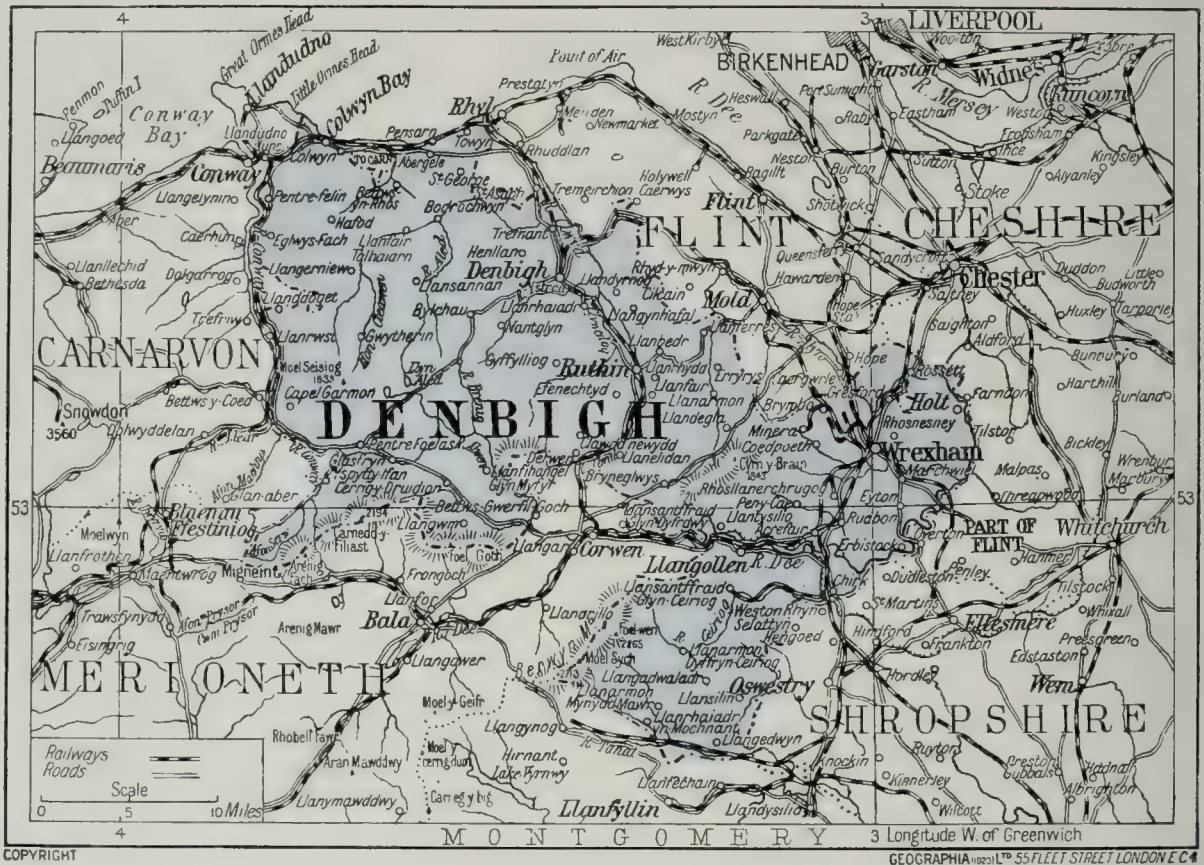
[E. Bastard.

This building was originally a "cottage orne" and was the residence of two eccentric Irish women, Lady Eleanor Butler and the Hon. Sarah Ponsonby. The interior decoration of panelling and leather-work is very fine. The grounds are famous for their magnificent clipped yews.

is reputed to have come on the fortress about the time of Owen Glendower and his insurrection, but practically the whole of its history is as legendary as if it had belonged to Arthurian times—as perhaps it did.

A little more than a mile to the north-west of Llangollen are the ruins of Valle Crucis Abbey, a Cistercian foundation of the Madoc ap Gruffyd who trimmed his sails to Welsh and Norman winds alternately; the remains of the abbey, which came to an end at the dissolution in 1535, are more representative than those of any similar religious house in North Wales.

Along the Ruthin road, less than half a mile distant from the abbey, stands Eliseg's Pillar, a broken shaft a little over 6 feet in height, crowning what is conjectured to be a sepulchral mound. The cross was erected in the ninth century in memory of Eliseg, lord of Powis, who fought and fell in the great battle of Bangor in the year 607. The original inscription, recording the erection of the monument,



suffered from the Philistine spirit of the Commonwealth fanatics, and the present lettering, cut in 1779, tells of the mutilation of the historic pillar. Possibly the valley, and later the abbey, received the name "Valle Crucis" from the presence of this monument.

Few counties of the west are richer in historic and scenic interest than Denbighshire. Its nearness to Chester and the English border rendered it conspicuous in mediæval times, when it was associated with the leading figures in history; its beautiful valleys retain their attractions for all time, independently of history.



Photo by]

[Aerofilms, Ltd.

BERWYN.

Berwyn has one of the most pleasant situations on the River Dee. Two bridges cross the river at this spot, the King's Bridge, and a little lower, the old Chain Bridge.



Photo by]

IN THE WOODS, COLWYN BAY.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.

These beautiful woods are within easy reach of Colwyn Bay, one of the most frequented resorts on the coast. Near by is the chapelry of Colwyn in the parish of Llandrillo-yn-Rhos on the coast.



Photo by

A VIEW NEAR DERBY.

H. N. King.

This very rural scene makes it hard to believe that it is just outside a large town. An idea of the beautiful country outside Derby can be gathered from this picture.

DERBYSHIRE

NO one who has ever travelled on the L.M.S. Railway (Midland Section) has any excuse for ignorance of the scenic specialties this county has to offer. A very fair selection of the beauties of the Peak District is open to inspection by anyone who looks out of the window between Derby and Manchester, and if he is also struggling with the impetuosity of his soup and the antics of the glass and cutlery he will be forcibly reminded that he is passing through one of the highest and most difficult inland regions of England.

That height and difficulty, the comparative inaccessibility which they involve, and the peculiar geological formation of the county account for a large share of its attraction.

The outstanding feature about that attraction is in its manysidedness.

To the town-dwellers of the busy industrial communities just over the Lancashire, Yorkshire, Nottinghamshire, Leicestershire, and Staffordshire borders, this county is one of Nature's finest playgrounds, placed almost at their doors. In the course of a summer afternoon a Manchester or Sheffield operative or artisan can spend long hours in the heart of the Peak District, tramping over moors that might be a hundred miles from civilisation, or exploring delightfully mysterious caverns. Within easy reach are beautiful wooded ravines bounded by tortuous cliffs and rugged precipices. Nothing exactly similar is to be found in the British Isles.

But Derbyshire's special fascination does not end there. It is a happy hunting-ground for anyone with the slightest interest in memorials of the past, some of them the finest specimens of their

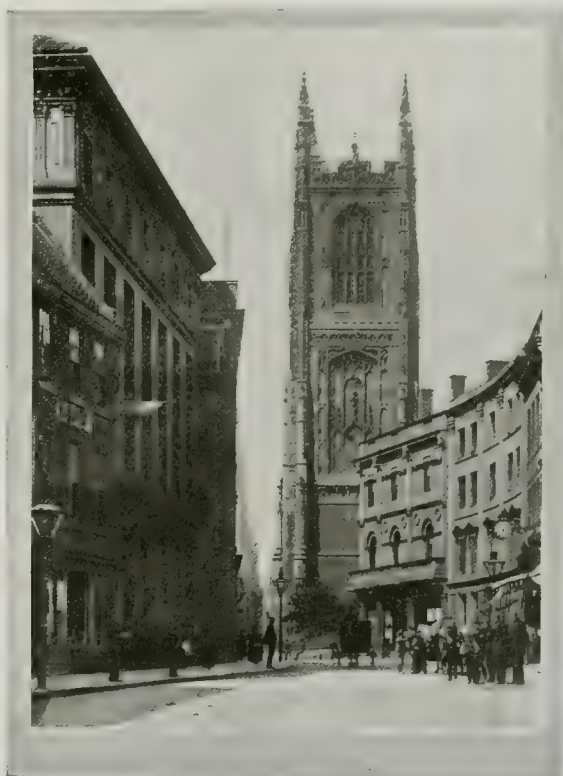


Photo by]

York & Son.

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH TOWER, DERBY.

All Saints' is a Doric edifice of 1726, after designs by Gibbs. It has a Perpendicular English tower of three stages, 174 feet high, surmounted by pinnacles. The church was extensively restored in 1860.



Photo by

H. N. King.

BELPER, DERBYSHIRE.

The town stands in a pleasant situation on the River Derwent, 7 miles north of Derby. The cotton works and extensive pottery and coal-mines in the neighbourhood employ a large number of the population.

Nor are the early antiquities of the county to be neglected. The traces of prehistoric man which Derbyshire has revealed in comparatively recent times are among the most important in Europe, and there are many and interesting relics of the Roman and subsequent occupations. In fact, it is only

in mediæval military buildings of the first class that the county is weak.

In a word, to a man with eyes to see and a little knowledge to direct his vision, almost every mile of this beautiful and varied shire has something to show and say.

Our survey of the county shall begin with what Defoe, no mean judge, once called the "most desolate, wild, and abandoned country in all England. The Mountains of the Peak, of which I have been speaking, seem to be but the beginning of Wonders to this part of the country, and but the beginning of mountains, or, if you will, as the Lower Rounds of a Ladder."

On reading such a description a modern visitor might well wonder whether the



Photo by

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

RIVER GARDENS, BELPER.

The gardens add greatly to the charm of what could not otherwise be called a picturesque town. The Derwent, which flows through Belper, is there spanned by a handsome three-arched bridge.

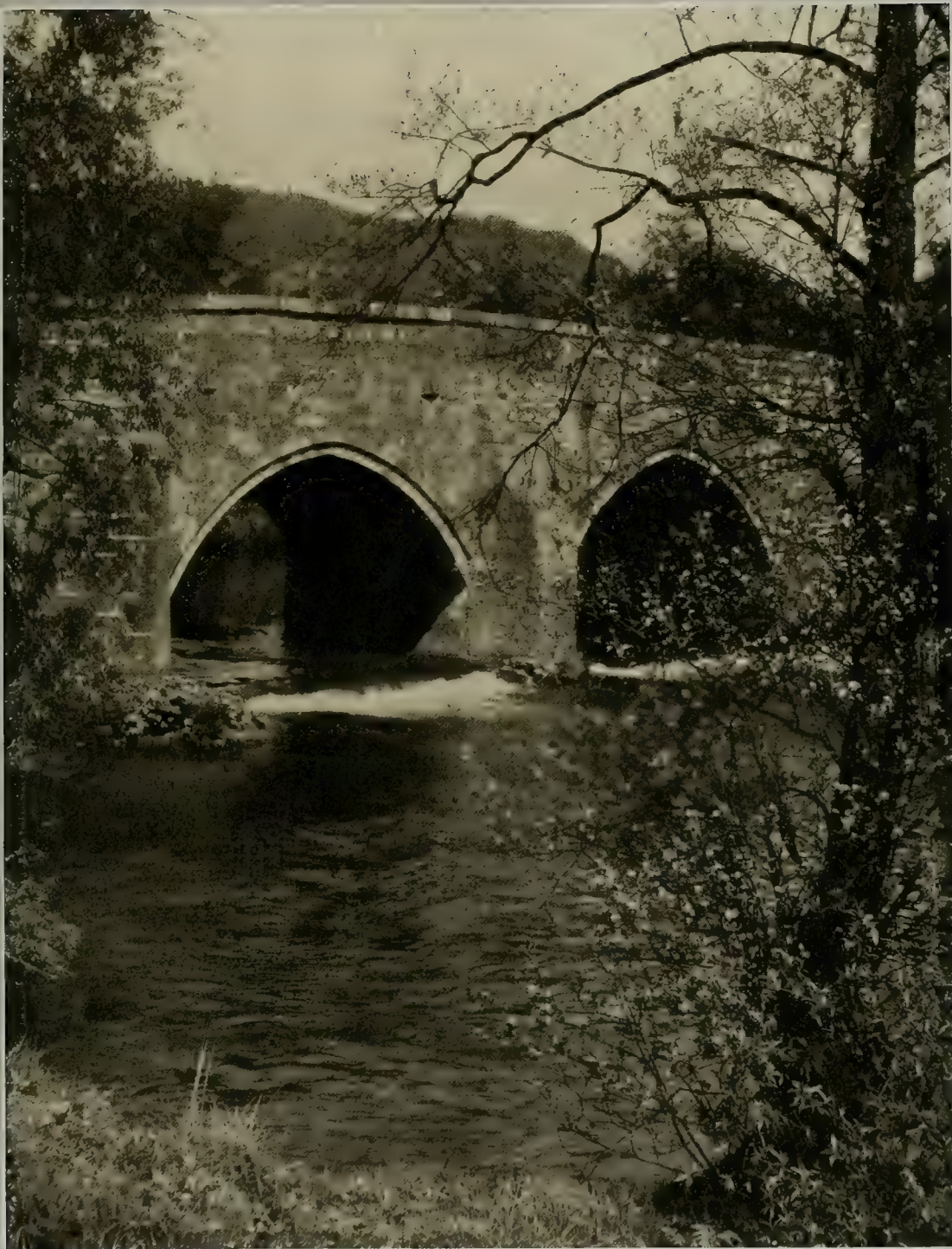


Photo by]

ROWSLEY BRIDGE, DERBYSHIRE.

[W. F. Taylor.

Rowsley is a small town in the parish of Bakewell on the River Derwent at the influx of the Wye. Rowsley is the nearest station for Haddon Hall.



Photo by

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BED, HADDON HALL.

[H. N. King.]

Haddon Hall, the famous seat of the Vernon and Manners families, is perched on a slope above the sparkling Wye 2 miles north-west of Rowsley. It is the most thoroughly preserved of our mediæval houses, although no longer inhabited.

inventor of *Robinson Crusoe* were not letting his imagination run away with him, or at any rate pulling posterity's leg; for the high moors in question seldom exceed the two thousand feet level, and "mountain" is not the word that would readily suggest itself, much less the ambitious expression "Lower Rounds of a Ladder."

But the desolation, wildness, and abandonment of the district between the northern boundary and the Vale of Edale or the Valley of the Wye is a sober truth which none can gainsay, though in this case the words are anything but synonymous with barren ugliness or lack of interest. To the discerning, moorland scenery has a wistful appeal all its own, and these moors of northern Derbyshire have the fascinating characteristics of their type in abundance and perfection.

Strung round the rim of this great plateau—and therefore all but precipitated into the adjoining



Photo by]

A GENERAL VIEW OF HADDON HALL.

[Judges*, Ltd.,

The Hall is an object of romantic interest, at once for its historical associations, for its architectural features, and for its picturesque surroundings. The house was built at various dates, and consists of two courtyards on different levels. Though the nucleus of the house was Norman, the bulk was built between the fourteenth and seventeenth centuries.

counties—are the human communities which have maintained the authority of civilisation in the vicinity of this great natural fortress. Glossop and Hayfield may be terribly industrial and depressing, but for centuries they alone really answered the challenge of Nature in these wild regions. Some may not think that a merit; but it is at any rate a fact.

Chapel-en-le-Frith, on the other hand, has had the good or bad luck to escape to some extent the ever-rising tide of "progress." There are mills and factories to be found, but it is still possible to connect the old place with its origin as a clearing in the great royal forest, which was so infested with wolves and other unpleasant creatures that it was necessary to appoint a special officer with the duty of stamping them out. The church, alas, is a most unworthy successor of a mediæval edifice which has figured prominently in history on one occasion at least. For it was here, in September 1648, that Cromwell lodged some prisoners from the Scottish army that was routed at Preston. The

result was something like the Black Hole of Calcutta on a small scale. Nearly fifty of these unfortunate individuals died during the fortnight the confinement lasted. Even when allowance is made for exaggeration and the bitter passions of the time, the episode reflects much discredit on the Parliamentary commanders.

But this sad story is not the only claim to renown of the church, for the parish register contains an entry which is quite a curiosity:

"On March 13, 1716-1717, one Phoenix, a girl about 13 years of age, a parish apprentice with William Ward, of Peak-Forest, went from George Bowden's house, of Lane-side, about five of the clock



Photo by

[Phot chrom Co., Ltd]

DOROTHY VERNON'S STEPS, HADDON HALL.

Dorothy Vernon's Steps, down which that romantic lady is said to have eloped, lead from the ante-room to the winter garden below, which is crowded with old yews.

in the morning, towards her master's house; sat down upon George Bowden's part, on Peaslow, between two rutts, and staid that day, and the next, and the Friday, Saturday and Sunday following, two of which days, viz. the 15th and 16th, were the most severe for snowing and driving that hath been seen in the memory of man, and was found alive on the Monday, about one of the clock, by William Jackson, of Sparrow-Pitt, and William Longden, of Peak-Forest, and after a slender refreshment of a little hot milk, was carried to her master's house; and is now (March 25, 1717) very well, only a little stiffness in her limbs. This was the Lord's doing, and will be marvellous in future generations. She eat no meat during the six days, nor was hungry, but very thirsty, and slept much."

In addition to the fine hills encircling Chapel-en-le-Frith, other points of interest in the vicinity are the old halls of Ford and Bradshaw (which incorporate Elizabethan work) and the curious depression

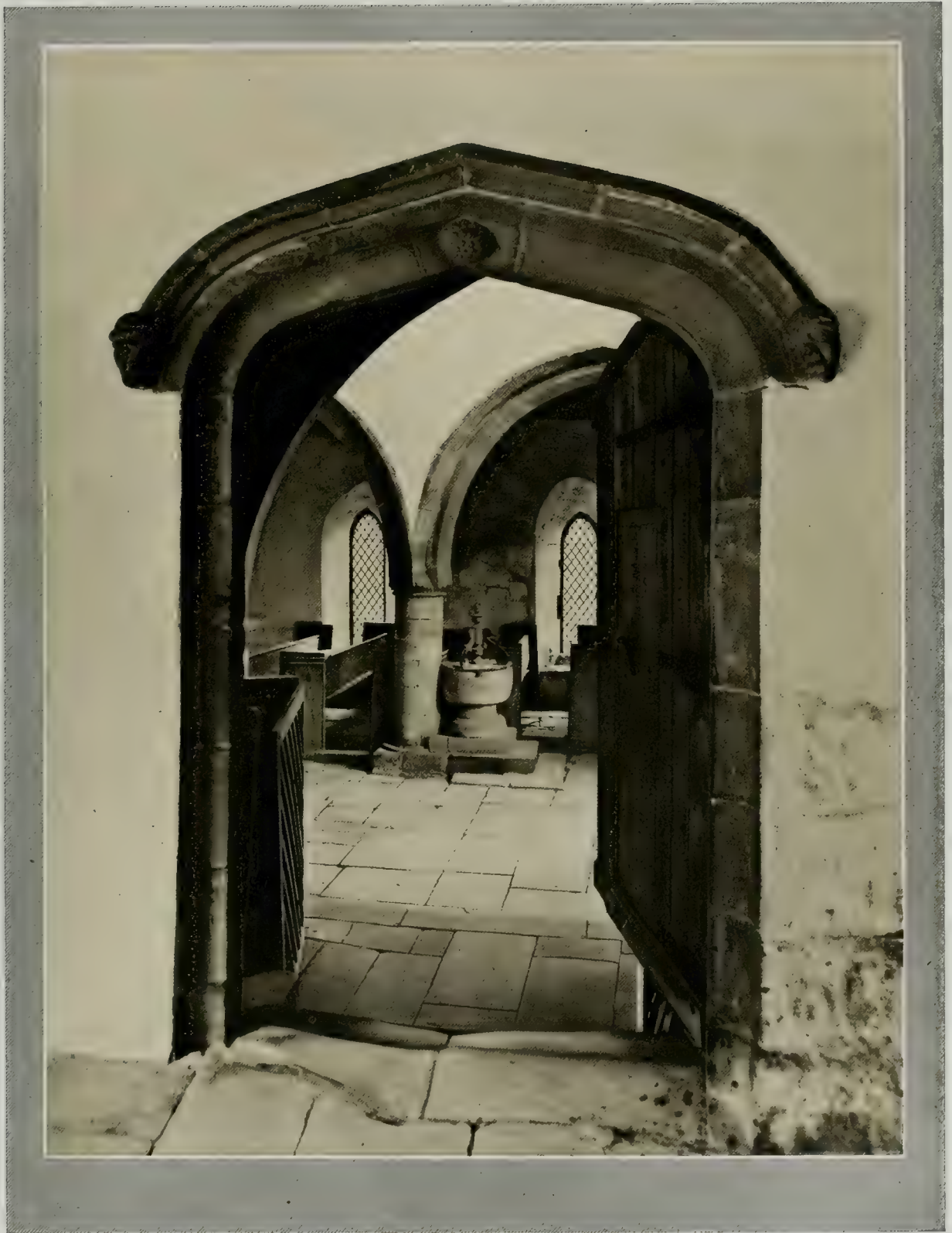


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ENTRANCE TO CHAPEL, HADDON HALL.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd

The chapel attached to the Hall was founded in the middle of the twelfth century. The most interesting features are the Norman font and the fourteenth-century vestment chest.



Photo. by]

THE BALL-ROOM, HADDON HALL.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.

Otherwise known as the long gallery, this apartment is wainscoted with oak, and has a beautifully carved frieze depicting the crests of the Vernons and Mannors.



Photo. by]

BANQUETING HALL, HADDON HALL.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.

This hall is early fourteenth century. Close to the entrance is an iron ring, to which recalcitrant drinkers are said to have been fastened by the wrist, whilst the rejected liquor was poured down their sleeves.

known as the Roosdyche, which some claim to be natural and others the remains of a Roman race-course or sports ground.

On the eastern side of High Peak the infant Derwent starts on a course which bisects the county longitudinally and forms one of its most charming features. Before its junction with the Wye at Rowsley it is virtually a mountain and moorland stream, gathering force as it descends. Nor are the valleys of its tributaries at all inferior to its own. At Mythanbridge it is fed by the Noe, which waters a vale of great and deserved repute.

Its centre is Castleton, a haunt well-known to all the trippers of Cheshire and southern Lancashire and Yorkshire, for the attractions of the place are various and of a high order. In the first place there is the grim and fascinating ruin of Peak Castle, perched high on a hill which is itself a natural fortress. Even in decay the great keep is frowning and formidable. It appears to have been built about a century after William Peverel, the reputed bastard of the Conqueror, built a stronghold on this site. Its history comprises more than one royal visit and the usual quota of sieges and tragedies.

But the fame of the castle as a "spectacle" is completely eclipsed by that of the great natural caverns which run for incredible distances into the very bowels of the earth. Space forbids any detailed description of the wonders of the Speedwell Cavern, Blue John Mine, or the Odin Mine, but a Georgian topographer may be permitted to deliver himself of an illuminating disquisition on the Peak Cavern in the approved manner of the time, particularly as the description largely holds good even now:

"On the steep side of another eminence is the celebrated Devil's Cavern, so well known by a more coarse appellation, which is situated in a dark and gloomy recess, formed by a cavern in the rocks, which range perpendicularly on each side to a considerable height. A vast canopy of rock, assuming the form of a depressed arch, forms the mouth of this stupendous excavation, which arch is in width 120 feet, in height 42 feet, and in receding depth about 90 feet. Within this gulph is a manufactory of twine, and the appearance of the machines and rude dwellings of the workmen in so peculiar a situation is extremely singular and picturesque." (It need hardly be said that this feature is lacking



MAP OF DERBYSHIRE.

to-day.) "Proceeding about thirty yards, the roof becomes lower, and a gentle descent leads to the interior of the hollow. The passage then becomes low and confined, and the visitor is obliged to proceed twenty or thirty yards in a stooping posture, when he comes to another spacious opening, whence a path conducts him to a small lake, called by the guides the 'First Water.' Across this lake a small boat, provided by the guide, conducts the visitor beneath a massive arch of rock, which in one part descends to within eighteen or twenty inches of the water, to a vacuity 220 feet in length, 200 feet broad, and 121 feet high, which opens into the bosom of the rocks. At the inner extremity of this vast cavern, the stream which flows along the bottom spreads into what is called the 'Second Water,' which can generally



Photo by

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

THE KITCHEN, HADDON HALL.

One of the most interesting rooms is the kitchen, on account of its large fireplace, which makes up for its lack of comfort by its picturesqueness. Other interesting features are the quaintly designed cooking utensils.



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The Underwood Press Service

DOROTHY VERNON'S BRIDGE, HADDON HALL.

Dorothy Vernon is said to have eloped with and married Sir John Manners—from whom the Duke of Rutland, the present owner, is descended—at the end of the sixteenth century.

be passed on foot. At the termination is a projecting pile of rocks, distinguished by the name of Roger Rain's House, from the incessant fall of water from the crevices of the rocks, which petrifies. Beyond this is another fearful hollow, called the Chancel, from which a path conducts to the Devil's Cellar, and thence, by a rapid descent to the Half-way House. Thence the passage leads to another vast concavity, denominated the Great Tom of Lincoln, from its bearing the form of a bell; and when illuminated, the effect here is very pleasing. The distance from this place to the end of the cave is very small, merely leaving a passage for the water. The entire length of this wonderful excavation is 750 yards, and its depth 207 yards."

Generally speaking, the Speedwell Cavern and Blue John Mine cannot improve on the sensations provided by Peak Cavern, but Castleton's capacity for thrills does not end there. Within a mile or so there is a fine piece of scenery associated with many lugubrious memories. In old times the only coach route from Castleton to Buxton passed through a vast ravine between frowning limestone cliffs at a spot where the wind was usually so demonstrative that it gained the name of the Wind Gates, contracted into the Winnats. Here was a happy hunting-ground for the powers of evil which animated highwaymen, from the aristocratic variety down to the vulgar and murderous footpad.



Photo by]

DOROTHY VERNON'S TOMB, BAKEWELL CHURCH.

[York & Son.

The parish church contains many interesting tombs, including those of the Vernons, Foljambes, and Manners. The building is of cruciform structure, in Saxon, Norman, and Early English. The new transepts and octagonal tower were erected in 1841.

The list of victims is a long one and the catalogue of crimes of violence includes a perfectly harmless and blissfully happy honeymoon couple, who were brutally done to death for the sake of their belongings. One may be sure that the dramatic possibilities of the mournful story get full justice at the hands of the local cicerones.

To anyone wandering in this region nowadays it is a little difficult to realise how important a part the lead-mines played in the economics of the county in times past. We know, of course, that they were worked by the Romans and that they were probably the enticing bait which attracted the Danes to this part of the country. But it seems difficult now to imagine that the Crown was so jealous of its mining rights that the industry was subject to a special jurisdiction with elaborate rules and regulations and a penal code all its own. To illustrate the severity of the code, Lysons says that "the



Photo by

ASHFORD IN THE WATER.

[W. F. Taylor.

The village stands in a charming situation, surrounded by high hills near Monsal Dale. In the background is Ashford bridge, crossing the River Wye. The mills for the cutting and polishing of marble are the oldest of their kind in England.

ancient punishment for stealing ore, on the third conviction, was that the offender's hand should be struck through with a knife unto the haft into the *stoc* [apparently the wooden framework of the apparatus for drawing up the tubs, where it was to remain until the offender was released by death unless he loosed himself by cutting off his hand."

Continuing down the delightful valley, the next "port of call" in a region rich in historic memories is Hathersage, where tradition has it that Little John, Robin Hood's trusty colleague, ended his lively career. The mass of hearsay which constitutes the tradition is not altogether trustworthy, though there is one piece of evidence which commands some respect. For towards the end of the eighteenth century the reputed grave in the churchyard was opened and an enormous thigh bone was discovered. Now who but "little" John could have possessed so colossal a frame? Anyhow, tradition is very positive and detailed on the matter. Mr. John Naylor tells us that when he visited



By Felix Hamond.

STONY MIDDLETON.

Stony Middleton is one of the prettiest of the North Derbyshire villages, or little towns for the mining and agricultural activities of its inhabitants have almost raised it to the dignity suggested by the latter name. It is situated 4 miles north of Bakewell at the entrance of Middleton Dale, a rocky gorge of great natural beauty.

From the *Easton*.

the inn where he breathed his last, "the mistress told us that when Little John lay on his deathbed in the room above our heads, he asked for his bow and arrow, and shooting from the window which we could see from the churchyard at the back of the inn, desired his men to bury him on the spot where they found his arrow. We went to see the grave . . . and found it only a few yards from the inn, so presumably Little John was very weak when he shot the arrow." Thus do legends assume the shape of facts!

The fourteenth-century church of Hathersage contains more trustworthy historical records in the shape of several brasses and monuments of the local notabilities, the Eyre family, particularly a tomb



Photo by]

CHATSWORTH HOUSE AND BRIDGE.

[H. N. King.

This mansion, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, lies in a beautiful deer park 4 miles from Rowsley. It was completed in 1706, having taken nineteen years to build. Many of the principal rooms are filled with a valuable collection of paintings and tapestry and have wonderfully painted ceilings.

of Robert Eyre, who not only bore himself well at Agincourt but married into the Padley family and had fourteen children.

East of the Derwent Valley the district somewhat fallaciously known as Peak Forest stretches away to Buxton. It is a moor rather than a forest, though it is certain that it was a royal hunting-ground in early times, and reference has already been made to the special officer who was appointed to clear the district of wolves. Peak Forest itself is a remote village famous as the English Gretna Green. For the extra-parochial chapel which was built by an ardent Royalist just before the Restoration soon became known as a place where runaway couples could achieve their hearts' desire more cheaply and expeditiously than by the long and risky journey to the north. The trade in clandestine marriages was accordingly pretty brisk until hard-hearted legislation stepped in.

Of far greater interest save to the sentimentalist is Tideswell, the beautiful church of which had the incredible luck of passing through the ghastly "restoration" period in the nineteenth century without serious disfigurement. It is a fine example of Decorated artistry, and rich in the possession of some remarkable tombs which merit more attention than space permits. One of them is of Sir Sampson Meverill, one of the stalwarts of the second period of the Hundred Years' War, who fought, as we are told, in eleven battles within two years. After such stout services he had good right to ask all visitors to his tomb to say "a Pater Noster with an Ave for all Xtian souls, and especially for the soule of him whose bones resten under this stone."

Buxton, close to the Cheshire border, deserves no particular notice on æsthetic grounds, for its



Photo by

CHATSWORTH HOUSE: THE CHAPEL.

H. N. King

The chapel is richly decorated with carvings in pear-wood, believed to have been executed by a local artist called Samuel Watson. The ceiling is adorned with a magnificent Ascension, and the ornamental screen at the back of the altar is made of Derbyshire marble.

situation is somewhat bleak. Since Roman days its main attraction has been its healing waters, and a list of those who have taken the cure here would include some of the most famous names in English history. Considering that there was a Buxton "craze" even as early as Elizabeth's day, it is somewhat surprising to find a guidebook writer of the seventeenth century remarking quaintly that the visitors "were crowded into low wooden sheds, and regaled with oatcake and with a viand which the hosts called mutton, but which the guests strongly suspected to be dog."

But for sheer human interest no spot in this region can surpass Eyam with its tragic story of the terrible visitation of 1665-6.

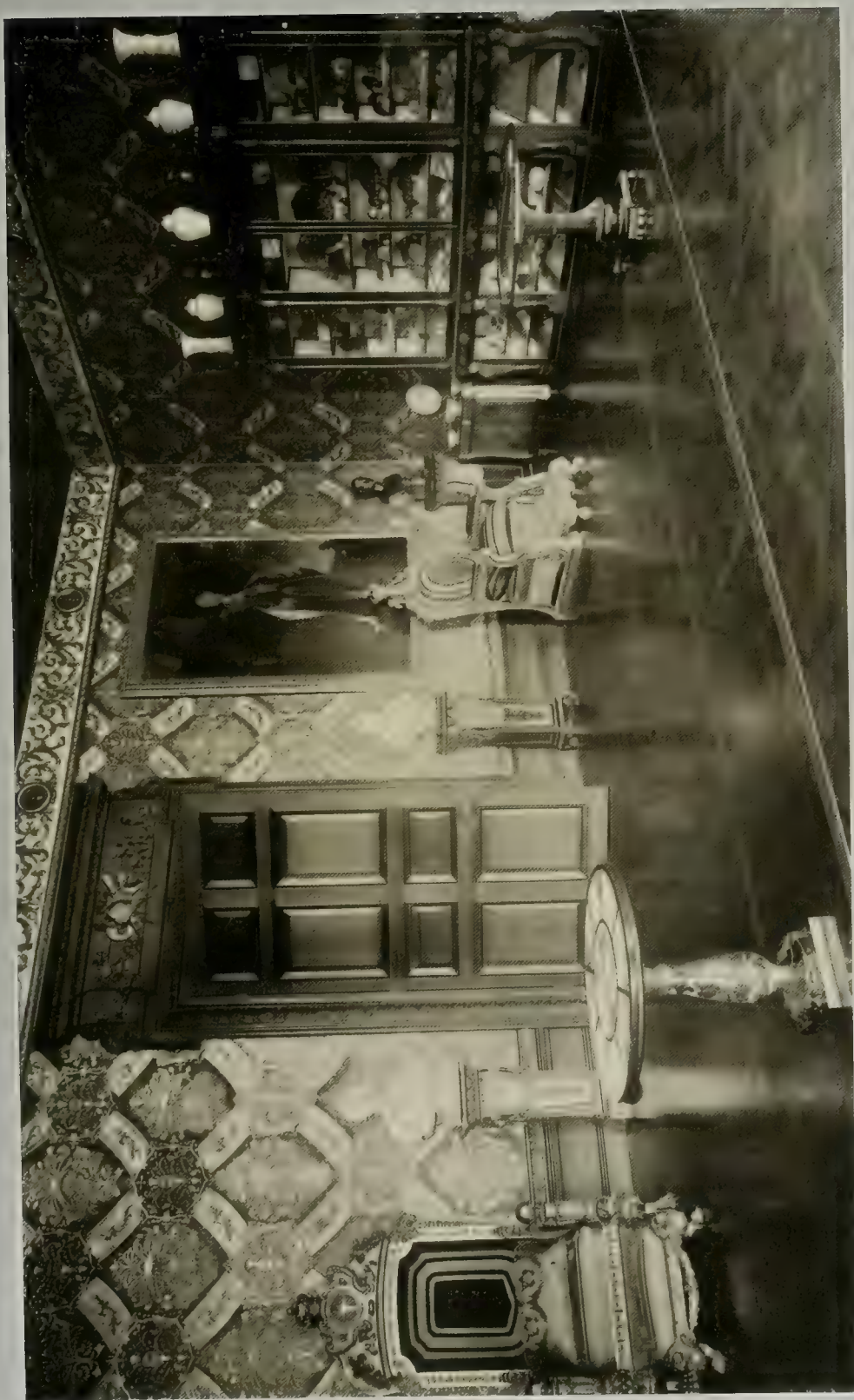


Photo hvi

CHATSWORTH HOUSE : THE MUSIC-ROOM.

The ceiling painting in this room is of Phaethon and Apollo. Strangers are frequently deceived by the fiddle painted on the back of the door by Verrio ; so cleverly has it been done that it looks almost real. Chatworth is often called the "Palace of the Peak," and it has a beautiful park about eleven miles in circumference in which trees have been planted by Queen Victoria and the Emperor Nicholas.



Photo by]

MONSAL DALE.

[Underwood Press Service.

One of the best views of this retired glen may be obtained by taking the direct road over Headstone Edge from Ashford. Monsal Dale forms only a small part of the picturesque "Ravine of the Wye," which lies between Bakewell and Buxton.

A graphic description of the arrival of the Plague at a spot so far distant from London is given in an ancient medical work, Dr. Mead's *Treatise on the Plague*:

"The plague was likewise at Eyam, in the Peak of Derbyshire; being brought thither by means of a box sent from London to a taylor in that village, containing some materials relating to his trade. A servant, who first opened the foresaid box, complaining that the goods were damp, was ordered to dry them at the fire; but in doing it was seized with the plague and died: the same misfortune extended itself to all the rest of the family, except the taylor's wife, who alone survived. From hence the distemper spread about, and destroyed in that village, and the rest of the parish, though a small one, between two and three hundred persons. But notwithstanding this so great violence of the disease, it was restrained from reaching beyond that parish by the care of the Rector; from whose son and another worthy gentleman I have the relation. The clergyman advised that the sick should



Photo by]

Photogram Co., Ltd.

MONSAL DALE.

Monsal Dale is one of the most beautiful reaches of the River Wye. It is situated in the north-west district of Derbyshire, 4 miles above Ashford. The beauty of this scene is greatly enhanced by the reflection of the rocky banks on the shiny surface of the river.

be removed into huts or barracks built upon the common; and procuring by the interest of the then Earl of Devonshire, that the people should be well furnished with provisions, he took effectual care that no one should go out of the parish: and by this means he protected his neighbourhood from infection with complete success."

South of Peak Forest, the valley of the Wye, one of Derbyshire's most characteristic and beautiful streams, exhibits a succession of picturesque stretches—Monsal Dale, Miller's Dale, Chee Dale, and so forth, where the charm of the landscape is largely due to the contrast of towering limestone cliffs and luxuriant vegetation. The whole valley has paid its tribute to civilisation and progress by furnishing a highway for an important line of railway—much to the indignation of nature-lovers such as Ruskin. To that extent, of course, its beauty is marred. Nor do the many limestone works exactly contribute to the charm of the scenery. But, after all, the railway has made this delightful region accessible to many to whom it would otherwise have been a *terra incognita*, and the improvement of communications is

mainly responsible for the fact that the tragedies of the Winnats and other isolated spots are now mere melancholy memories. The iron horse may not be beautiful, but he is very useful, and if the men of the nineteenth century had all been Ruskins the Great War would probably have had a very lamentable termination.

In any case there are very many attractive and interesting spots in and adjoining the valley, and the Derbyshire Wye still thoroughly deserves its reputation as one of the fairest of British streams.

Bakewell has a prosaic name in modern speech, and "Badecanwylla," as the Saxons called it, is far more in keeping with the interest and importance of this centre of Christian civilisation, one of the earliest in the Midlands. Its charming situation, picturesque or historic buildings, and its ancient associations make the old town well worth a visit. The church, though all too thoroughly "restored" in the first half of the nineteenth century, is an eloquent monument of its kind, and no amount of reconstruction



PLATE IX

MILLER'S DALE, RIVER WYE.

Herbert Walker.

An upland vale in the north-west region of Derbyshire, Miller's Dale has been described as "a rich spot in the midst of desolation." This photograph shows the entrance to the dale, through which flows the River Rye on its winding way to Buxton.

could rob such a gem as the Vernon Chapel of its abiding appeal. For here lie members of a family with which that mystic and intangible thing, romance, is for all time associated. A certain charming lady may be "the World's Sweetheart," but "the World's Sweethearts" are Dorothy Vernon and John Manners, whose monuments no visitor to the Peak District ever misses. With them are Sir George Vernon, who entertained at Haddon Hall on such a scale that the title "King of the Peak" seems hardly impressive enough, and Sir George Manners, who sleeps his last sleep under as expensive and elaborate a monument as the seventeenth century could devise.

In the churchyard the famous Bakewell cross shows the height to which Christian monumental art attained some time before the Conquest, and there are a large number of sculptured stones to illustrate the activity and importance of Bakewell as an ecclesiastical centre in the so-called "Dark Ages."

But for interest of every kind and beauty of a high order no spot in this region (not even the whole county) can compare with Haddon Hall. No description commensurate with the manifold charms of



Photo by]

MILLER'S DALE.

Herbert Walker.

Miller's Dale is the second of the three dales traversed by the River Wye. It is the more attractive as, except in the height of the season, it is almost solitary, as the nature of the ground forbids a large population.



Photo by

CHEE DALE.

F. Deaville Walker.

This is another of the beautiful dales in the neighbourhood of Buxton. Chee Tor, a mass of rocks 300 feet high, can be seen on the left of this photograph.

this wonderful house can be given in a survey which is necessarily summary. If plain historic truth be disregarded, the world-famed romance of John Manners and Dorothy Vernon can alone be spun into a pretty lengthy story without a dull or purple patch, and the history of the buildings is itself a romance of no mean order. But it is impossible to indicate more than the broad outlines here.

Though no part of the existing edifice is of earlier times than the Norman, the discovery of a Roman altar would certainly seem to indicate that the site was occupied by the great imperialists. But the place does not enter the field of real history until the Conquest. The Conqueror gave the manor to William Peveril. In the next century it passed to the Avenells, and from them to the Vernons in the twelfth. For four centuries it was the headquarters of that famous stock, and then by the marriage



Photo by

TIDESWELL : THE CHURCH.

(Underwood Press Service.)

This church, with its pinnacled tower, is situated in the small township of Tideswell, which stands in a valley surrounded by hills some 7 miles east of Buxton. Tideswell is supposed to have got its name from an intermittent well, which has long since fallen into disuse.

of the Vernon heiress, Dorothy, with Sir John Manners it became Rutland property and was the chief seat of the Dukes of Rutland until the removal to Belvoir. Fortunately that removal did not involve the destruction or decay of the beautiful mansion.

Of the Norman work the most interesting portion is to be found in the chapel, which was also the parish church for a considerable time.

The examples of work of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth century to be found in this chapel are of equal interest, so that it gives an illuminating epitome of the development and progress of ecclesiastical architecture in this country during the Middle Ages. The furniture and glass are by no means unworthy of their setting, and the latter would have had even greater interest had it not been for an extraordinarily daring exploit by thieves in 1828, when a large quantity of ancient glass was cut out



Photo 65

BUXTON: GOYT'S BRIDGE STEPPING-STONES.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

Goyt's Bridge is a small group of cottages, a few miles to the westward of Buxton. It is named after the River Goyt, which for some distance forms the boundary between Derbyshire and Cheshire.

The other living-rooms, too many to enumerate in detail, are a worthy complement to those two "lions," and help to make Haddon Hall perhaps the finest and certainly the most appealing mansion house in the country.

Chatsworth furnishes a very complete and striking contrast to its more ancient neighbour, and well

illustrates the evolution in taste and fashion which took place between the last years of the seventeenth century and the early years of the nineteenth.

The great central block was in course of construction between 1687 and 1706; as no expense was spared and the services of Talman and Sir Christopher Wren, as well as the leading artists and craftsmen of the day, were requisitioned, it is hardly surprising that both within and without the structure stands in the forefront of the creations of its time. It has often been said, and with truth, that the nineteenth-century



Photo 66

BUXTON: LOVER'S LEAP.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

Buxton is the centre of the Peak district, owing to the fact that it is the highest town of its size in England, being 1,000 feet above sea-level. The town is well known for its hot and cold springs, and its mineral waters.



Photo by]

LION ROCK, DOVEDALE.

[Judges', Ltd.

The dale was a favourite resort for poets and writers ; Cotton, Izaak Walton, and Congreve having lived there in their time. The last named wrote his " Mournful Bride " in a grotto at Ham Hill. The shape of the lion can easily be distinguished.



Photo by

DOVEDALE.

Herbert Felton.

The portion of the valley of the Dove which is usually meant by Dovedale is a narrow rocky dell starting 5 miles above Ashbourne. Dovedale is nearly 3 miles long, and is famous for its abrupt crags and towering rocks. This photograph shows the river bank opposite the Lion Rock.

annexe which Wyattville added detracts from the beauty of the original design, but with its splendid situation and its art treasures—amazing both in quantity and quality—Chatsworth House remains without a rival among the aristocratic mansions of Britain.

Of the earlier houses which occupied its site, very little remains, but that little includes a relic of pathetic interest, "Queen Mary's Bower," where that unfortunate lady whiled away many hours of her tedious captivity in gazing upon one of the fairest prospects this realm can show.

East of the Derwent, a somewhat bleak ridge, East Moor, separates the valley of that river from a more industrial region which is threaded by the River Rother. Its centre is the ancient town of Chesterfield, now robbed of much of its charm by the vicinity of coalfields and other signs of ugly prosperity. It is a place with quite a history, though its history can hardly be said to be written on its face, as most of its ancient buildings have vanished. The church, however, is both interesting and curious—interesting as a characteristic example of Decorated work and curious for its freak spire. Popular imagination has ever been busy with speculations on the causes of its extraordinary twist, and of course the intervention of the devil has been invoked. But the unromantic scientist tears all these delightful fabrics to pieces with the cold fact that the use of a certain amount of unseasoned timber wholly accounts for what has happened.

The extreme north-east corner of the county contains at least three architectural monuments of a very high order. First in importance comes Hardwick Hall, famous for itself, the wealth of art treasures it contains, and as the birthplace of the renowned Countess of Shrewsbury, whom all the world knows as "Bess of Hardwick." A few biographical facts about this eminent lady belong so essentially to the history of Derbyshire that they cannot be omitted here. She was born in 1518 and throughout her



Photo by

DOVEDALE: TISSINGTON SPIRES.

(Photochrom Co., Ltd.)

Dovedale abounds in fancifully-named rocks. The spires take their name from Tissington village, which is the first station after Thorpe Cloud, lying at the head of the dale.



Photo 15

DOVEDALE.

[C. G. Gosnell.

This photograph shows the river about half-way through the dale. The Dove is an important tributary of the Trent and rises on the eastern slope of Axe Edge. Throughout the greater part of its course it forms the boundary between Staffordshire and Derbyshire.

of the finest examples of mansion houses the age could show, but of so much feverish activity Hardwick Hall is the only substantial relic. This mansion may be "more glass than wall," as the popular saying goes, but it is late Elizabethan architecture at its best. The fittings and furniture are also among the choicest of their kind, and the pictures, particularly the royal portraits, are exceedingly important and valuable.

Barlborough Hall cannot compete with the dimensions and magnificence of Hardwick, but



Photo 16

DOVEDALE.

[Underwood Press, Service.

The entrance to Dovedale lies between the barren heights of Thorpe Cloud to the east and Bunster to the west. At some places in this romantic dell the river is flanked by isolated masses of rock nearly 240 feet high.

long life her principal obsessions seem to have been a mania for marriage and building. Four husbands gave her their name and fortune, and she clearly attached more importance to the latter than the former. Her final experiment in marriage was with the grim old Earl of Shrewsbury, who was selected by Queen Elizabeth to act as guardian of Mary Queen of Scots, under a belief (which Bess of Hardwick came to regard as erroneous!) that he was proof against the beauty and blandishments of that unhappy charmer. Bess's building mania endowed this part of the country with some

is interesting for the combination of Gothic structure with Renaissance details. It is a decade earlier in date, but the evidences of the arrival of a new and foreign spirit are unmistakable.

Of the religious buildings in this corner of the county the church of Steetly calls for special notice. In Lysons's *Magna Britannia*, written rather more than a hundred years ago, the church is shown as a miserable and abandoned ruin. Fortunately its restoration about 1880 escaped the very worst period of the nineteenth century: the work was



Photo by]

FLAM ROCK, BUXTON.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.

This is one of the grandest of the many fine rocks in the neighbourhood. The town, now so famous as a spa, was formerly called Badestanes and Buckstones, and is said to have been known to the Druids and Romans.



Photo by

CHAPEL-EN-LE-FRITH.

The pretty market town of Chapel-en-le-Frith stands on the side of a high hill 5 miles north of Buxton. It has important cotton manufactures and lead and coal mines. The photograph shows a general view of the town and was taken from the west.

[Photograph Co., Ltd.,

carried out with due regard to probabilities, so that Steetly is now one of the most attractive Norman churches in the country.

The castle of Bolsover is another memorial of the indefatigable Bess of Hardwick. The first stronghold on the site was the creation of William Peveril. After undergoing various transformations and much usage as a royal residence it came into the hands of her husband, the Earl of Shrewsbury, and was entirely remodelled by their son early in the seventeenth century. The work was continued by the Earl of Newcastle, the royalist commander in the North during the Civil War. It underwent a siege in those troublous times, but survived them with some damage, and it was left to indifference in the eighteenth century to effect that ruin which might have been expected in the seventeenth.

Before the Derwent is again reached, the county has a great triumph of domestic architecture to show in the ruin of South Wingfield manor house. For a long period in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries the mansion was the residence of successive Earls of Shrewsbury, and it was here that Mary Queen of Scots passed two short spells of captivity. During the second the Babington



Photo by]

THE MANSION, ASHBOURNE.

[H. Walker.

Doctor Johnson and Boswell frequently stayed at this house with their friend Doctor Taylor. Ashbourne is a picturesque old market town on the River Henmore, 13 miles N.W. of Derby.

conspiracy took place, the proximity of Anthony Babington's home at Dethick making communication comparatively easy. In the Civil War the manor changed hands more than once, but here again it was subsequent indifference and vandalism which were responsible for its decay. But even in ruin it is a highly impressive object.

East of Wingfield the Derwent rolls past the two Matlocks (the beauty of which prompted Byron's famous remark that "there are things in Derbyshire as noble as in Greece and Switzerland"), on a southerly course towards Derby. On or within a short distance of its banks lie many places with historic or romantic interest—Wirksworth, with its picturesque church and its ancient lead-mining activities; Belper, with its Early English chapel, rescued at length from base uses; Duffield, with its church and the foundations of a Norman keep which was one of the largest and most formidable in the whole country; Heanor, the burial-place of the wood-carver, Samuel Watson, whose beautiful work at Chatsworth was for a long time wrongly assigned to Grinling Gibbons.

Derby, the county capital, though one of the oldest towns in the country, has shed almost every vestige of its antiquity. During the last century most vestiges of the past disappeared with results which all lovers of the picturesque must deplore. Even the house which "Bonnie Prince Charlie" occupied in December 1745, was pulled down seventy years ago. As it was the scene of the fateful council of war in which the retreat to Scotland was decided upon, it might have been thought worthy of preservation. But the Victorian era was singularly destitute of historic sense and imagination. Another house in which Mary Queen of Scots once sojourned during her captivity in England also shared the same fate, and the only substantial relics of old Derby are a Jacobean house, the chapel of the Bridge, and the tower of All Saints' Church. The latter is a particularly fine example of very late Perpendicular. The rest of the church is an early and ugly eighteenth-century edifice which Gibbs ought to have



Photos

[F. Deaville Walker.

A WATERFALL ON THE PEAK AND THE KINDERSTREAM.

Kinder Scout, otherwise known as the Peak, is the highest mountain in the Peak District, being 2,088 feet above sea-level. In clear weather the view from the Peak extends to the River Mersey. The picture on the right shows the Kinderstream at Upperhouse; that on the left being a pretty waterfall in the neighbourhood.

been ashamed of, but it derives considerable interest from the tombs and monuments saved from the original building. Here "Bess of Hardwick" sleeps under a pretentious monument, the construction of which she is said to have supervised during her lifetime.

More interesting than anything in the county town is the church of Repton, a place with memories going back to Danish and Saxon times. The most remarkable of many features worthy of notice is the small Saxon crypt with four very early columns. There is Saxon work in the chancel also; the main structure of the edifice is Decorated and the fine tower and spire date from the first half of the fourteenth century. The buildings of the renowned public school (which is itself a sixteenth-century foundation) incorporate portions of the priory of Austin canons who made Repton their headquarters early in the twelfth century.

Of the ancient abbey of Dale nothing but a fragmentary ruin remains. According to a highly picturesque legend it was built close to a cave cut in the rock by a baker from Bakewell who had been sent



Photo by

ENTRANCE TO PEAK CAVERN, NEAR CASTLETON.

(Felix Harland.)

This photograph shows the approach to the entrance to the cavern which penetrates for a quarter of a mile into the hill, making a descent of 800 feet. The natural archway is 42 feet high and 120 feet wide. Peveril Castle can be seen in the top left-hand corner.



Photo by?

PEVERIL CASTLE, CASTLETON.

A little to the south of Castleton, the romantic castle of "Peveril of the Peak" crowns the summit of a limestone crag 200 feet high. It is said to have been founded by William Peveril in 1068. A portion of the walls, which are 9 feet thick, are still standing.

[Photograph Co., Ltd.

by the Virgin to these parts to live a holy and secluded life. The good man carried out his instructions, and on the scene of his pious endeavours a great monastery came into existence, which rose to fame (and fortune) long before the Dissolution.

This catalogue of the beauties of the county would be hopelessly incomplete without the inclusion of the glorious valley of the Dove, perhaps the finest piece of inland scenery in England. Its characteristics were so admirably put by that great lover of Derbyshire, Rhodes (in his *Peak Scenery*), that a somewhat hackneyed quotation may be forgiven: "The ash, the hazel, the slender osier, and the graceful birch, hung with honeysuckles and wild roses, dip their pensile branches in the



Photo by]

NEAR HOPE.

[Felix Harrand

Hope is a small village on the River Noe, a tributary of the Derwent, 1 mile N.E. of Castleton. Many Roman relics, including a bust of Apollo, have been found in the neighbourhood.



Photo by]

CASTLETON WINNATTS.

[Felix Harrand.

The village of Castleton stands in a deep hollow at the foot of Mam-Tor mountain. The High Peak district is in this region and the neighbourhood of Castleton is full of great attractions.

stream, and break its surface into beauteous ripples. Huge fragments of stone toppled from the rocks above, and partly covered with moss and plants that haunt and love the water, divide the stream into many currents; round these it bubbles in limpid rills that circle into innumerable eddies, which, by their activity give life and motion to a numerous variety of aquatic plants that grow in the bed of the river." These words were written a hundred years ago, but they are equally true to-day. And when we add that two of the finest churches in the county, at Ashbourne and Norbury, are within call of the "limpid rills," it is superfluous to say that the western border of Derbyshire contributes not a little to the well-merited renown of this beautiful region.

St. Oswald's church at Ashbourne clearly shows how much devotion and artistic skill went to the making (or remodelling) of a parish church at a time when religious feeling was really expressed in tangible form. The first church was rebuilt by Bishop Hugh de Pateshull about 1240, and his Early English work is exquisite of its kind. The tower and fine spire date from the fourteenth century and the fine east window from the fifteenth. But the chief treasure of the church is Banks' charming sepulchral monu-

ment to Penelope, the infant daughter and only child of Sir Brooke Boothby and Dame Susannah Boothby. It is remarkable that the very end of the eighteenth century should have produced such a work of art, and, even more remarkable, at a time when inscriptions were couched in absurdly fulsome, pompous and stilted language to meet with simple and touching phraseology such as this: "I was not in safety, neither had I rest, and the trouble came"; or this: "The unfortunate Parents ventured their all on this frail Bark, and the wreck was total."



Photo by

ELYAM CHURCHYARD.

York & Son.

There are many curious and beautiful epitaphs on the tombstones in this churchyard. The figured Saxon cross in the foreground stands 8 feet high. The church has a chancel and tower dating from the end of the sixteenth century.

Many of the Cockayne monuments in this church are also of high interest, the Cockaynes being the great local family which was so long and closely associated with Ashbourne Hall.

Norbury church is of even greater interest and beauty and enjoys the special advantage of still possessing a large proportion of its ancient glass.

From an antiquarian point of view, the "lion" of Norbury is the two mutilated Saxon crosses of fine workmanship, which were discovered during the restoration of the church twenty years ago.



Photo by

HOUSES AT EYAM, WHERE PLAGUE BROKE OUT.

[York & Son,

The Great Plague, which started in 1665 and caused the deaths of 70,000 people, was particularly severe in this district. Eyam is a small township in the Bakewell district, near the River Derwent.



Photo by]

CUCKLET CHURCH, EYAM.

[York & Son.

This rock is so called because its curiously shaped arches are said to resemble an ecclesiastical building. During the plague services were held here for the villagers of Eyam, who lost three-fourths of their number.



Photo by]

[York & Son.

CHESTERFIELD CHURCH SPIRE.

Taken from the S.W., this view of the spire shows to the best advantage the curious twist which is caused by the warping of imperfectly seasoned timbers. The spire is about 230 feet high and is nearly 8 feet out of perpendicular.



Photo by]

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.

WINGFIELD MANOR.

The manor dates from the latter half of the fifteenth century. It was completely dismantled by 1646. Mary Queen of Scots was imprisoned here in 1584. Nearby is the town of Wingfield, $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles south of Chesterfield.

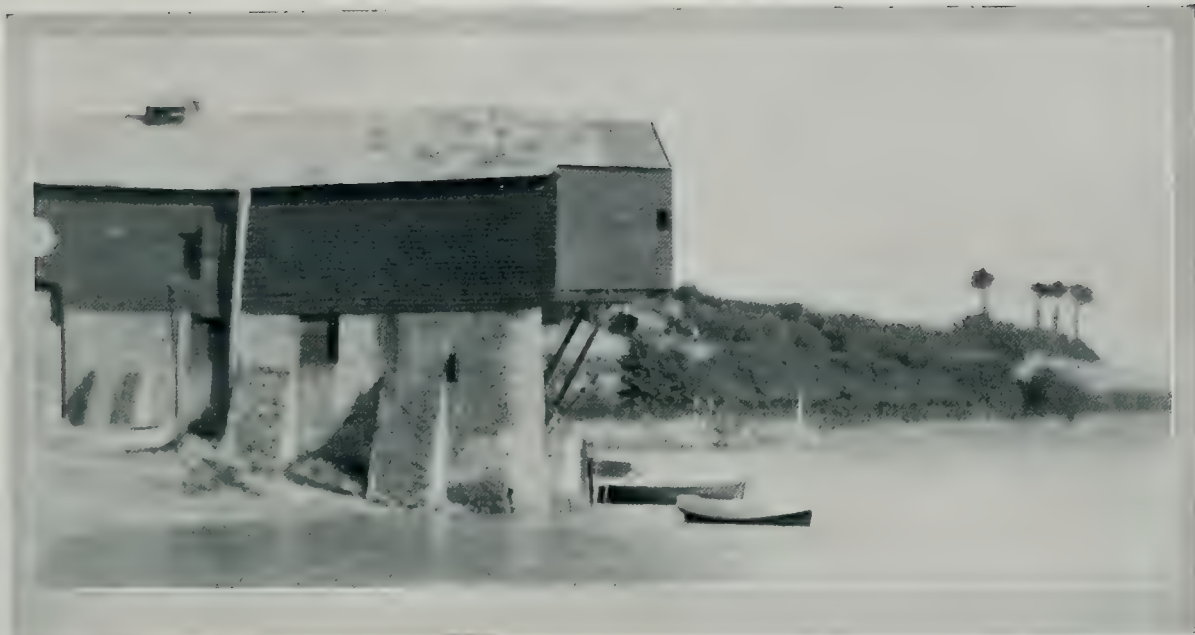


Photo by]

[Herbert Felton.

ON THE RIVER EXE, DEVON.

This photograph shows a charming old mill on the River Exe, which flows into the sea not far from Exeter. The river was originally called the Foca and rises in Somerset nearly 60 miles away.

DEVONSHIRE

GLORIOUS Devon! The pen rushes involuntarily to frame the magic words, "lanes," "Drake and his Merry Men," "Lorna Doone"; and as no self-respecting biographer of the county would dream of omitting them from his story, perhaps it would be as well to pay our tribute to fashion at the outset. For though a vast amount of literary rhodomontade has been perpetrated on the subject of Devonshire, the fact remains that the three ideas do conjure up a comprehensive vision of the scenic, historical and romantic associations, the combination of which makes the county such a favourite among visitors from all over the world. And to illustrate the truth that contrast strikes one of the most melodious and effective notes in the scale of beauty, Devon has its central moorland masses to furnish a striking background to the sylvan beauties of its river valleys and its lovely coast-line.

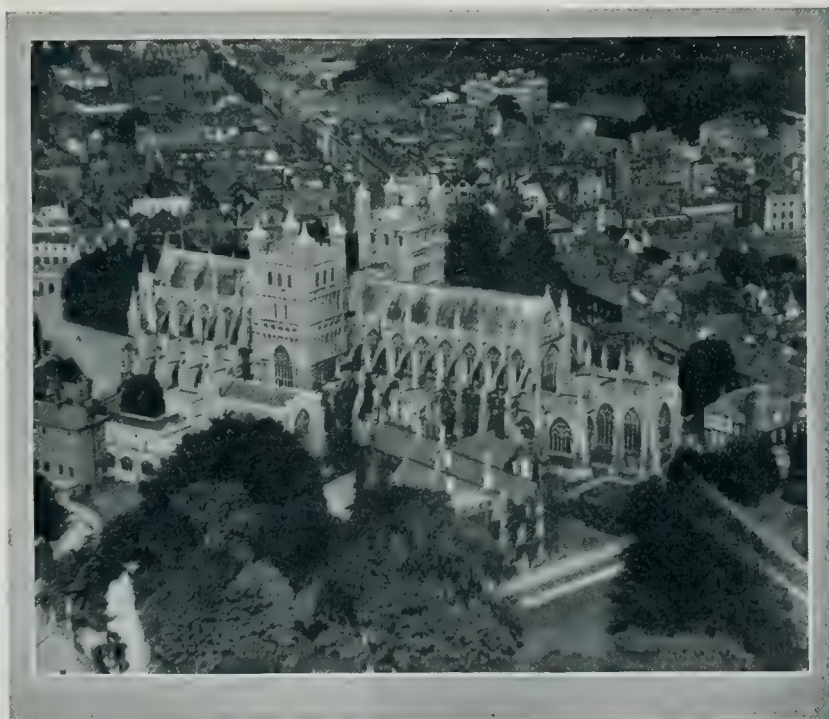


Photo by]

[Aero Films, Ltd.

GENERAL VIEW OF EXETER.

Exeter, the capital of the county, is also the capital

Exeter is the capital of Devonshire and one of the oldest of English cities. The city was originally completely surrounded by walls, but since 1769 they have been partly destroyed.

of the West, a title conferred far more by historical continuity than by size or population, for the story of the city goes back to the remotest era of British history and furnishes a thread through all the chances and changes of two thousand years. So varied and picturesque is the romance of Exeter that to give even an outline would claim more space than can be spared. From the British Cærwisc it became the Roman Isca Damnoniorum and then the Saxon Exan-ceaster. It had the great good fortune to remain intact and active after the departure of the Roman legions as the capital of the kingdom of Damnonium and by the time the Saxons drove the British into Cornwall the Conquerors had become civilised and Christian. It first defied and then won the respect of Norman William, and his son granted it an important charter. It witnessed many sieges and



Photo by]

WEST FRONT OF EXETER CATHEDRAL.

[Southern Railway.

The cathedral was founded by Bishop Quinel, and completed in 1478. Much of the original building still survives. The west front was restored in 1817 by Kendall, and has a large window, 32 feet by 27 feet, with nine lights.

notable events which fit picturesquely into the frame-work of our history. Many a time it has championed lost causes and many a time it has held high the standard of law and order. Its stout resistance to Perkin Warbeck emerges from the dry-as-dust serenity of limbo in the vivid narrative to be found in Grafton's *Chronicle*. It forms such an attractive chapter in the city's biography that quotation may be forgiven.

The description of the siege, a disastrous termination of which might have had the most dire effect on Henry VII's position, is as follows:

"When he & his imprudent counsaile were fully resolved on this point and conclusion, they in good order went straight to Excester, which was the next City that he could approach to, and besieged it, & because he lacked ordinaunce to make a battery to raise & deface the wallles, he studied all the waies possible how to break and infringe the gates, and what with casting of stones, heauing with yron barres



Photo by]

EXETER CATHEDRAL, FLYING BUTTRESSES.

[W. A. Mansell & Co.

The flying buttresses support the clerestory, and the ridge of the roof is decorated with a fleur-de-lis ornament the only one which exists in an English cathedral. The highest point in the cathedral is 387 feet.



Photo by]

EXETER CATHEDRAL, THE CHOIR.

[Southern Railway.

The choir was completed in 1390 by Bishop Grandison, and is 132 feet long, 54 feet wide, and 68 feet high. The organ was rebuilt by Lincoln by 1819. The organ screen contains some curious paintings of Scripture subjects and dates mostly from Edward III.

& kyndling of fire under the gates, he omitted nothing that could be devised for the furtheraunce of his ungratious purpose. The Citizens perceauing their towne to be invironed with enemies and like to be enflamed, began at the first to be sore abashed, and let certaine messengers by cordes downe over the wall which should certifie the Kyng of all their necessitie and trouble. But after that takying to them lusty hartes and manly courages they determined to repulse fyre by fyre, & caused faggots to be brought to the inward part of the portes and posterns and set them all on fyre, to the extent that the fyre being enflamed on both the sydes of the gates, might as well exclude their enimies from entering as include the Citizens from running or flying out, and that they in the meane season might make trenches and rampyres to defend their enemies in stede of gates and Bulwarkes. Thus all the doings and attempts of the



Photo by]

PATTERSON MEMORIAL PULPIT IN EXETER CATHEDRAL.

[F. Deaville Walker.

Many eminent people are commemorated in the cathedral by effigies, tombs, and other monuments. On the left is a tablet to St. Alban, the first British martyr, and on the right is a tablet to St. Boniface, the first British missionary leaving Exeter for Germany.

rebellious peopill had euill success in their first enterprise : and thus by fyre the Citie was preserued from flame and burning."

The net result was that : " When Perkyn with his lewde capytaynes saw that the Citie of Excester was so well fortified both wyth men and municions, and that in manner impregnable, fearing the sequell of this matter, departed from Excester with his lowsie armie. . . ."

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries there were further stirring events, and its chapter of happy and unhappy accidents does not close until after the passage of Dutch William on his route from Brixham to London.

Fortunately this ancient place has some evidences of its past left to it, though what should have been the sign and signal of its greatness—the castle—is now but a fragment. The only substantial fragment is the " Red Tower." It still preserves the name of Rougemont on which Shakespeare makes an execrable pun when he makes Richard III say :

"Richmond! — when
last I was at
Exeter,
The mayor in cour-
tesy show'd me
the castle,
And call'd it Rouge-
mont: at which
name I started,
Because a bard of
Ireland told me
once,
I should not live
long after I saw
Richmond."

But if the castle is a shadow and a memory, the glorious church, which was the pride of fourteenth-century builders, remains almost intact to demonstrate the perfection of the Decorated style at its apogee. Admitted that the edifice is insufficiently lofty to be really impressive, that the positions of the towers over the transepts produces a some-



Photo by

EXETER CASTLE.

Southern Railway.

The Castle of Rougemont is situated at the highest point of the city to the north. Only the gateway and a portion of the walls and rampart now remain. The castle was erected in the eleventh century in the reign of William the Conqueror.

what incongruous effect, and that the west front is not to be compared with that of Wells or Lincoln, the fact remains that for exquisite detail this cathedral is seldom surpassed or even rivalled in England.

In connection with this great fane, six names must be held in high honour. Bishop Warlewast, the nephew of William the Conqueror, was responsible for the Norman transeptal towers, the sole relic of the church of the twelfth century. Bishop Quivil, towards the end of the thirteenth century, conceived the design of the present edifice, and the bulk of the work was carried out by Bishops Bytton, Stapledon, Grandisson,



TOPSHAM.

Harbour View.

Topsham is a small town on the left bank of the River Exe, 4 miles below Exeter. Prior to the opening of the Ship Canal in 1844 it was the chief port of that city.



Photo by

A VIEW IN EXETER.

F. Bastara.

This photograph shows an old court in the precincts of the cathedral. Athelstan founded a Benedictine monastery on the site of the present cathedral in 932. The two towers of the present cathedral were built by Bishop Warlewast in 1112. They are the only remains of his structure, which was burnt by Stephen on his capture of the city.



Photo by]

THE WARREN, EXMOUTH.

[Judges', Ltd.

Exmouth is a rapidly growing seaside resort on the left bank of the mouth of the River Exe. The town was attacked by the Danes in 1001; it came into considerable notoriety during the Civil War and frequently changed hands.



Photo by]

DAWLISH.

[G.W. Railway,

The picturesque town of Dawlish is a fashionable watering-place, partly nestling in a grand cove overhung by tunnelled precipices. It lies a little to the south of the estuary of the Exe. The town was originally known as "Doelis," and a short time ago was only a small fishing village. The photograph shows a pretty bathing cove.

and Brantyngham. Between them they produced a masterpiece of the Decorated style which can challenge comparison with some of the choicest specimens of French Gothic.

Perhaps the most remarkable characteristic of the building is its symmetry. The ground plan looks like a figure in a geometry book. Another exceptional feature is the Minstrels' Gallery, carved with figures of angels performing upon almost every type of mediæval instrument of music, and equally fine is the bishop's throne, over 50 feet high and a miracle of airy grace. And what shall be said of the splendid western front with its tiers of niches, filled with statues of kings, knights, ecclesiastics, and other eminences? Modern opinion inclines to the view that it is the work of Bishop Brantyngham, though earlier authorities assigned it to Grandisson and one of them quotes an ancient extract to the effect that "sequestering himself from all idle persons, he kept no more about him than were absolutely necessary, in order to compass the charge of such mighty works; likewise, assembling his own clergy, he persuaded them to bequeath all their goods, etc., to the building of the mother-church of the diocese. And he prevailed on sundry temporal men to give of their store."

Many of the monuments in the cathedral are of the highest interest, but perhaps the most pathetic is that of Bishop Stapledon, to whom the church owes many of its best features. This great but capricious and unfortunate prelate was one of the few who remained true to Edward II when even his nearest relatives took up arms against him. The King made him governor of London, and there he was foully murdered in

1326. His extravagance and magnificence became a byword in Exeter. At his induction we are told that: "At the east gate he alighted from his horse and went on foot to the cathedral; black cloth having been previously laid for him to walk upon. Two gentlemen of great worship, one on each side, accompanied him, and Sir Hugh Courtney, of the great family of that name, who claimed to be steward of the feast, went before. At Broad-gate he was received by the chapter and choir, all richly apparelled, and singing the Te Deum; and thus they led him to the church. After the



Photo by,

TEIGNMOUTH.

[Judges', Ltd.]

This ancient seaport is situated at the mouth of the River Teign and has developed into a popular watering-place. The wooden toll-bridge over the river is one of the longest of its kind in England.



Photo by]

THE GIANT ROCK, WATCOMBE.

[E. Staniland Pugh.

The south shores of Devon abound in picturesque rocks which greatly add to the rugged grandeur of the coast. Watcombe has important pottery works.

incident in which Edward I, greatest of English sovereigns, figured as one might expect him to figure. In 1283 one Lechlade, the Precentor of the cathedral, was foully murdered as he was returning home from a service. Two years later, Edward I visited the city and held a parliament there. An inquiry into the crime was instituted, and one result was a licence to



Photo by]

THE GLEN, CHUDLEIGH.

[E. Staniland Pugh.

Lying 7 miles inland from Dawlish, Chudleigh is a small village containing the ruins of the Bishop of Exeter's Palace, built in 1080. The district is particularly rich in romantic scenery.

service and the usual ceremonies, all parties adjourned to the Bishop's Palace, where a feast such as the Middle Ages alone could furnish, was provided." A contemporary chronicler remarks that "it is incredible how many oxen, tuns of ale and wine are said to have been usually spent at this kind of solemnity."

The Bishop's Palace is a second and poor edition of the original, and the other ecclesiastical buildings have suffered changes which rob them of almost all of their attraction. In the case of the close this is particularly unfortunate, if only because it recalls an

enclose the precinct with a high wall, to prevent the repetition of such an outrage.

The rapid transformation of Exeter into a modern city has played havoc both with its ancient parish churches and its old civil and domestic buildings, but the survivors of the Elizabethan period include part of the Guildhall, with its delightful and interesting Renaissance façade of 1593. In addition to several portraits of Exeter notables, the Guildhall counts among its historic treasures a sword presented to the mayor in 1470 by Edward IV, and another given, with a cap of mainten-



Photo by]

[Judges', Ltd.

BABBACOMBE BEACH.

A suburb of Torquay, Babbacombe overlooks a tiny bay of its name and commands a fine extent of coast scenery. The beach is notable for its lovely colouring, which can best be appreciated from the cliffs above.



Photo by]

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.

ANSTEY'S COVE, TORQUAY.

There are few more entrancing spots on the Devonshire coast than this romantic cove, which lies a mile or so from Torquay. It is a standing temptation for those in search of bathing and boating.



Photo by

ANSTEY'S COVE.

[H. N. King.

One of the prettiest walks along the coast from Torquay is to Anstey's Cove. Shut in as it is by the cliffs, it comes as a pleasurable surprise and seems almost part of another world.

ance, by Henry VII, twenty-seven years later, to commemorate the repulse of Perkin Warbeck's onslaught.

Between Exeter and the Cornish border the vast mass of Dartmoor presents a formidable obstacle to direct communication, and a mere glance at the map will show how roads and railways have skirted the wild but fascinating *massif* in detours which involve long distances. The attraction of Dartmoor itself is not altogether easy to explain. The gaunt outcrops of granite which form the so-called "tors" are not in themselves calculated to produce a fine landscape. If broad, sweeping outlines and the haunting melancholy of desolation can work an imaginative mind up to a state of rapture, the appeal of Dartmoor is explained. The literary enthusiasm of many writers has also helped to create an illusion which cold criticism finds it hard to dispel. But the present writer will venture to state that the prospect



Photo by,

LONDON BRIDGE, TORQUAY.

(H. N. King.

This curiously shaped rock is situated a little to the eastward of the outer harbour. Along the whole coast of Torbay lies a submerged forest in which many bones of animals have been found.

from Princetown, for example, is, in its ineffable dreariness, fit mainly for the contemplation of the unhappy individuals who see most of it from the hideous and sinister convict prison there. And there are many landscapes in the moor which are only just less unattractive than that of which the penal settlement is the centre. Even on the brightest day the visitor may shiver in a fashion that not even the keen air can wholly account for.

The truth is that the real beauty of this delightful county is to be found on its coastline and in the valleys of its rivers. It is only when the latter leave the vicinity of the high moors that luxuriant verdure gives them a charm that nothing in the country can excel.

With these preliminaries, we will follow the line of the coast from Exeter to Plymouth, first threading the western side of the somewhat dull estuary of the Exe.

The first memorable object is the ancient castle of Powderham, set in a beautiful park which con-

tains some of the oldest oaks in the country. It is particularly interesting as the home, or one of the homes, of a great Devonshire family, the Courtenays, for over five hundred years. As might be imagined, continuous residence has involved successive transformations and alterations, so that the existing structure is somewhat of a hotchpot of various styles and periods. The oldest portion dates from the time of Richard II, when the castle consisted of a parallelogram with six towers, four of which still exist in changed form.

Next comes the charming little watering-place of Dawlish, with its beautiful red cliffs, and after that Teignmouth at the estuary of the Teign, which would receive even more praise than it does were it not for the proximity of that paradise of Nature, the valley of the Dart.

Teignmouth itself has little to recommend it beyond its delightful situation. A sand-bar, now built over, has destroyed its value as a harbour. Perhaps its greatest claim to fame is as the scene



Photo by

THE OUTER HARBOUR, TORQUAY.

[Judges', Ltd.]

Torquay carries on a considerable fishing industry, and the outer harbour forms a welcome protection to trawlers during the easterly gales which occasionally invade the bay. Torquay is almost entirely of modern construction, and but a short time ago was nothing but a little fishing village.

of an audacious French landing in the reign of William III, of which Macaulay gives a very graphic description :

"Tourville, finding that the whole population was united as one man against him, contented himself with sending his galleys to ravage Teignmouth, an unfortified market town which had given no provocation and could make no defence. A short cannonade put the inhabitants to flight. Seventeen hundred men landed and marched into the deserted streets. More than a hundred houses were burned to the ground. The cattle were slaughtered. The barks and fishing smacks which lay in the river were destroyed. Two parish churches were sacked, the Bibles and Prayer Books torn and scattered about the roads, the pulpits and communion tables demolished. By this time sixteen or seventeen thousand Devonshire men had encamped close to the shore ; and all the neighbouring counties had risen. The tin mines of Cornwall had sent forth a great multitude of rude and hardy men mortally hostile to Popery. In truth, the whole nation was stirred."

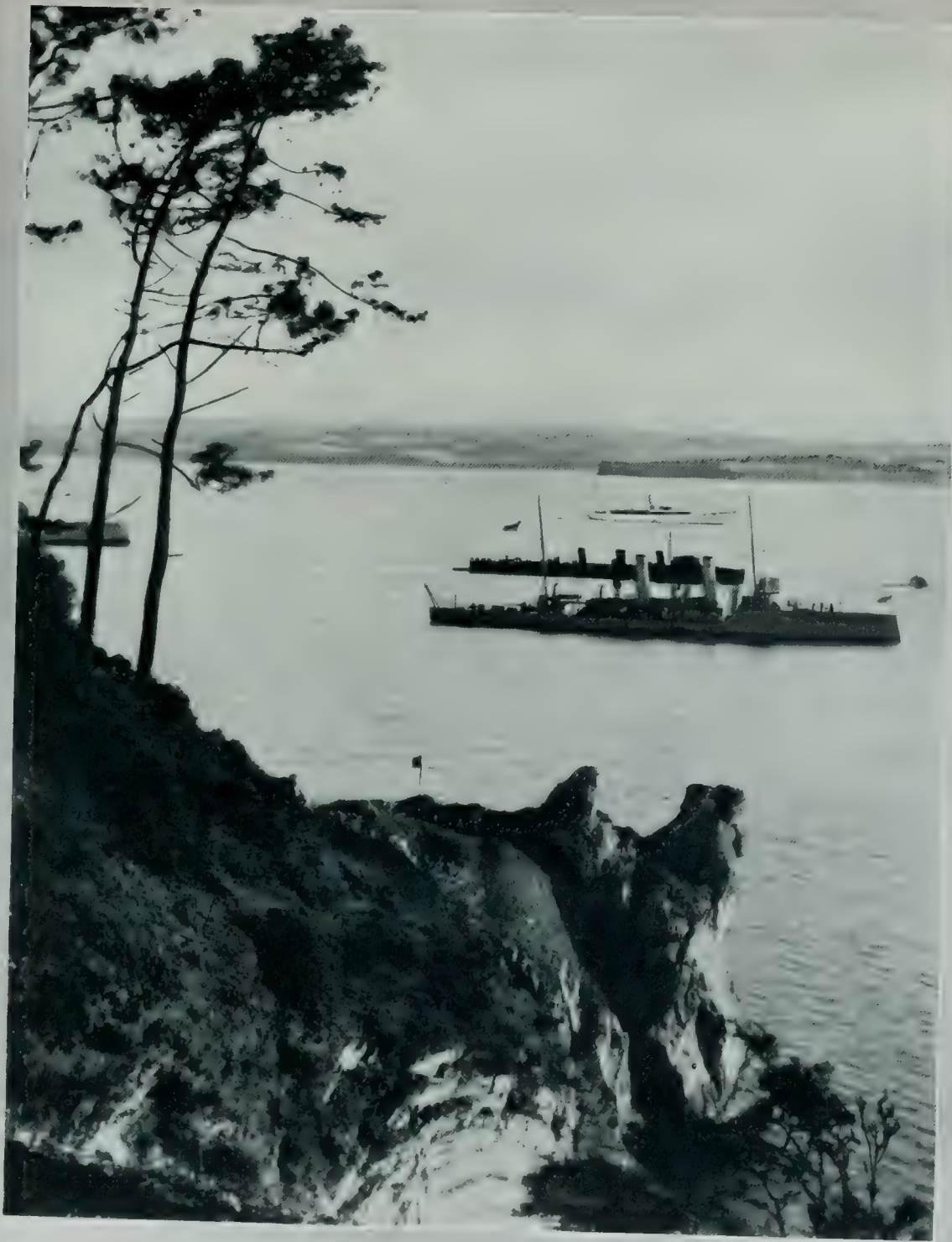


Photo by]

A PEEP FROM THE SHORE, TORQUAY.

[Judges', Ltd.

Torbay extends from Hope's Nose to Berry Head, some 5 miles across, and is one of the most beautiful bays on the English coast. The bay was much used as an anchorage by ships of the Royal Navy in the old sailing days.



Photo by

COCKINGTON VILLAGE.

[H. J. Smith.]

The pretty little village of Cockington lies 2 miles from Torquay and is one of the most romantically picturesque spots in this part of the county. The photograph shows a typical Devonshire cottage and an ancient "upping stock."

The upper valley of the Teign furnishes some of the most beautiful scenery in the county.

Next comes the great bay of Torbay.

Macaulay's description of Torbay in his time is so vivid, and in essentials applies with such force to the present time, as to be worthy of quotation :

"Since William looked on that harbour, its aspect has greatly changed. The amphitheatre which surrounds the spacious basin now exhibits everywhere the signs of prosperity and civilisation. At the north-eastern extremity has sprung up a great watering-place, to which strangers are attracted from the most remote parts of our island by the Italian softness of the air, for in that climate the myrtle flourishes unsheltered; and even the winter is milder than the Northumbrian April. The inhabitants are now about ten thousand in number. The newly-built churches and chapels, the baths and libraries, the hotels and public gardens, the infirmary and the museum, the white streets, rising terrace above terrace, the gay villas, peeping from the midst of shrubberies and flower beds, present a spectacle widely different from any that in the seventeenth century England could show. At the opposite end of the bay lies, sheltered by Berry Head, the stirring market town of Brixham, the wealthiest seat of our fishing trade. A pier and a haven were formed there at the beginning of the present century, but has been found insufficient for the increasing traffic. The population is about six thousand souls.



COCKINGTON CHURCH.

This old church has a western embattled tower and contains a very ancient font and a beautifully carved screen. Devonshire churches are well known for their screens, and there are many splendid specimens in the county.



COCKINGTON VILLAGE.

With its picturesque forge and its thatched cottages, Cockington is an excellent example of an old Devonshire village, and its closeness to Torquay obtains for it an extended notoriety.

The shipping amounts to more than two hundred sail. The tonnage exceeds many times the tonnage of the port of Liverpool under the Kings of the House of Stuart. But Torbay, when the Dutch fleet cast anchor there, was known only as a haven where ships sometimes took refuge from the tempests of the Atlantic. Its quiet shores were undisturbed by the bustle either of commerce or of pleasure; and the huts of ploughmen and fishermen were thinly scattered over what is now the site of crowded marts and of luxurious pavilions."

It is rather odd to think that Torquay was originally a "war-baby." A hundred years ago the shelter it afforded was of the greatest value to the fleets operating against the French Republic and the Empire, and its use as a base involved the provision of accommodation for a large number of officers. These were joined by their families, and by degrees the town came into existence. In 1815 Napoleon, a prisoner on the *Bellerophon*, was brought to Torbay while the question of his ultimate destination



[Photo by]

[Judges', Ltd.]

PAIGNTON HARBOUR.

Paignton is a growing watering-place in the centre of the semi-circle of Torbay. The very fine stretch of sands makes it a popular bathing resort.

was under consideration. Even in this hour of defeat and dismay the great Corsican was able to appreciate the idyllic beauty of the scene. "Enfin, voilà un beau pays!" he is said to have cried, likening the bay to Porto Ferrajo in Elba. Sixty years later, another fallen Napoleon came to seek solace from his sorrows and disappointments in the balmy air of the "Queen of Devon."

Though there is little but the remains of Torre Abbey to redeem Torquay from the charge (if it is a charge in this case) of being in the main a nineteenth-century creation, the country around teems with points of the highest historic interest, and its natural beauties, whether of coast, woodland, or stream—or all three combined—make it one of the loveliest corners in the British Isles.

Two very picturesque and interesting ruins shall head a list which cannot profess to be more than roughly representative. Compton Castle is a delightful representative of the fortified manor houses of the fifteenth century. The much-indented silhouette it presents to the sky-line is due to some extent to a military accident. As a writer of the last century says, "It has no moat, and therefore required other means to be adopted to protect the foot of the wall from being undermined. This object is



Photo by

BRIXHAM.

[Herbert Felton.]

This ancient seaport is a very important fishing station and has an excellent harbour to accommodate its large number of trawlers. A statue commemorates the landing of William of Orange here in 1688. Brixham stands on Berry Head at the south end of Torbay.



Photo by

COMPTON CASTLE, NEAR TORQUAY.

C. Uchter Knox.

The castle is a castellated mansion and has a fine gateway, dating from the fifteenth century. It lies about 3 miles to the westward of Torquay, and has belonged in its time to the Poles, the Comptons, and the Gilberts.

effected by the great number of projections carried on *mâchicoulis*, through the openings of which stones and other missiles could be thrown on the heads of assailants." Special interest attaches to the place owing to its associations with the discoverer of Newfoundland, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and his half-brother, Sir Walter Raleigh. Every visitor to its beautiful old-world garden is tracing the footsteps of those great Elizabethan Devonians.

But for sheer beauty even Compton must yield to Berry Pomeroy Castle.

Here a riotous mass of ivy covers the remains of a mediæval castle which was built by Henry de Pomeroy and a Tudor mansion on which the Lord Protector Somerset spent what was then a fortune, without, however, completing his task. John Prince, the author of the *Worthies of Devon*, and vicar of Berry Pomeroy church, gives an elaborate account of the mansion in his time (*circa* 1700). "The apartments within were very splendid, especially the dining-room, which was adorned, besides paint, with statues and figures cut in alabaster with elaborate art and labour: but the chimney-piece, of polished marble curiously engraven, was of great cost and value. The number of apartments of the whole may be collected hence, if report be true, that it was a good day's work for a servant but to open and shut the casements belonging to them. Notwithstanding which, it is now demolished, and all this glory lyeth in the dust; there being nothing but a few broken walls, which seem to mourn their own approaching funerals."

Close by is the old town of Totnes, climbing up a hill rising from the very fringe of the Dart



Photo 14.

THE RIVER DART AT DITTISHAM.

[H. J. Smith.

The Dart takes its name from the rapidity of its current and rises in Dartmoor 32 miles from Dittisham, which is a very pretty village 3 miles from the sea.



Photo by]

BERRY POMEROY CASTLE, NEAR TORQUAY.

[H. J. Smith.

Berry Pomeroy Castle was built in mediæval times by Henry de Pomeroy and was last inhabited in the reign of James II. The ivy-covered walls, the round tower and the great gateway are still standing. The photograph shows the remains of the guard-room.

and not too roughly treated by the passage of Time. At the highest point stands the remains of the castle built by one of the Conqueror's henchmen, a certain Judhael who has gone down to history as Judhael of Totnes. It is a picturesque, though not a particularly instructive fragment.

Perhaps the oddest object in the town is the so-called "Brutus' Stone," a slab in the main street which was the spot — according to a persistent tradition of great antiquity — where Brutus of Troy landed on his expedition to make Britain a home for heroes in days long before the Roman Conquest.

"Here I sit and here
I rest,
And this town shall be
called Totnes,"



Photo by

DITTISHAM CHURCH.

The church at Dittisham is Early Perpendicular in style and was restored in the last century. Many of the Devonshire churches contain finely carved stone pulpits.

[H. N. King.]

he is said to have exclaimed. And though it is highly improbable that the Dart then ran uphill, or was many feet above its level, the good men of Totnes will have it that the pleasant legend is as sound history as Alfred's cakes!

The Church of St. Mary, with its splendid red sandstone tower, is one of the finest parish churches in the county. A Perpendicular edifice dating from the early part of the fifteenth century, its crowning glory is the stone rood screen which would be an ornament to any cathedral.

Close by is the Guildhall, a remarkably quaint and interesting example of ancient domestic architecture, and the town is full enough



Photo by

RIVER DART AT TOTNES.

[E. Warren.]

The town of Totnes existed in very ancient times and is one of the oldest municipal boroughs in England. It has the ruins of a Norman castle and other remains of fortification.



Photo by]

[Underwood Press.

TOTNES.

After landing at Brixham, William III of Orange is said to have held his first Parliament at the house shown in this photograph.



Photo by,

[Underwood Press Service.

TOTNES GUILDHALL.

Standing on the brow of a steep hill, the town commands a fine view of the surrounding district. Many of the old houses have slated fronts, with piazzas and projecting gables.

of Tudor houses to afford some excuse for its picturesque misdescription as "the Chester of the West."

Both up and down stream from Totnes the valley of the Dart exhibits those beauties which place it in the front rank of British rivers, along with the two Wyes, the Tamar, the Dove, and certain reaches of the Thames. Not for nothing is the Dartmouth-Totnes steamer excursion "boosted" as the county's scenic sensation. Not for nothing have photographers settled like locusts on such tit-bits as Sharpham Woods, a transportation from sheer fairyland, if ever there was one.

The estuary is in every way worthy of the stream's noble course. As it enters the sea, Dartmouth on the right and Kingswear on the left whisper such "last enchantments of the Middle Ages" as



[Photo by]

[H. N. King.]

DARTMOUTH CASTLE AND ST. PETROCK'S CHURCH.

The castle is situated on a promontory at the entrance to the harbour. It has a round tower dating from Henry VII's time, a square tower, and three platforms for guns. Nearby is the ancient church of St. Petrock's, which had formerly a chantry.

Oxford's towers leave unsaid. For both of these charming little towns are true relics of old and merry England. The actual exit is guarded by an ancient castle on each side. In a naval history of our country Dartmouth would occupy a prominent and honoured place. The unwelcome attentions it periodically received from the French were perhaps the greatest tribute to its usefulness. No man feels very kindly towards a thorn in his side! And it is perhaps only poetic justice that cadets in the greatest of the world's navies should receive their first professional education in the vast college Sir Aston Webb erected on the hill above the beautiful harbour. There are several old houses and "corners" in the town, and the fourteenth-century church of St. Saviour possesses many good features, notably an early-fifteenth-century rood screen which has few rivals in the county.

Kingswear climbs eagerly up a projecting hill on the opposite side. It can boast nothing so



End of the line

THURLESTONE VILLAGE, SOUTH DEVON.

Copyright 1900 by J. C.

Devonshire is famous for its quaint, old-world villages, and this street, with its irregularly built thatched cottages, that look as if they were leaning against each other for support, and its atmosphere of quiet restfulness, is typical of hundreds found within the county.

magnificent as the Naval College of its *vis-à-vis*, but falls little, if at all, short of it in respect of quaintness.

On the other side of Berry Head stands Brixham, rightly full of its own importance as a fishing port and the first landing-place of Dutch William in 1688. A proper record of the event exists in the shape of a stone on which the following inscription appears:

"On this stone, and near this spot, William Prince of Orange first set foot on landing in England, the 5th of November, 1688."

Certain reaches of the Dart above Totnes are as beautiful as the stretch below, notably the lovely bend the river makes round Holne Chase. Dartmeet, where the East and West Dart mingle their waters, is in the very heart of the moor, within easy reach of ugly and sinister Princetown and remote, charming Widecombe, famed for the fine tower of its church (the Cathedral of the Moor) and the classic song, thanks to which Tom Pearce's mare has been rescued from an undeserved obscurity.

The southern side of the county derives its interest from its fine coast and the estuaries of its rivers. High on the list of Devonshire beauties comes the valley of the Avon, which has the additional distinction of being the prince of the county streams to the ardent fisher of salmon. Equally attractive in a different way is the creek on which stand Salcombe and Kingsbridge.

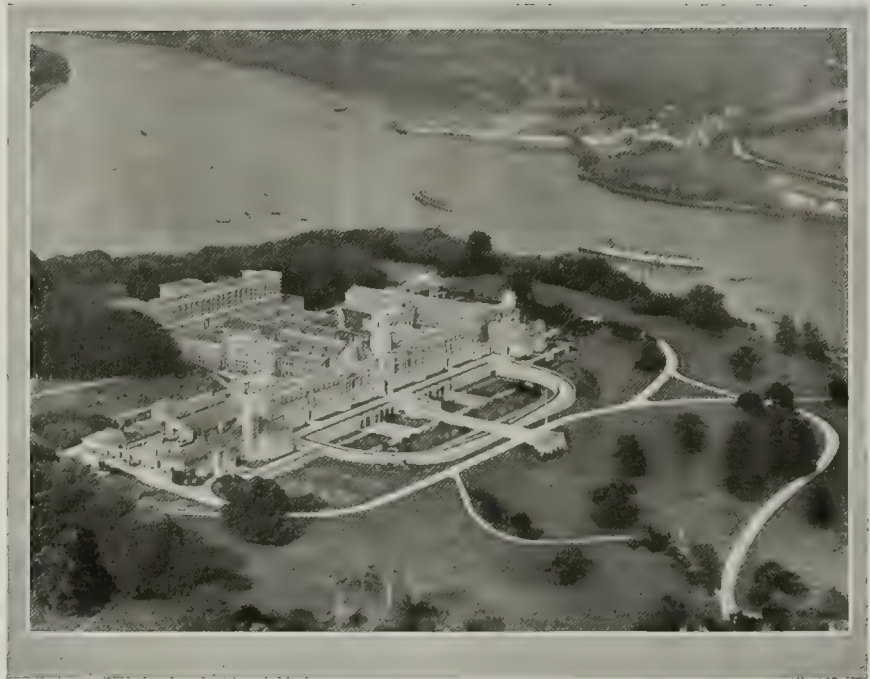


Photo by]

[Aerofilms, Ltd.

THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, DARTMOUTH.

This fine college superseded the old "Britannia" training ship in 1905, and a few years ago it was enlarged to accommodate the cadets who originally went to Osborne College in the Isle of Wight before coming to Dartmouth.



Photo by]

[Aerofilms, Ltd.

DARTMOUTH CASTLE.

The castle consists of a square tower and a round tower, and was built in the time of Henry VII to defend the harbour. It has three platforms for guns. St. Petrox Church is seen just behind the castle.

The interest of the latter is mainly to be found in the controversy which has raged over the origin of the name. There is no bridge and no river to be bridged, much less a king to interest himself particularly in the matter. One version—which seems to have been invented to fit the crime, so to speak—is that one of the Saxon monarchs once found himself faced with the problem of crossing the diminutive stream of the Dod without getting the royal feet wet. A polite courtier set Sir Walter Raleigh the example by gallantly stepping in and conveying majesty across on his back! The church has suffered somewhat severely from restoration and is not particularly remarkable, but one of the epitaphs in the churchyard is full of ripe human wisdom, the wisdom of one "Bone Phillip" who died when the French Revolution was at its height:

"Here lie I at the chancel door;
Here lie I because I'm poor.
The farther in the more you'll pay;
Here lie I as warm as they."

Salcombe, well sheltered inside the estuary and enjoying one of the mildest climates in the country, is rapidly developing as a resort. Its natural attractions are obvious enough, its historic associations



Photo by

[H. Felton.

THE OLDEST HOUSE IN DARTMOUTH.

Dartmouth is one of the most ancient towns in Devonshire and was once an important seaport. It was burnt by the French in the reigns of Richard I and Henry IV. There are several old Elizabethan houses, which are mainly situated along the quay and in the Butter Walk.



Photo by

[Underwood Press Service.

THE PULPIT IN DARTMOUTH CHURCH.

As well as for the finely carved stone pulpit, St. Saviour's is noted for an interesting rood-screen. The church dates from 1372.

scanty. But it was Salcombe Castle that offered so stout a resistance to Fairfax in 1645 that he allowed Sir Edward Fortescue and his gallant garrison to march out with the honours of war and take the key of the fortress with them.

The grand coast of southern Devon has been thoroughly "discovered" in recent years, and it is no longer possible to say with a mid-Victorian guidebook that "romantic Bigbury Bay is as unknown as Kamschatka." It was certainly only too well known to seafaring folk in days gone by, as many a fine ship came to grief between Plymouth Sound and Prawle Point. "Ramillies Cove," in fact, takes its name from the wreck of the *Ramillies* in 1760, when 708 men out of 734 were



Photo by]

A DEVONSHIRE LANE.

[Stanley Sowton.

Taken near the village of Sparkwell, on the edge of Dartmoor, this photograph shows a pretty Devonshire lane in autumn, with the trees stripped of their foliage. The lanes look particularly pretty when carpeted with autumn-tinted leaves.



Photo by

[Stanley Sowton.]

THE RIVER ERME, DARTMOOR.

The Erme rises in Dartmoor, about 5 miles from Brent, and flows south into the English Channel at Bigsby Bay. The photograph was taken at Harford, where the river bids farewell to the moor.

drowned almost within reach of land. A few years later a merchant vessel was wrecked in Bigbury Bay, and one result was a visit to these parts from Edmund Burke, who feared that some of his relatives might have been among the victims.

To tell the story of Plymouth, even in outline, would be to catalogue many of the most stirring events in English history, particularly the naval side. As might be imagined, it takes its name from the river Plym, at whose mouth it stands, but curiously enough the original settlement on the site was Sutton, and as such it appears in Domesday Book. "Sutton Pool" is the original harbour. As time passed Plymouth swallowed up Sutton and itself expanded into the well-known trio of Plymouth, Stonehouse, and Devonport, the last being on the Hamoaze, which is the estuary of the rivers Tamar and Lynher.

It was William III who first established a dockyard at Devonport, and great was the hatred and jealousy of Plymouth. In fact, the yard was known as "Plymouth Yard," until the forties of the last century, when it was changed to "Devonport Dockyard" at Queen Victoria's express request.

The earlier Victorians were apt to regard it as the eighth wonder of the world, as appears from a typical rhapsody of the period :

"This dockyard forms one of the most interesting of all sights, on account of the gigantic scale and the perfect system of management, even in the minute details, of all the arrangements for the building, repairing, rigging, and so on, of great ships for the navy. Thus the blacksmith's shop is a building two hundred feet square, contains forty-eight forges, and consumes annually one thousand three hundred chaldrons of coal, and in front of it, piled upon the wharf, are



Photo by]

[H. Felton.

SHILSTON CROMLECH, DARTMOOR.

The valley of the Teign abounds in prehistoric structures. This cromlech is situated near Drewsteignton at the east side of Dartmoor. There are remains of an ancient British camp and two Druidical circles in the neighbourhood.



Photo by]

[H. Felton.

GRIM'S POUND : ENTRANCE.

Consisting of twenty-four round huts made of stone and surrounded by a nearly circular wall 5 feet high, Grim's Pound is the best example of an early Bronze Age village in Dartmoor.



Photo 14

BECKY WOODS.

(H. J. Smith.)

These pretty woods are situated on the east side of Dartmoor forest. They are named after a streamlet called the Becky, which is a tributary of the Wrey.

Plymouth connected with the public service is on the same grand scale. The harbour of Hamoaze is so big that all the great men-of-war of all the states of the world could probably be comfortably accommodated in it at the same time. And this is but one of the harbours of Plymouth. Another, called the Catwater, an estuary of the river Plym, will hold a thousand vessels of ordinary size."

One wonders to what lyrical heights this author would rise could he but see the Plymouth of to-day !

It seems only right to start detailed consideration of Plymouth with the "Hoe." The trim recreation ground is a beautiful as well as historic spot. From no other point does the fine stretch of Plymouth Sound, backed by the woods of Mount Edgcumbe, appear to better advantage. And what a galaxy of great ghosts stand at our side ! Here legend has it that Corineus fought with the stalwart native giant, Goëmot, a legend which Edmund Spenser weaves into his *Faërie Queen* :

"The Western Hagh, besprinkled with the gore
Of mighty Goëmot, whom
in stout fray
Corineus conquered."

Here Drake and his captains,

hundreds of anchors, some of them weighing five tons. The rigging-house is four hundred and eighty feet long, three stories high, and forms one side of a quadrangle, the area of which is composed entirely of stone and iron, and called the *combustible* storehouse, though incombustible would be the more appropriate name, since it is the contents of the house alone that are inflammable, and for that reason are placed here. Then there are rope-houses one thousand two hundred feet long, where cables are manufactured of one hundred fathoms, measuring twenty-five inches round, and weighing singly above one hundred and sixteen hundred-weight ; also a boiling-house, mast-house, mast-pond, etc. ; and everything else in and about



Photo 15

CLAPPER BRIDGE AT POSTBRIDGE.

(H. J. Smith.)

The so-called "clapper bridges" are made of blocks of unhewn stone, and they are supposed to have been meant for pack-horse traffic. One of the oldest is at Postbridge. Two of the stones in this one are 15 feet long.

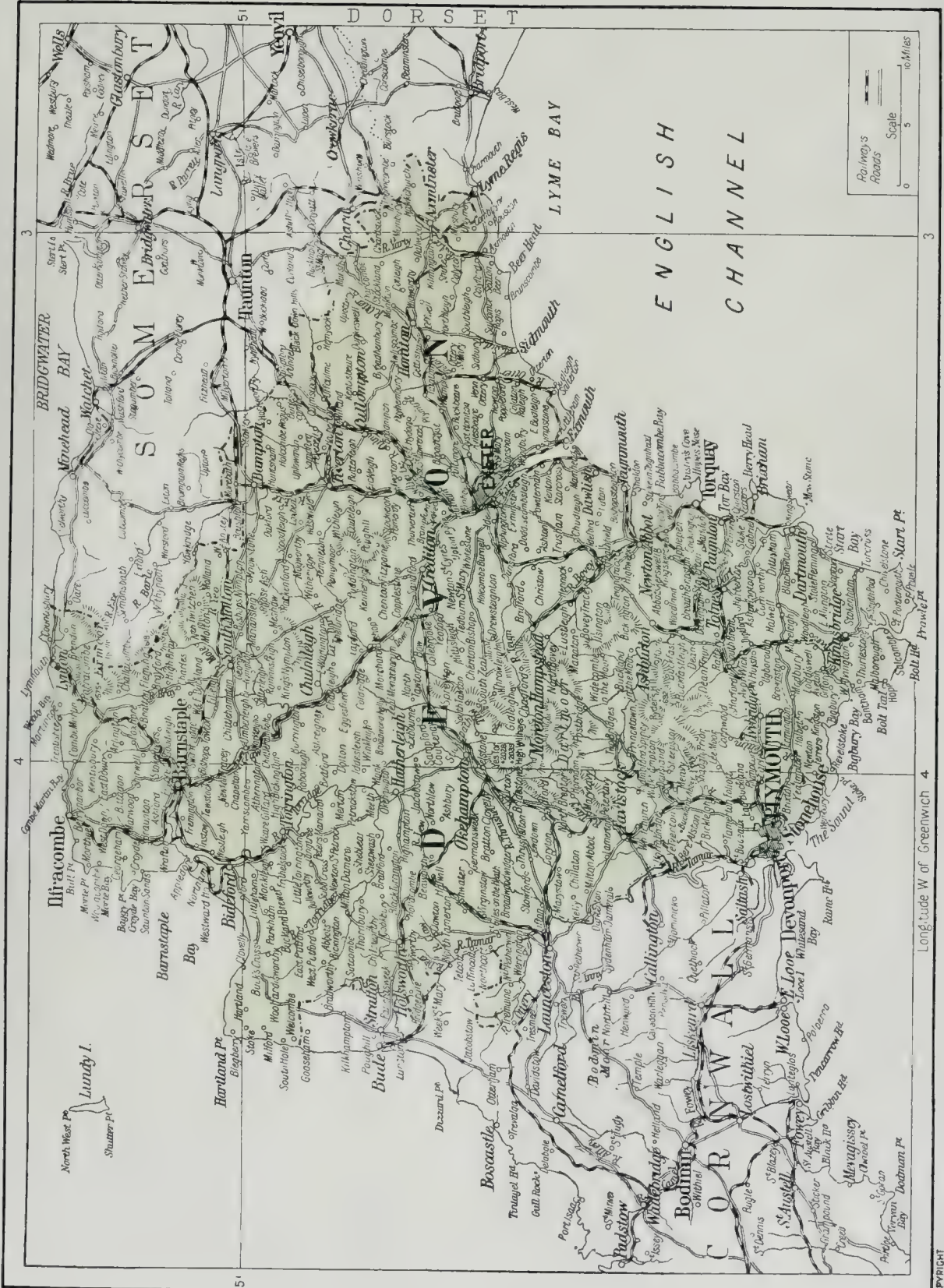




Photo by]

WIDECOMBE CHURCH.

[H. J. Smith.

Known as "the Cathedral on the Moor," Widecombe Church has a very fine tower. It was struck by lightning in 1638, when four persons were killed and sixty-two injured. Widecombe-on-the-Moor is 8 miles south of Moreton-Hampstead on the east side of Dartmoor.



Photo by,

WATERHEAD ON SOUTH POOL CREEK.

[R. C. de Morgan.

Situated in a creek on the South Devon coast near Salcombe, the house seen in the photograph was built by a local inhabitant out of odd materials collected on the spot.

indulging in a little harmless recreation while their fleet lay in the Catwater below, received the news that proud Philip's galleons had been sighted; and the gallant leader uttered a remark which is too immortal to bear repetition in cold print. Here, a few years later, a number of gentlemen of strong religious views bade farewell to an England which James I's intense dislike of Puritanism made too uncomfortable for their taste, and trusted their lives and fortunes to the *Mayflower*. And what stirring scenes have been witnessed from this spot, what royal comings and goings, what gatherings of great warriors who have secured their niche in the temple of Fame! Plymouth's visitors' book could show names to make even the most sluggish blood stir—Edward the Black Prince, Margaret of Anjou, Catherine of Aragon, all the pirate-heroes and adventurers who wrote the golden annals of Elizabeth's reign, Charles I, Fairfax, Cromwell, and other great protagonists of the Civil War, Charles II, Captain Cook, and then all the world-renowned sailors of the eighteenth century and that son of a Norfolk parson who became Lord Nelson. And there would be a special black page for the successive bands of bold Frenchmen who descended upon the town from time to time and burnt a few hundred houses, just to promote neighbourly rivalry.

In view of all this it is rather a pity that Plymouth Hoe should be so neat and tidy in its modern dress. A little of the ruggedness of the ages creates a proper atmosphere of reminiscence.

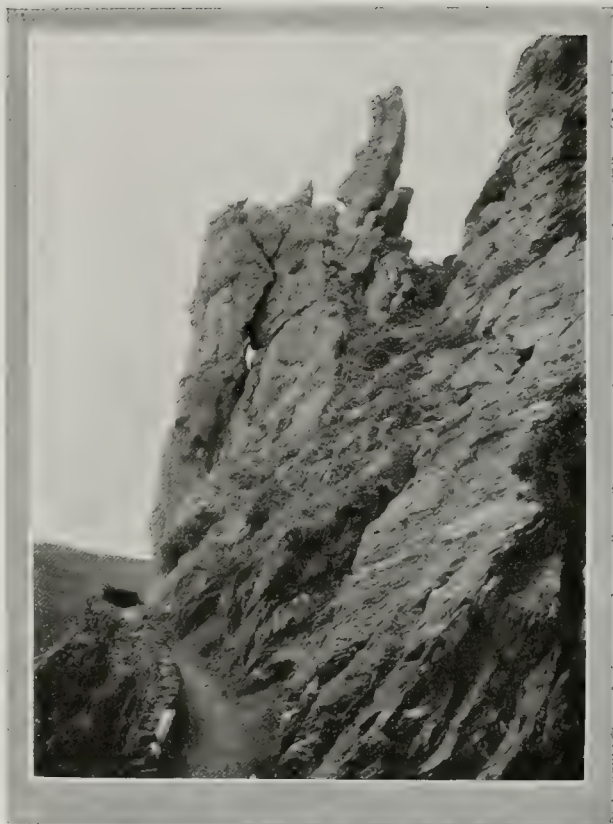


Photo by,

SHARP TORS, BOLT HEAD.

[R. C. de Morgan

To the west of Salcombe Mouth is Bolt Head, a mass of rugged and curiously shaped rocks 430 feet high and pierced by many fissures and caverns.



Photo by

CASTOR ROCK, DARTMOOR.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Standing on a lonely eminence in Dartmoor, these picturesque rocks form a conspicuous landmark visible for many miles across the moor.

It is a further pity that so few genuine relics of the past have survived the clean (emphasis on the "clean") sweep of the nineteenth century and its passion for expansion and symmetry. In that age ancient houses, memorials of the great times of Queen Bess, went down like ninepins, and old churches were either demolished or cut about, contorted or "restored" into Victorian respectability.

The best of these is St. Andrew's, a good Perpendicular building which has the heart of one of the noblest of Englishmen, Admiral Blake, and the memory of that great day when news was brought to a hushed congregation that

Drake had returned after completing the circumnavigation of the globe.

Apart from the striking fifteenth-century town mansion, known as Palace Court (where Catherine of Aragon may have sojourned on her way to her wedding) there is nothing else in Plymouth to delay us, especially with the Tamar calling to some of the most beautiful river scenery in the kingdom.

As this river is the boundary between Devon and Cornwall, it may well be that the biographer of the Duchy has already done his duty by the noble stream. In any case it may certainly be claimed that the Devon side is in every way worthy of the Cornish, while the region on the Dartmoor slopes of Dartmoor is finer and in many ways more interesting than the corresponding district over the Cornish border.

Comparisons are invidious and many a reach of the Tamar seems the acme of perfection until the next one is reached, but if the palm must be awarded perhaps it should go to Morwell Rocks as combining all the charms of river and woodland scenery. At no great distance is the ancient town of Tavistock, the "stockade" on the Tavy, which bears the high honour of having been the birthplace of Sir Francis Drake. One would have imagined that

the gratitude and reverence of posterity would have made the preservation of the house a national duty. It was at Croundale that the great sailor and explorer first saw the light, but Croundale will be sought for in vain to-day.



Photo by

Underwood Press Service.

PLYMTON SCHOOL ARCADE.

Plymton is a small parish near Plymouth. The master of the Grammar School was Samuel Reynolds, father of the famous British painter Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was educated here.



Photo by

Stanley Sooton.

THE CHAPEL OF FARDLE MANOR HOUSE.

Said to be the traditional home of the family of Sir Walter Raleigh, the famous explorer, Fardle Manor is situated close to Ivybridge, a pretty village on the River Erme.

Equally miserable has been the fate of the great Abbey of Tavistock, part of which now functions as a meeting-house and a dairy, while other fragments still stand in forlorn desolation. Of the old mansion of Fitzford, which was captured by the Parliamentarians in 1644, the principal relic is the fine gateway, through which, legend runs, Lady Howard passes at midnight in a coach of bones, accompanied by a bloodhound of ferocious mien. The precise reason for this odd behaviour is not exactly known: apparently the fact that three husbands succumbed before she became the wife of Sir Richard Grenville is only compatible with nefarious conduct on the part of the dame. In any case, too many folks have seen her at her nocturnal penance for there to be any doubt about the truth of the matter!

North of Tavistock there is another ghost,



Photo by

SUTTON POOL, PLYMOUTH.

Though known chiefly as a naval base, Plymouth, next to Newlyn, is the most important fishing station on the south coast of England, and Sutton Pool is surrounded by quays at which the numerous trawlers can land their catch. Forming the eastern boundary of the town, Sutton Pool is a creek off the Catwater in the estuary of the River Plym.

[Judges', Ltd.,



Photo 14

THE CITADEL, PLYMOUTH.

[Photochrom Co., Ltd.]

This fortification was built in the reign of Charles II, and commands the entrance of the Catwater and Plymouth Hoe. The photograph shows one of the two fine sculptured gateways which form the entrance on the town side.

but of a different kind—Lydford, now a collection of cottages but in pre-Conquest times one of the largest and most important towns in the county. The Conqueror burnt forty houses merely for an example, so that it must have been a populous place. In later ages it acquired an unpleasant reputation, for the castle which was erected some time after the Norman invasion was appointed to be a Stannary prison by Edward I, and the decisions of the Stannary Court, based on the principle of "punishment first, trial afterwards," became known as "Lydford Law." As the poet Browne wrote mockingly :

" I've oft times heard of Lidford law,
How in the morn they hang and draw,
And sit in judgment after."



Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

DRAKE'S ISLAND, PLYMOUTH.

The Isle of St. Nicholas, or Drake's Island, is a strongly fortified rock at the entrance to the Hamoaze on the west of Plymouth Sound. The island takes its name from Sir Francis Drake, who returned to Plymouth after his voyage round the world. In Stuart times it was a state prison.

East of Lydford the northern sector of Dartmoor, with its highest summit (High Willhays) and several others of but slightly inferior elevation, is a region which may fairly be described as more picturesque than beautiful, but singularly interesting as a unique type of British scenery. In the heart of a waste of bog lies the so-called "Cranmere Pool," long and erroneously endowed with much importance as the source of some of the principal rivers of the county, the Dart, Tavy, Teign, Taw and Okement. Such a desolate spot must needs have its legend. One version runs that it was the prison of an evil demon who was set the task of emptying it with a sieve; but the demon, who combined wickedness with quick wits, found a sheepskin on the moor and with its help made his sieve so effective an instrument that Okehampton was overwhelmed by the torrent of water he hurled upon it.

Several of the tors hereabouts, notably Yes Tor and Cawsand Beacon, give a view which includes both the Channels, and apart from all other attractions the district is honeycombed with the most important and interesting relics of the remotest past. Names such as "Cranbrook Castle" and "Preston Berry Castle," where no true castle has ever existed, tell their story of an ancient settlement which probably existed long before the Roman Conquest.

Okehampton Castle is, of course, on a different footing. It stands on an eminence in one of the most beautiful situations in the county, and nature has lavished all her treasures of colour and foliage to make it lovely even in decay. The earliest existing fragment is the keep, which dates from the end of the tenth century and is supposed to be the work of the first Earl of Devon. The prevailing con-



Photo 133

DENHAM BRIDGE, RIVER TAVY.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

The River Tavy rises at Cranmere Pool in Dartmoor. It gives its name to Tavistock, and is a tributary of the Tamar, joining that river at Tamerton-Foliot.

sideration that dictated the selection of this site is the fact that Okehampton lies on the most direct route between Exeter and unruly Cornwall. The chapel and hall, which are the next most distinguishable remains, are considered to have been built by that famous Devon family the Courtenays, who gave their name to the neighbouring village of Sampford Courtenay. It is a quiet, sleepy hamlet, but memories still linger of the great uproar during the Whitsuntide of 1549 when the vigorous protest of the peasant parishioners against the use of the new Prayer Book led to the Devonshire rebellion of that year. One of the victims of the trouble was a King's officer, William Hellions, who endeavoured to soothe the popular passions and was hacked to pieces in the church house for his pains. Hoker, the chronicler, records that "though they counted him for an heretic, yet they buried him in the churchyard there, but contrary to the common manner, laying his body north and south."

North of Dartmoor the rivers Torridge and Taw flow through a region of secondary interest from a scenic point of view, while the former performs the feat of rising within a few miles of the Bristol Channel



Photo by,

PIXIE CROSS, TAVISTOCK.

Many old stone crosses are scattered over Devonshire. Those on the open moor are probably boundary marks or the lines of some mediæval roadway. This one is situated on Whitchurch

Down, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles south-east of Tavistock.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

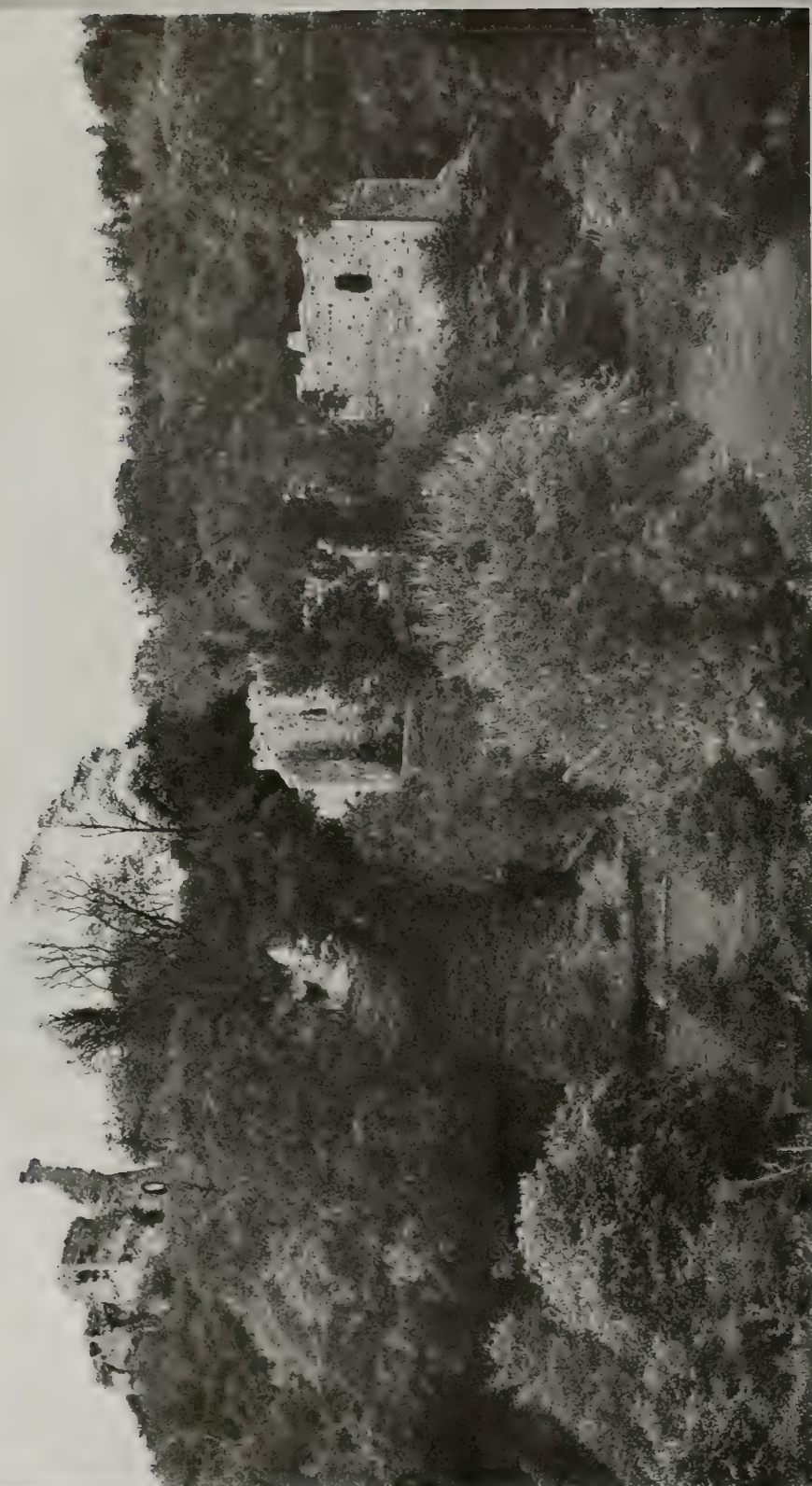


Photo by]

OKEHAMPTON CASTLE.

[Valentine & Son., Ltd.

Overlooking the River Okement, three-quarters of a mile from Okehampton, this stately old castle has been gradually going to ruins since the time of Henry VIII, when it first became uninhabited. It is believed to have been built in the thirteenth century by Baldwin de Brionilis.

and returning to it at Bideford after describing three parts of a circle. On the other hand, Exmoor and the coast are magnificent, and over the whole region lies the glamour cast upon it by Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* which is the tourist's combined Bible and Baedeker in this part of the county.

The district is fully worthy of its great reputation, for Clovelly alone has certainly not been overpraised in the rhapsodical descriptions that have made their way into print during the last hundred years. Given a narrow wooded ravine and a quaint village hanging desperately to a slope so steep that the one and only road is literally a staircase, and what more can any lover of the picturesque require? Add a magnificent sea view which embraces the beautiful sweep of Bideford Bay and has the attractive objects of Lundy Island and the hills of southern Wales for its background, and a landscape "where every prospect pleases" is the inevitable result.

All the greater is the pity that Bideford and Barnstaple have suffered so much and so terribly from



Photo by]

SYDENHAM HOUSE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

This fine seventeenth-century mansion is situated at Lydford, 7 miles north-west of Tavistock. It contains some good carved and decorated woodwork in the form of panelling. The house was stormed and badly damaged during the Civil War.

the building mania of recent years. The visitor to the former will sigh in vain for any real atmosphere of the Bideford of the dreams Kingsley has given him. The old fourteenth-century bridge is still a living memorial of the picturesque past, but the ancient houses have vanished and the church was entirely rebuilt in the most offensive Victorian style in the 'sixties of the last century. By way of compensation, one of the tombs displays a delightful epitaph:

"Here lies the body of Mary Sexton,
Who pleased many a man, but never vex'd one:
Not like the woman who lies under the next stone."

Barnstaple, too, has little to recall the fact that it was once "one of the finest townes in England," and contributed not a little towards the undoing of our naval foes. The castle and priory which Yudbael of Totnes founded have vanished, the former being "clene doune" when Leland visited the place. During the Civil War, many of the great ones of the land found their way to Barnstaple, though its sympathies were predominantly Parliamentary. Clarendon was its governor for a time, and Prince Charles sojourned here and "gave himself his usual licence in drinking"—to use his future chancellor's somewhat cutting phrase. Another famous name associated with Barnstaple is that of John Gay, the author of the *Beggar's Opera*.

The most ancient relic in the place is the thirteenth-century bridge, originally a work of charity if tradition and Leland can be relied upon. The latter says that it was built by a merchant named Stowford, who saw a woman caught by the tide and drowned when trying to cross the marsh.



Photo by

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

WATERFALL AT SPEKES MILL.

This curious waterfall descends a very precipitous cliff. Spekes Mill is situated near Hartland, which is on the north-west corner of the Devonshire coast.



Photo by

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

CLIFFS AT HARTLAND QUAY.

Hartland Quay is situated on the coast 2 miles south of Hartland Point. This little fishing village has some curiously shaped slate rocks and lies in a very secluded position.

Between Ilfracombe and the Somerset border the coast is at its best, as the annual flock of visitors to Ilfracombe and Lynton amply proves. If nature had been left to work unchecked and "unaided" at Ilfracombe she would have produced a masterpiece, but her very lavishness has attracted a host of building and other speculators. Perhaps these myrmidons of "Progress" are a necessity, but it seems a pity that the world cannot enjoy its beauty-spots without disfiguring them with none too tasteful hotels, villas and lodging-houses.

Lynton is far more difficult to spoil, if only because it is none too easy to build a house on the side of a precipice. So to a great extent the thickly wooded slopes which tumble down to the quaint old harbour of Lynmouth have not been cleared for building "sites," and the far-famed "Valley of Rocks" has retained its primeval charm.

Before the Bristol Channel is left behind, due homage must be paid to the fine island of Lundy, perhaps the most picturesque and eminent of ancient pirate strongholds in Britain. The romance of the island reads more like a fairy story or a boy's book of adventure than sober



Photo by,

KNIGHT TEMPLAR ROCK, LUNDY ISLAND.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.]

Lying out in the Bristol Channel, opposite Barnstaple, Lundy Island is composed entirely of granite except for the southern extremity, which is Millstone Grit. Lundy is 3 miles long and 1 mile wide, and is the breeding-place of thousands of sea birds. Granite for the Thames Embankment was quarried here.



Photo by

CLOVELLY HARBOUR.

[Judges', Ltd.

Nestling in a rift in the cliffs, Clovelly is one of the quaintest and most picturesque fishing villages on the coast of North Devon
The photograph shows the harbour on an autumn morning.



Photo by,

[Rev. Victor Tamar.

CLOVELLY FROM THE SHORE.

Parts of Clovelly are of great antiquity. In the small harbour there is a rough stone pier built in the reign of Richard II.

truth, for the succession of pirates who made it their headquarters ranged from the "respectable" Sir William de Marisco (who pleaded that "he had been compelled to prolong his miserable life by seizing on provisions wherever he could find them") through French and Spanish privateersmen and Turkish scallywags to that amazing

eighteenth-century scoundrel, Thomas Benson, who combined the duties of Member of Parliament for Barnstaple with the excitements of smuggling, piracy, and arson for the purpose of defrauding an insurance company!

Behind Lynton the Devonshire portion of Exmoor rises steeply from the sea and disputes the supremacy of Dartmoor; it is a wild and beautiful region, though the granite tors which are so characteristic a feature of Dartmoor are missing, and to see Exmoor Forest at its best the Somerset border must be crossed, an encroachment upon the preserve of its biographer of which the present writer dare not be guilty!



Photo by]

[Photochrom Co., Ltd

CLOVELLY HIGH STREET.

The pretty cobbled high street, with its quaint, irregularly built cottages, descends in steps and stages to the cove, and is inaccessible to wheeled traffic.

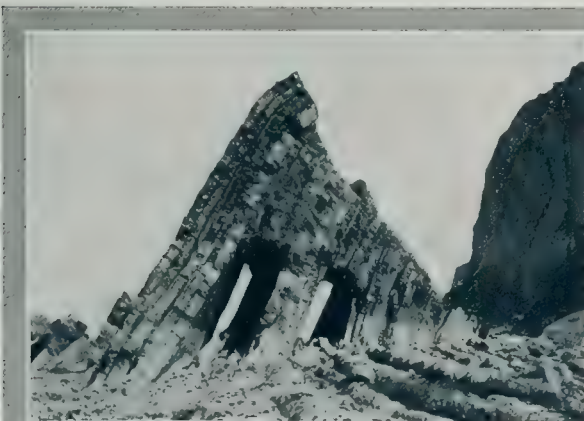


Photo by,

[Judges', Ltd.

CHURCH ROCK, CLOVELLY.

Clovelly is the original "village of Steepways" in "A Message from the Sea," by Dickens and Wilkie Collins.



Photo by,

[Rev. Victor Tamar.

AN ARCH NEAR THE HARBOUR, CLOVELLY.

Tradition has it that "Crazy Kate" lived in the cottage seen in the centre of the photograph behind the fishing boats drawn up on the beach.

The ancient market towns which lie in a ring north and east of Exeter are full of interest to all who love old English life and attractive memorials of bygone days. Each in its kind has contributed not a little to the pageant of our history.

Tiverton, the "Town on the two fords," has a certain claim to fame as Cosway's birthplace and Lord Palmerston's constituency for thirty years, but it would command respect if only for its beautiful Church of St. Peter, a perpendicular structure of good design, which was raised well above the level of an ordinary parish church when John Greenway in the sixteenth century added the south porch and a chapel which bears his name. The elaborate stone carvings represent figures and objects connected with the life and doings of a merchant prince in Tudor times, and there is a remarkable series of reliefs of scenes from the life of Christ.

Crediton is a place of some note as the birthplace of the great missionary, St. Boniface, whose work



Photo by

KINGSLEY'S ROOM, ROYAL HOTEL, BIDEFORD.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd

This fine oak-panelled room is so called because Charles Kingsley is said to have written part of his "Westward Ho!" here. A statue of the famous novelist has been erected on the quay.

in Germany ended with a martyr's death in 755, three years after he had become one of the most eminent ecclesiastics in Europe by crowning Pepin at Soissons. Here again the glory of the town is its beautiful Perpendicular church, which possesses a number of interesting monuments. Unfortunately, in the eighteenth century severe fires played havoc with most of the old houses, and it is difficult now to realise that the place is one of the oldest Saxon towns in the country.

Axminster has stirring memories of great events as compensation for an air of somewhat decayed respectability, for it became important after Athelstan celebrated his great victory at Brunanburgh by founding a college. A vast amount of controversy has taken place as to the real scene of this homeric contest in which kings and earls are said to have been knocked down like ninepins. But the better opinion seems to be that it was fought in the vicinity of Axminster. So though there is little



Photo 1 v]

ON THE TORRIDGE, BIDEFORD.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Rising near Hartland, the Torridge flows through Bideford, and joins the Taw 8 miles before it enters Barnstaple Bay. Bideford is built on both sides of the stream, which is here spanned by an old bridge built in the fifteenth century.



Photo by]

BIDEFORD AND THE RIVER TORRIDGE.

[Judges', Ltd.

The town of Bideford was once an important seaport and formerly had a considerable trade with Newfoundland. It takes its name from a dangerous ford which has been replaced by a fine bridge which has twenty-four arches and is 677 feet in length.



Photo by

TORRINGTON.

Underwood Press Service.

Standing on the River Torridge, Torrington has important glove factories. The town was stormed by General Fairfax 1646, and the defeat of the King's troops here, put an end to the Civil War in Devonshire.



Photo by]

WESTWARD HO!

Judges', Ltd.

Famous for its golf links, this modern bathing resort was named after Charles Kingsley's well-known novel, the scene of which was laid chiefly in the neighbourhood. The golf links are protected from the sea by a remarkable barrier, known as "Pebble Ridge," of Millstone Grit pebbles, 20 feet high and over a mile long.

of architectural importance in the town, an aroma of historic significance clings to it.

Perhaps the main reason for the failure of ancient buildings to survive in this corner of the county is that it was quite a cockpit in the Civil War of the seventeenth century. Localities frequently changed hands in the prolonged and bitter fighting, and it was no unusual thing for large numbers of houses to be burnt down, either accidentally or of set purpose. There is still extant a letter written by a private soldier in the Parliamentary army in November 1644:

"Hot newes in these parts: viz., that were not burnt at the first firing, which accordingly we did, and burnt downe the whole towne, unlesse it were some few houses, but yet they would not come forth out of the Church."



Photo by,

WATERMOUTH CAVES.

[The Southern Railway.]

The interesting Smallmouth and Briary Caves are situated in the romantic little cove of Watermouth 2 miles north-east of Ilfracombe.

the 15th of this present November wee fell upon Axminster with our horse and foote, and through God's mercie beat them off their works, in-somuch that wee possessed of the towne, and they be-took them to the Church, which they had fortified, on which wee were loath to cast our men, being wee had a garrison to look on. . . . We fired part of the towne, what successe we had you may reade by the particulars here inclosed. . . . Finding them so strong, as that it might indanger the loss of many of our men, wee thought it not fit to fall upon the Church, but rather to set the houses on fire



Photo by]

ILFRACOMBE HARBOUR.

[The Southern Railway.]

Ilfracombe has a fine landlocked harbour sheltered by Capstone Hill. Lantern Hill—see in the photograph—forms a natural defence to the harbour. The town was well known in the time of Edward III, and was then a port of considerable importance. The rugged coastal scenery in the neighbourhood is noted for its striking beauty.

And for the lamentable effect on the countryside in general we need look no further than the old ditty known as "The West Husbandman's Lamentations":

"Ich had zix Oxen t'other day,
And them the Roundheads vetcht away—
A mischief be their speed!
And chad zix Horses left nor whole,
And them the Caballeeroes stole."

The architectural glory of this part of the county is unquestionably the church of Ottery St. Mary. Its outstanding feature is that it repeats the peculiarities of Exeter Cathedral in having transeptal



Photo by

THE DOONE VALLEY.

[Judges', Ltd.]

Doone Valley was named after a band of outlaws who terrorised the countryside in the seventeenth century. Blackmore adapted this exquisite piece of Exmoor scenery as the setting for his well-known novel, "Lorna Doone," and wove his story round the legendary exploits of the outlaws.

towers, the explanation being that the architects were the same in both cases. Its Early English, Decorated, and Perpendicular work is of the finest character. The comments on its restoration by Butterfield in 1850 well illustrate the change in taste between mid-Victorian times and the present. One authority, writing in the 'seventies, gaily remarks that "Galleries and pews have been swept away . . . and the whole church is now a 'pattern and ornament to the entire country.'" The late Mr. Baring-Gould, on the other hand, says scathingly that "this splendid church was 'restored' in 1850, when the levels were perversely altered and much coarse, bad woodwork was introduced."

The county cannot be left without a fitting tribute to the fine stretch of coast between the Dorset border and Exmouth. Sidmouth, a fashionable watering-place, has now reached the stage where the natural attractions all but take second place to the artificial; there are other aspiring candidates to popular renown, but they are not yet serious rivals to Sidmouth. A curious feature of this coast is the number of landslides that have taken place, and at Downlands is the site of a catastrophe of December 1839, which was the talk of the country.



Photo by.

LYNMOUTH HARBOUR.

Lying in a small bay in the Bristol Channel, Lynmouth has a considerable reputation as a resort famous for its exceptional scenery. The fact that a large part of the town was destroyed by a fierce gale in 1607 gives an index of the place's antiquity.

[The Southern Railway.



Photo by]

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

BLUNDELL'S SCHOOL, TIVERTON.

Endowed in 1604 by a clothier of Tiverton named Peter Blundel, this famous old school has become one of the best known in England. In 1876 new school buildings were erected outside the town. The town of Tiverton stands on a hill between the Rivers Exe and Loman.



Photo by]

[W. Lawrence.

THE DONEGAL COAST.

The outstanding feature of Donegal is the rugged grandeur of its many miles of storm-beaten, rocky coast. With its lovely sunsets and its indented shores no part of the Donegal coast can be called dreary.

COUNTY DONEGAL

ST. PATRICK seems to have paid little attention to County Donegal, although in other ways it is very typically Irish, having little of the Scottish admixture of blood in its inhabitants which characterises Ulster in a general way. Yet Donegal is near the heart of Ulster; Londonderry sits near its border, and the wildly indented coastline, with its many islets, is Ulster's north-west frontier.

Possibly from Conal, son of Niall, King of all Ireland from A.D. 379 up to the beginning of the fifth century, the old name of the county, Tyrconnel, was derived. Niall had eight sons in all, and at his death (A.D. 405) the county was parcelled out between them, a division which in after years caused more than one tribal war. From Conal, son of Niall, sprung the great O'Donnell family, rulers of Tyrconnel.

Among the saints by whom Ireland sets great store St. Columba holds a prominent place; he was born at Gartan in County Donegal, nineteen years after St. Patrick died, in A.D. 521, and was himself descended from King Niall. Round the monastery he founded grew the town of Londonderry—the name “Derry” signifies an oak grove, and St. Columba, exiled in later years, wrote that the angels of God sang in every glade of the oaks of Derry, while his poetry includes enthusiastic mention of “my Derry.” His life ended in exile at Iona in A.D. 597, but Donegal claims him as its own—with justice. His family, the O'Donnells, held in reverence his copy of the Psalter, and for many a year took it into battle as a sacred relic which could ensure victory by its presence; the copy in question, in the case in which the O'Donnells kept it, is now in the Royal Irish Academy at Dublin.

Its long and intricate coastline, which includes the western shore of Lough Swilly, ensured that the Danish raiders of early days paid Donegal a

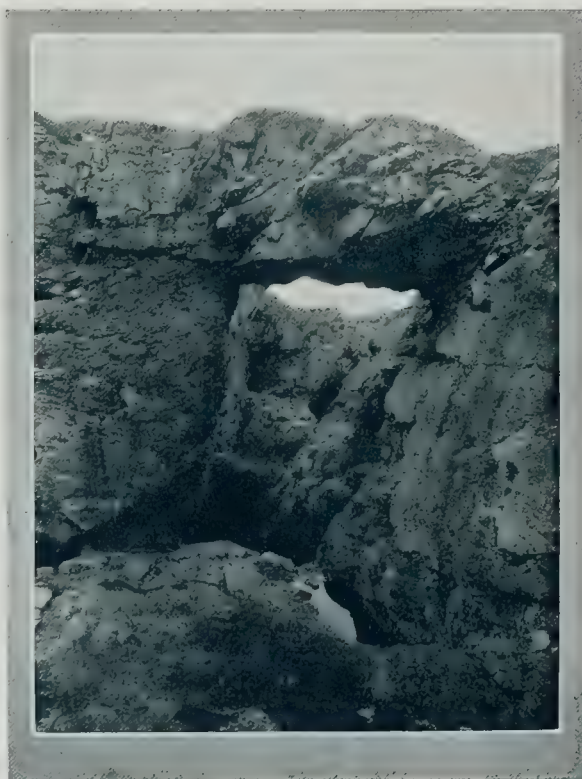


Photo by]

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

THE FAIRY BRIDGE, BUNDORAN.

Situated at the north end of Bundoran Bay, just over 1 mile from the town, Fairy Bridge is a fine natural arch, with a span of 24 feet, formed by the irruption of the sea.



Photo by

SALMON FALLS, BALLYSHANNON.

[W. Lawrence.

It is a fine sight to watch the salmon attempting to jump up the falls against the heavy mass of rushing water. The falls dash over a cliff 30 feet high a little below the town.

tarded the development of arts to which the people of this district seemed peculiarly adapted; there were petty wars through all the early centuries, and far beyond the days of Elizabeth the name Tyrconnel remained synonymous with rebellion; there came rising and struggle against the English, one after the other, long after the Armada had paid toll to the rocky coasts of the north-west county—and the toll was a heavy one. In the last years of Elizabeth's reign Donegal, in common with the rest of Ulster, was nominally subjugated to English rule; the reality was a succession of

very good share of their attention. Thanks to them, the wonderful examples of illuminated writing for which the North of Ireland was famous, from the days of St. Patrick's first foundation onward, were ruthlessly dispersed or destroyed; the finely artistic specimens of gold and bronze work were looted, and the wealth of old time is but poorly represented to-day. The Danes also were artists, but in robbery more than anything else; otherwise, Donegal, in common with the rest of Ulster, would possess far more evidences of its past glories.

Yet another cause retarded the development of arts to which the people of this district seemed peculiarly adapted; there were petty wars through all the early centuries, and far beyond the days of Elizabeth the name Tyrconnel remained synonymous with rebellion; there came rising and struggle against the English, one after the other, long after the Armada had paid toll to the rocky coasts of the north-west county—and the toll was a heavy one. In the last years of Elizabeth's reign Donegal, in common with the rest of Ulster, was nominally subjugated to English rule; the reality was a succession of bloody fights, Tyrconnel against the tyrants. The age-long feud has its upholders on either side, and who was more sinned against, or more sinning, partisanship has never settled—and never will.

Many of the *cloic-theach*, or Round Towers, of Ireland are located in County Donegal; they date back in some instance to the ninth century, and none are later than the thirteenth, and, contrary to a fairly prevalent belief, were not originally intended for warlike purposes. In some cases they were designed to serve as watch-towers, but more often they were erected



Photo by

RIVER ERNE, BALLYSHANNON.

[W. Lawrence.

The Erne rises in Lough Gowna, Co. Longford, and flows 72 miles through two loughs to Ballyshannon. The town stands on both banks of the Erne estuary, and from an old bridge across the river a good view of the salmon-leap and the rapids—the two sights of the town—may be obtained.



Photo by]

DONEGAL CASTLE.

[W. Lawrence.

The ruins of this beautiful old Elizabethan castle date from 1610, having replaced an older building. The castle was originally the home of the O'Donnells, among whom the most well known was Red Hugh, who all but succeeded in chasing the English from Donegal.



Photo by,

[W. Lawrence.

DONEGAL AND RIVER EASK.

Situated at the mouth of the River Eask, Donegal, although now a comparatively unimportant town, has had a somewhat stormy past. The River Eask flows from a lough of that name into Donegal Bay.



Photo by,

[W. Lawrence.

THE FIREPLACE, DONEGAL CASTLE.

This fine mantelpiece can be seen in the drawing-room, which is one of the few remaining apartments of the castle. It is beautifully carved with figures and fruit, and bears the arms of the O'Donnells and Sir Basil Brooke.

as safe storehouses for religious relics and other objects of value; occasionally, they were used as belfries.

The Druids have left their mark on Donegal, and throughout the county their remains are still found; forts, supposedly pre-Druidic in origin, exist too, and there are cromlechs, which legend attributes to some connection with the elopement of Grainne, daughter of King Cormac, who fled with Diarmid rather than submit to matrimony with the ever-famous Finn McCoul, who had such a hand in the making of the Giants' Causeway. Story tells that the cromlechs served as couches for Grainne and Diarmid, and to this day in Donegal they are known as "Giants' Beds."

A feature of the county which stamps it as more free of the admixture of Scottish blood than the



Photo by]

LYONS BRIDGE, KILLYBEGS.

W. Lawrence.

The harbour of Killybegs is almost completely landlocked, and forms an excellent anchorage for vessels during the westerly gales which sweep the coast. The important carpet factory which is situated here comes as a surprise in such a desolate region.

rest of Ulster is the preservation of the old Erse language, which is still in general use in the country districts. It is a bilingual county, for most of its inhabitants speak either Irish or English with equal facility. There is a college of the Gaelic League near Falcarragh. Yet another survival of ancient custom is the coracle of Druid days, which is still used by the fishermen of the coast. The coracle is made to-day exactly as in pagan times, without keel or rudder, of tarred canvas or untanned skin stretched over a frame of wickerwork. Your Donegal fisherman will build his coracle in a week at a cost of little over £2, and, putting to sea in it, will keep afloat where a more modern construction would succumb to the rollers and the rocks. It is said that St. Columba made his voyage to Iona, when he was exiled, in a coracle, and certainly they are more seaworthy than any other craft of their size.

Donegal knitting is world-famous, and the industry is an old one, but machine knitters and bad wages between them have practically destroyed the hand-knitting of years back.



Photo by]

NEAR GLENTUS.

[C. Reid.

The picturesque little village of Glentus is situated in a well-wooded district at the head of two glens, near the River Omenea.

farther south. Many of the inland valleys are of great natural beauty, but Donegal's chief charm is in its coastline, sprinkled with many islands, on to which great headlands look, while in the cliffs are many caves and curious natural rock formations.

Less than half the county is capable of being cultivated, and the larger part is of scenic value only. Wooded tracts are almost entirely absent, though it is apparent that at one time the county was very largely afforested. To-day, great stretches of heather-clad slopes add to the beauty of the inland districts, and reach, in some parts, to the coast itself.

Most famous, and by general consent deservedly so among the scenes of Donegal are Horn Head,

Slieve League, and Glen Head, the last named a wildly romantic sea cliff in the south-west of the county. Inland Glencolumbkille, the Doon Well, and the Fort of Doon deserve note, while Lough Swilly affords "bits" as picturesque as any in Ireland. Farther to the west Mulroy Bay is a scene of beauty in summer; in winter, all this northern coast, exposed to the full strength of Atlantic gales, is gloomily magnificent.

The town of Donegal (Foreigners' Fort) is no longer a place of importance. It stands to the south-west of the county,



Photo by,

SLIEVE LEAGUE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Slieve League has been described as "the most magnificent contrast of sea, cliff, and mountain in the kingdom." The hill in the background bears a remarkable similarity to the Wastwater Scree in Cumberland.



Photo by]

CAUSEWAY TO GLEN HEAD.

[W. Lawrence.

One of the finest cliffs on the coast of Donegal, Glen Head is an impressive sight during a westerly gale. The spray rises over the highest part of the cliffs, which are 745 feet above sea-level. The causeway is often covered by high tides.



Photo by]

ST. COLUMBA'S WELL, GLENCOLUMBKILLE.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Glencolumbkille is a favourite spot with pilgrims, as the well-known St. Columba founded a monastery on this barren headland. The well is marked by a high heap of stones left there by the devout, who believed in the healing properties of the mountain spring. A miscellany of offerings can be seen in the photograph.



Photo by]

THE OLD CROSS AT GLENCOLUMBKILLE.

[W. A. Green.

In the neighbourhood of Glencolumbkille there are twelve stone crosses within 3 miles of each other. One of them is supposed to have been erected by St. Columba himself and is named after him ; while many of them are sculptured with Celtic designs.



Photo by]

CHURCH RUINS, INISHKUL ISLAND.

[W. Lawrence.

Inishkul can only correctly be called an island at high tide, as at low water it can be reached from the mainland. Held in great veneration by the local inhabitants, it has the ruins of two old churches and is often visited by the peasantry in pilgrimage.

at the mouth of the River Esk, where that stream debouches into Donegal Bay. Donegal Castle, near the market square, was built by Sir Basil Brooke in the days of Queen Elizabeth, replacing an earlier fortified hold. Red Hugh O'Donnell, an early occupant of the castle, was most famous of his family, and at one time it seemed that he would drive the English from the country. But the Sassenachs handed the chieftainship to Hugh's cousin, who consequently favoured their cause and betrayed Hugh to them, so that this greatest O'Donnell ended his days as a prisoner in the Tower of London.

The present castle is a fine building which combines defensive strength with utility ; its high gabled tower, with two barbicans, or projecting turrets, is probably *ante* to the date (1610) of the rest of the building, and is generally considered a restoration of the older portion of the castle. In the main apartment is a splendid mullioned window, and the great sculptured chimney-piece is one of the finest in existence. Together with its gardens, the castle makes a sight both imposing and beautiful.

On the opposite bank of the Esk are the ruins of the monastery, a church originally cruciform, with a



Photo 1A1

THE BREECHES, CROHY HEAD, DUNGLOE.

[W. Little, c.

The village of Dungloe is especially attractive, as it is almost surrounded by lakes. Crohy Head stands 5 miles to the south-west and commands an extensive view of the coast, strewn with fantastic rocks and caves.

central tower ; thirteen arches of the cloisters still stand, and there are remains of fine windows still in place. Hugh Roe O'Donnell and Fingalla his wife, founders of the monastery in 1474, were buried in its precincts, and Hugh Roe's son, Hugh Oge, himself became a Franciscan monk, and was buried by his parents in 1537. Red Hugh captured the monastery at the end of the sixteenth century and was besieged there by his brother-in-law Niall Garbh ; Hugh had stored gunpowder in considerable quantities, and the destruction of the building was caused by their being set on fire in the course of the fighting. Prior to this, the famous " Annals of Donegal " or " Annals of the Four Masters " were compiled by the Franciscan holders. This is a history of Ireland, beginning with the year 2242 from the Creation, and ending with the year 1616. It was thus finished after the explosion, and a great part of it is taken up by recital of the events occurring in the time in which it was written ; it is a picture of an age rather than of the growth of centuries. A complete edition in the original Irish, with an English translation, has been published in seven large volumes. The original document is stored in the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin.

Far to the west of Donegal town, and almost at the western extremity of the county, stands Slieve

League, "Mountain of the Flagstones," known as "the most magnificent combination of sea, cliff, and mountain in the kingdom." Almost perpendicularly the mighty cliffs lift nearly two thousand feet above the sea, and on land the best view of the mass is that from Bunglass at a point about a thousand feet above the water level. The marvellous colouring of Slieve League is said to be unique, so far as European rock formations are concerned.

From the summit, the view across Donegal Bay gives the Sligo and Leitrim Mountains. Croagh Patrick is in sight beyond the water, while to northward stand up the many crests of the Donegal Mountains; east and west run the gigantic cliffs. In the caves at the foot of the cliff seals come from time to time; the caves extend along the coast beyond Bunglass, as, at times, do the seals.



Photo by

ERRIGAL.

[Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

With an altitude of 2,466 feet, Errigal is the highest of Donegal mountains. It has a belt of perfectly white quartz which gives it its snowy appearance. In the foreground is the Cladys, which is the nearest fishing river to Gweedore.

A quarry in Slieve League yields the white flagstones from which the height takes its name, and about the rocky slopes wild flowers and Alpine plants diversify the surface. A name for this part of the coast, "Lair of the Whirlwinds," is indicative of the character of the waves at times.

Killybegs, one of the chief towns of the peninsula of south-west Donegal, is situated on an inlet of such proportions that the town has hopes of, some day, forming one of the great national harbours. Then, about half-way between Killybegs and Slieve League, is a group of curious rocks known as Muckcross Market House, where the excavations of the waves have shaped rectangular, roofed chambers in the stone. A Druidic circle and the remains of an old Danish fort are near by; Muckcross Head formed a convenient landmark for the raiding Danes, and the majestic front of Slieve League another, so this part of the coast was a favourite resort of theirs, giving as it did access to one of the fertile areas of Donegal.

At the head of Glen Bay, on the western extremity of the peninsula of southern Donegal, stands Glencolumbkille, site of St. Columba's monastery. There is a legend, still told here, to the effect that



Photo by

HORN HEAD, NORTH DONEGAL.

W. Lawrence.

Rising sheer from the sea 626 feet, Horn Head is one of the most impressive cliffs on the Donegal coast. At high tide it is almost an island, and is only connected to the mainland by a causeway. From its peat-covered summit Tory Island can easily be distinguished to the north-west, and to the right Malin Head is visible over 25 miles away.



Photo by

MUCKISH.

W. A. Green.

The top of Muckish, 2,197 feet, is a flat tableland covered with beautiful flowers. The photograph was taken from Dunfanaghy sand dunes, and shows the peculiar shape of the mountain, which has earned it the name of Muckish, meaning pig's back.

the famed Finn McCoul foretold the coming of the saint, nine generations before his birth; before his coming the glen was infested with a horde of demons, whom Columba drove out in a great battle in which his friend, Corac by name, was killed. Then the saint, calling on the Sacred Name, advanced with his famous bell and drove the devils into the sea. There remain ancient incised crosses close by Glencolumbkille, and on the hillside overlooking the valley are formations known as the "Saint's Bed," the Saint's Well, and the "Eye Stone," to which

magical or miraculous powers are attributed. A story of far later date tells that Prince Charlie made a visit to the locality, in his last escape from British—or rather Hanoverian—influence.

Now, turning eastward and somewhat north toward the centre of the county, comes Lough Gartan (the name signifies "garden"), a great angling centre, and renowned as the birthplace of Columba, from whom it is difficult to escape within the confines of County Donegal. On the western shore of the upper waters of Lough Gartan the ruins of an ancient chapel still exist, and here, in A.D. 521, the saint was born, of princely lineage.

The inlets of the northern coast are full of beauty and interest. There is, for instance, Portsalon, near the entrance to Lough Swilly, with its "Seven Arches," a series of fine caverns excavated by the action of the waves in limestone rock. Baillie's description of them is laconic: "a cave with a narrow entrance runs 130 feet inland, and beyond this are the Seven Arches, one of which, forming a grand entrance from the sea, 100 yards long, divides into two. Beyond the left-hand one is another cave 120 feet long. The

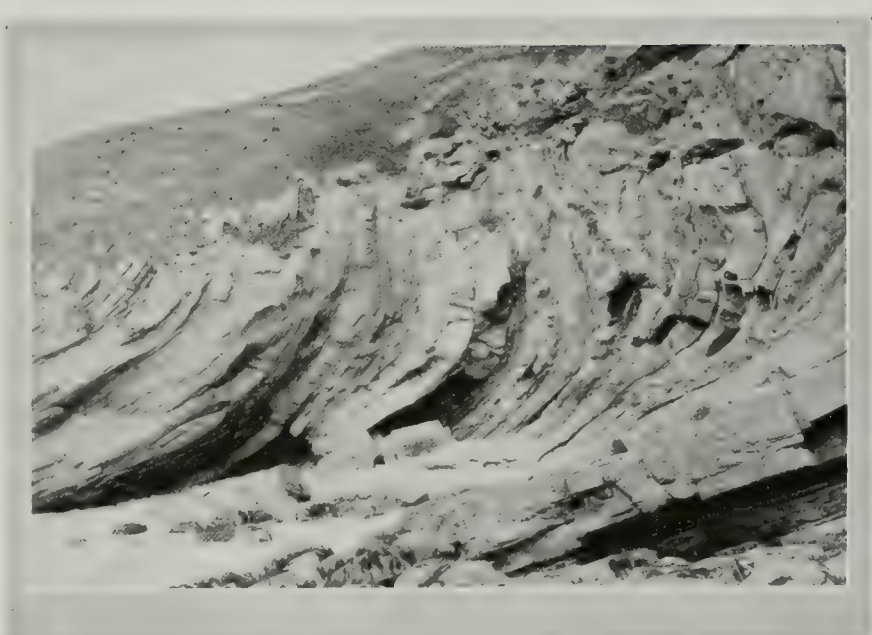


Photo by,

MUSLACK ROCKS AT ROSAPENNA.

(W. A. Green)

Many rare and curious shells can be found in the fantastic Muslack Rocks, which compete with a famous golf course as the chief attraction of the district, and are a short walk from the fine hotel.



Photo by,

THE "EYE OF ROSEQUILL," ROSAPENNA.

(W. A. Green)

This curiously contorted rock is composed entirely of quartzite. Rosequill is the barren peninsula which separates the two beautiful bays of Mulroy and Sheephaven.

right-hand one is again divided into four beautiful ones, through any of which a passage may be made to the boulder strand, whence another arch leans toward the north." About two miles farther up the coast is another natural arch, 8 feet in height, worn in a column of brown granite. Here the cliffs rise to nearly 400 feet in height.

Farther down the west shore of Lough Swilly is Rathmullen, where the Castle was the home of the famous McSwyne family, and where, a year or so before the coming of the Spanish Armada, Red Hugh O'Donnell was captured by Perrott, then Lord Deputy. Perrott's strategy was simple as it was effective. He brought up a ship within sight of the McSwynes' home, with a cargo of Spanish wine aboard, and started to trade with the Irish on shore. The people at the castle heard of the excellent quality of the tippie, and sent an order which would have cleared out the stock had it been executed, but Perrott,



Photo by]

DOE CASTLE.

[W. A. Green.

The ruins of Doe Castle stand on the promontory to the south of Ards overlooking Sheephaven. In the sixteenth century it was one of McSwyne's strongholds, but only the massive walls now remain of the original structure.

regretting that he was unable to fulfil such an order, very genially invited the castle folk to come aboard and taste his own private supplies, and, when the invitation was very thankfully accepted, Red Hugh made one of the party. Perrott saw to it that his guests were escorted below and provided with a generous supply, and then the hatches were closed down and the anchor lifted. Red Hugh awakened with a headache in Dublin Bay, and was incarcerated in the dungeon of Dublin Castle, only to escape before his final capture and transfer to the Tower of London.

Here, too, a later rebel, the famed Wolfe Tone, embarked in 1798, in an attempt to lead a French attack on the English forces. He encountered the English fleet, and after six hours' fighting was taken prisoner on board a French frigate and condemned to death; he committed suicide as an alternative to execution, and, bearing in mind the character of executions in that period, he probably made a wise choice.

Almost on the eastern border of the county is the Grianan of Aileach (the word means "sunny bower"), a great, low tower of unknown age. It was once levelled with the ground, but has



Photo by]

[W. A. Green.

McSWYNE'S TOMBSTONE, DOE CASTLE.

The beautiful grave slab of McSwyne-na-Doe is in the Franciscan Friary at Doe Castle. The McSwynes were essentially a fighting clan, and they used to hire themselves out as warriors beyond their own territory.

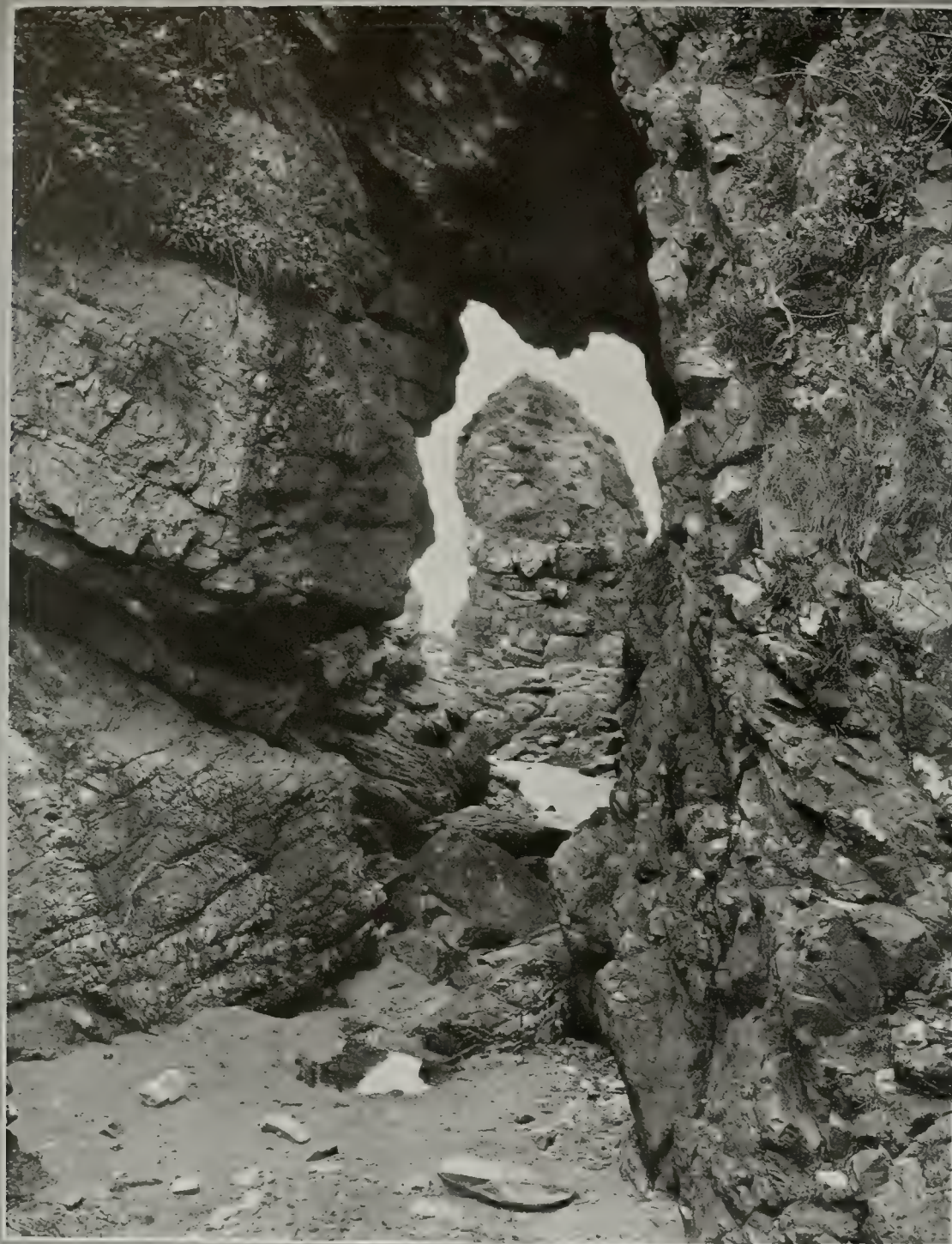


Photo by

Valentine & Sons, Ltd

SEVEN ARCHES ROCK, PORTSALON, LOUGH SWILLY.

"Seven Arches" is situated a mile and a half north of the chief hotel in Portsalon. It was formed by the action of the sea, and consists of a fine series of cliff tunnels and fantastic water-worn arches, reached by a passage 180 yards long and a few feet wide.

since been restored, in the 'seventies of last century. There is visible now a thick circular wall of unmortared stones, enclosing an area of nearly 100 feet diameter; the walls were originally from 10 to 12 feet in thickness, and between 10 and 17 feet in height, broader at the base than at the top, and enclosing low, dark passages for a great part of the circumference. Three successive earthen ramparts enclosed the actual stone wall, this rendering the place tremendously difficult of attack. It is conjectured that the wall once enclosed a village, with storehouses and treasures, used as a place of refuge in time of war.

Conjecture places the building of this relic as far back as 1000 B.C., and it is regarded as one of the first attempts at building in stone in the west. St. Patrick preached here in A.D. 443, in the reign and jurisdiction of Eoghan, son of King Niall. Eoghan was converted by the saint, and abandoned his heathen gods and practices, destroying the pagan temple within the enclosure of the Grianan, and replacing it by a royal *dun* or palace. Up to the twelfth century the Grianan was still used as a stronghold, and it was eventually partially destroyed by the King of Munster. Stone weapons, and a stone marked out as if for a chess-board, have been discovered in the enclosure, but the date and manner of its origin are still matters for argument.

A legend, somewhat resembling the Arthurian stories of western Britain, tells that beneath the Grianan there sleeps a



Photo by]

DUNREE FORT, LOUGH SWILLY.

[W. Lawrence.

Almost exactly opposite Portsalon on the other side of Lough Swilly, the longest of the sea loughs, is Dunree Head. The fort was placed on this rocky promontory, as the lough here is under 2 miles wide, which makes it the narrowest point at the entrance.



Photo by]

GLENVEIGH AND LOUGH VEIGH.

[W. Lawrence.

The valley of Glenveigh is close to Lough Veigh, which well deserves its reputation of being one of the prettiest of Donegal's lakes. Beyond the lough, to the south, the valley rises sharply 700 feet in 3 miles, flanked on the east by thickly wooded hills.



Photo by

POISONED GLEN.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

Situated in the heart of the mountains near Gweedore, the Poisoned Glen is a somewhat wild spot, flanked on either side by steep precipices. Rumour has it that the name is derived from a poisonous spurge which formerly flourished there.

of Donegal are by no means numerous; the Grianan of Aileach and St. Columba between them take most of the glory of the county in this respect. In the matter of scenery, the coastal cliffs give place

to no part of the British Isles, although North Scotland can show greater heights and bolder cliffs—at times. Still, the rugged grandeur of the Donegal coast yields place to none other. Inland Donegal, with its hills and loughs, contains many a dreary stretch, but at the same time can show a diversity of scenery comparable with any part of Ireland, with the possible exception of the Killarney stretches. The treelessness of the inland areas inclines to monotony, away from the mountain ranges, where the gaunt stretches of rock and scree gain an impressiveness from their bareness.

troop of Hugh O'Neill's horse-
men, armed and waiting until a call to arms in aid of their distressed country shall break the enchantment in which they sleep. It is told, further, that on one occasion some adventurer intruded on their sleep; he found the horse-
men lying each by his steed in full panoply, with bridle rein in hand, and one horse-
man, wakening, cried out: "Is it time?" The intruder was so terrified at what he saw that he returned no answer, so the horse-
man promptly lay down and went to sleep again.

Thanks, probably, to the Danes and to the internecine struggles of later ages, the antiquities



Photo by

AN OLD MILL, LETTERKENNY.

[W. Lawrence.

Letterkenny is the second most important town in the county. It has a port near by on Lough Swilly. The town stands on a slope of a hill, as its name (Leitr, a "slope") implies.



Photo by]

THE PULPIT, LETTERKENNY CATHEDRAL.

[W. Lawrence.

Standing on high ground, this fine Roman Catholic Cathedral cost over £100,000, and was only recently completed. The interior has a considerable amount of marble, and the beautifully carved pulpit and altar are conspicuous features.

But if Donegal is poor in architectural relics of the past, there are few counties richer in legend. O'Donnells and O'Neills haunt the land, Finn McCoul and St. Columba pervade it from north to south. Saint Hugh Macbretna and Bishop Asicus dwelt in the oratories of Slieve League, and the "Bed of Dermot and Grania," a cromlech not far from Kilclooney, may be set beside the great cross which angels are said to have carried to its present position after St. Columba had "hewed it out of the side of Muckish. The Bloody Foreland, inconspicuous in itself, has its own oft-told story, and inlet after inlet is scene of a tale of the broken, fleeing Armada that Philip of Spain sent out and lost.

Cromlechs and "standing stones" abound near the coast, especially in the Carrick district. They are generally considered to be sepulchral monuments of a very early period—pre-Christian era, in any case—and are generally associated with Druidic influence.

Its history is as wild as its cliffs, for Donegal took ages to pay for the mistake of Niall of the Nine



Photo by

DEVIL'S BRIDGE, MALIN HEAD.

Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

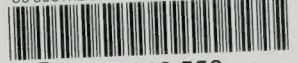
Malin's Head is the most northerly point of the mainland of Ireland. A telegraph station is situated here to signal the approach of Atlantic liners. The most interesting spot is Hell's Hole, a narrow gorge, flanked by razor-like cliffs and projecting rocks 230 feet long. The incoming tide plunges through this channel and sends great volumes of spray up the cliffs.

Hostages, who divided his kingdom among his sons and thus set them and their descendants fighting for centuries. To diversify local struggles there were the Danes, and later the English, and the old saying that an Irishman is never at peace unless he is fighting has had full justification within the confines of County Donegal, where battleground succeeds battleground, and the heroes of old fights are so numerous that legend overlays legend.

Still, now that the heroes are under earth, the Blue Stack Mountains keep their lonely charm; still Slieve League rises colourful against the restless blue of the western sea, and still the mightiest waves the Atlantic can send break against the rocks of the north-west. Still Donegal forms a rallying ground for lovers of the beautiful, from Fanad Head to Malin Beg, and O'Neill's horsemen wait within its borders in their enchanted sleep.

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